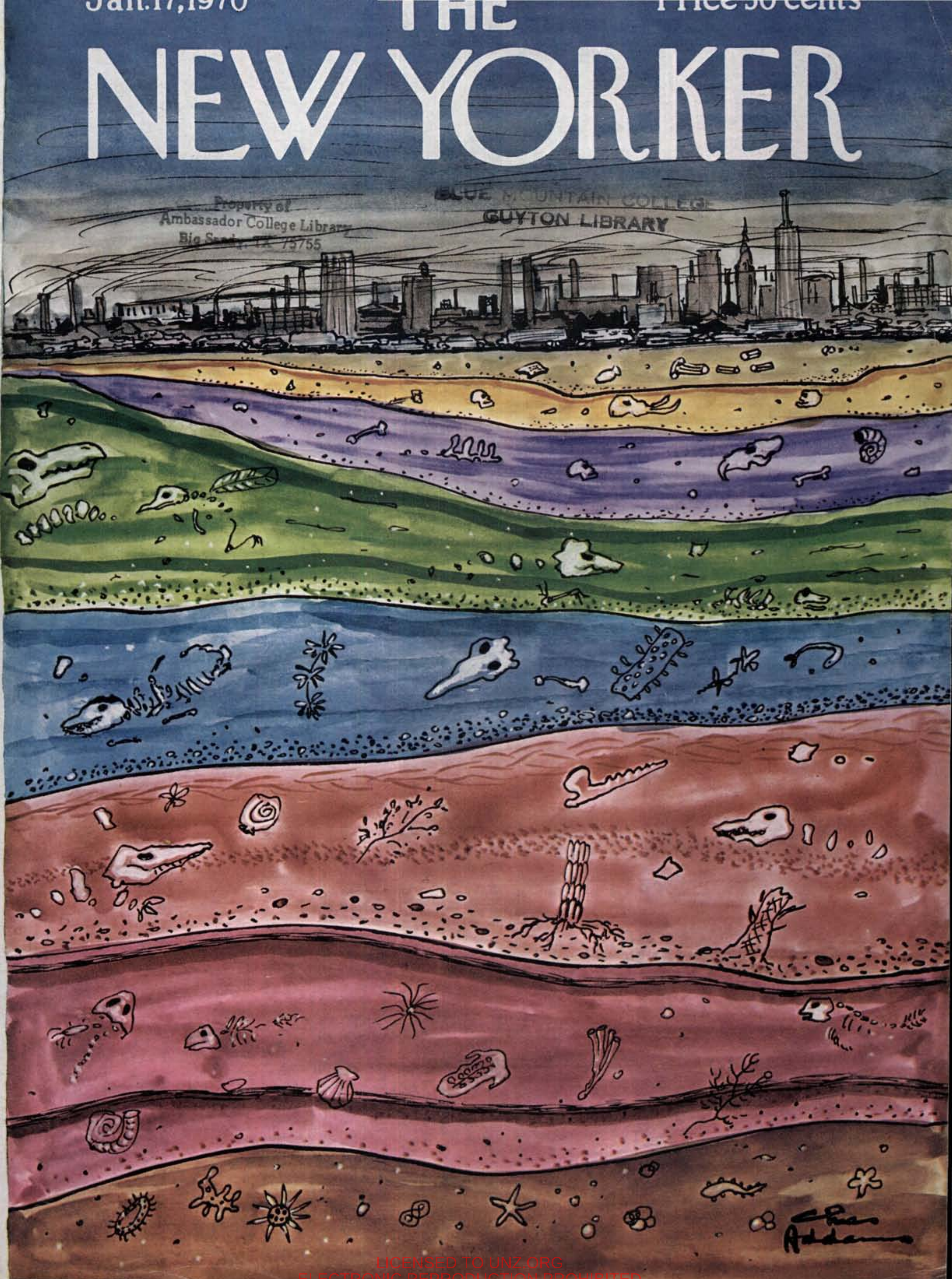
Jan. 17, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

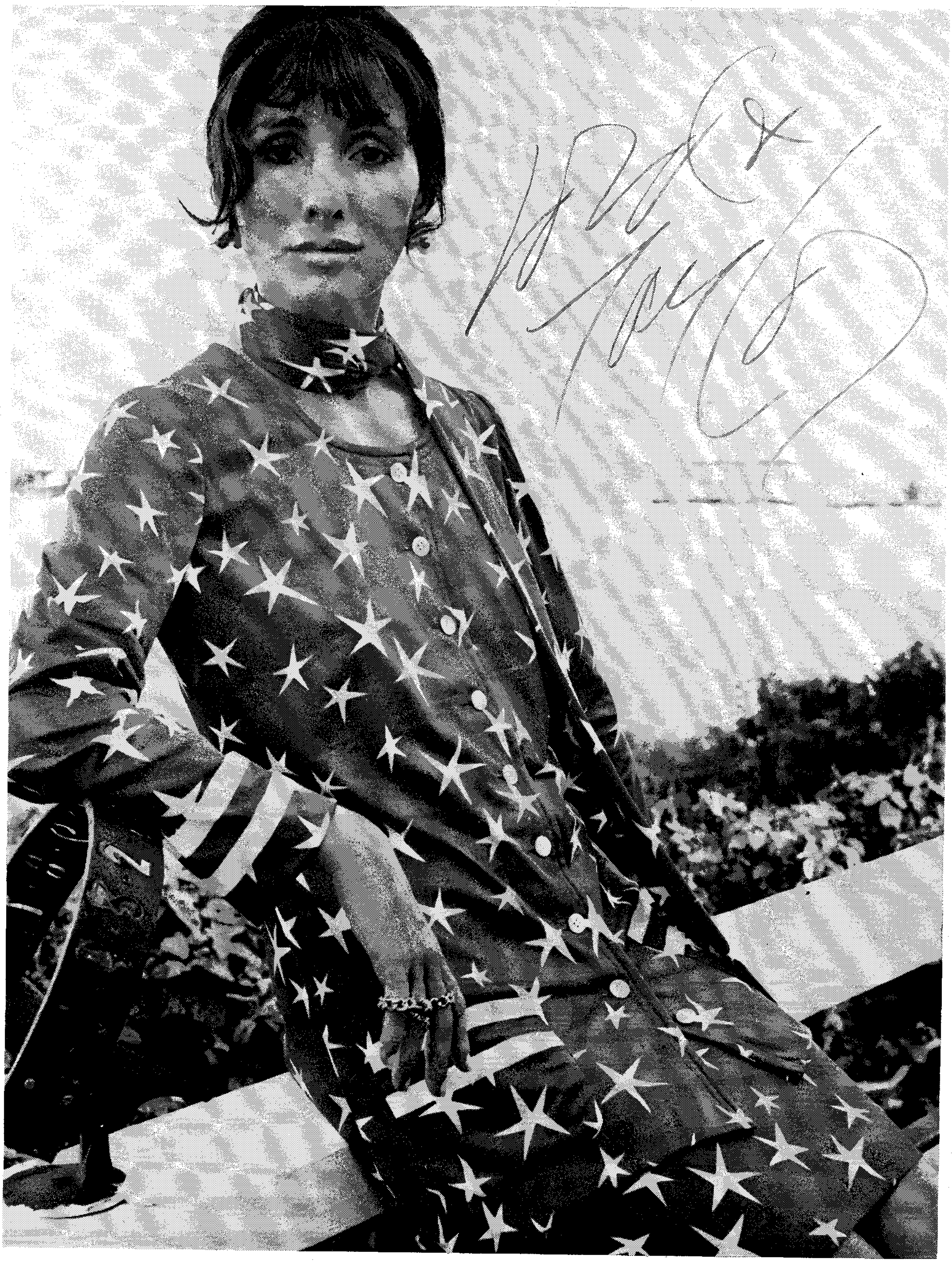
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY



Chas Addams

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
1970

1970 Hardtop Sedan de Ville. Cadillac Motor Car Division



If anything will make him starry-eyed—it's our long pull of a blouse, 33.00, skirt, 18.00, and scarf, 9.00, in black, red or green starred with white. Designed by Patti Cappalli for Addenda in washable Enkalure® nylon by Enka, sizes 6 to 14, Separates Shop, Lord & Taylor, all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 18.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Harangues—Two one-act plays by Joseph A. Walker, the first in this season's series of three offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Instructions for the Running of Trains, Etc. on the Erie Railway to Go Into Effect January 1, 1862—An amateurish but sporadically entertaining exercise by a group of recent graduates of N.Y.U.'s acting school. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Makbeth—A strenuous exercise, with moments of ingenuity here and there. All in all, pretty wearing; any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

The Memory Bank—A pair of plays by Martin Duberman. (Tambellini's Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—A one-week engagement of a double bill consisting of an adaptation of Molière's **sganarelle** and **songs from milk wood**, an adaptation of Dylan Thomas's poem. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 17.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in a comedy by Richard Seff. Directed by Paul Aaron. First public performance Monday, Jan. 19. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A brilliant revival of **camino real**, the 1953 play by Tennessee Williams. The exceptionally fine cast includes Jessica Tandy, Al Pacino, Jean Pierre Aumont, Philip Bosco, and Victor Buono. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Seven Days of Mourning—A self-designated fable about a poor, bedevilled Jewish family forbidden to mourn an idiot girl who has committed suicide, and about the exorcism of their demons by an insistent little fellow who calls himself "the Doctor." The situation is grim, and the references are Talmudic and special, but there is much more humor in the play than you might expect. Seymour Simckes is the dramatist. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Sheep on the Runway—A comedy by Art Buchwald, with Martin Gabel, John McGiver, Elizabeth Wilson, and Barnard Hughes. Gene Saks directed. Previews through Friday, Jan. 23. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 24. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Slave Ship—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Theatre-in-the-Church, 137 W. 4th St. 473-7980. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Watercolor & Criss-Crossing—Two one-act plays by Philip Magdalany, presented by The Playwrights Unit. Previews Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, and Wednesday matinée, Jan. 21. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 31. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—adaptation and next: Two one-act-ers—the first by Elaine May, the second by

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21

"CAR GAMES" . . . . *Frank Conroy* 27

"ENOUGH" (POEM) . . . . *Marianne Moore* 28

"SUMMER AFTERNOON, SUMMER AFTERNOON" . . . . . . *Hannah Green* 30

"SNATCHES FOR CHARLES IVES" (POEM) . . . . . . *Daniel Hoffman* 32

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 50

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 52

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 54

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 58

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 66

"A PLACE OF TREES" (POEM) . . . . *Ted Walker* 73

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 74

BRIEFLY NOTED 81

COVER: *Charles Addams*

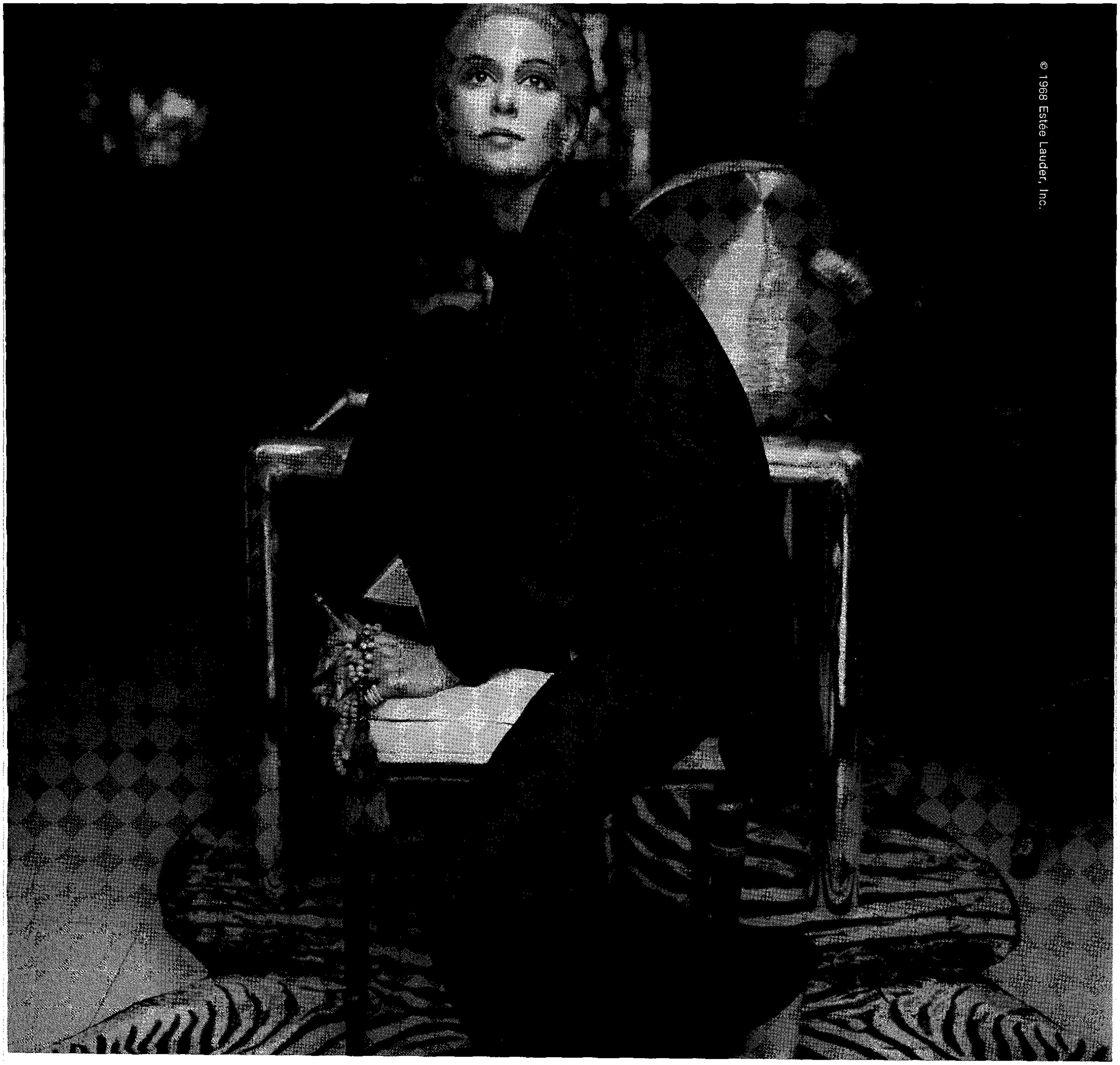
DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Al Ross, Stan Hunt, Joseph Farris, Henry Martin, Donald Reilly, Joseph Mirachi, Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, William O'Brian, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, William Steig, Ed Fisher*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 48, January 17, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.


© 1968 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Estée Lauder gives her Re-Nutriv make-up a rich new glow with palest pales and deepest darks.

Four New Shades of Re-Nutriv Creme Foundation—Two pales and two deep tones now complete a fashion-perfected range of 10 shades. The hand-blended formula, enriched with Estée Lauder's creme of creams, gives every complexion complete coverage, intense glow, magnificent finish.

Two New Shades of Re-Nutriv Face Powder—A muted pale and a deep dark now give you a choice of 5 sheer shades. Each is hand-sifted for a radiant long-lasting finish that helps hide tiny lines and flaws.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN:** A play, by Lonne Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)... **FORTY CARATS:** June Allyson (who succeeded Julie Harris) and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Bob Denver has just taken over from Woody Allen, playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass (who has replaced Maureen Stapleton) and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

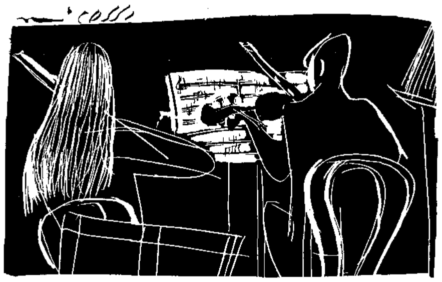
Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love and Maple Syrup—A mild little revue from Canada, in which three young men and three young women recite Canadian poetry and sing Canadian folk songs. The acting is poor, but some of the singing is charming. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7699. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Gertrude Stein's First Reader—A revue adapted by Herbert Machiz from Miss Stein's work of the same name, with a score by Ann Sternberg. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:**—The mockery of it, he said contentedly, secondleg they should be. God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Starting Monday, Jan. 19, Paul Lipson will replace Mr. Jarrett. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With a new cast, headed by Phyllis Diller. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Keith Michell plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Michell at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:15: "Glinka—Valse," "The Cage," "Apollo," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:15: "Illuminations," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Irish Fantasy."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:15: "Reveries," "Pas de Deux," "Stravinsky Symphony," "Glinka—Valse," and "Tarantella."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:15: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Dim Lustre," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 1:15: "Reveries," "Illuminations," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 7:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Tchaikovsky Suite," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," "Glinka—Valse," and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Glinka—Valse," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Illuminations," "Raymonda Variations," and "Fantasies." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Final performances—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Place," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:45: "Theatre Event."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Tread," "Crises," and "Second Hand." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Wolfgang Schwarz. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday at 2 and 7:30; Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Country-and-Western man Doug Kershaw sings through Sunday, Jan. 18, while his co-performers will continue through Thursday, Jan. 22. On Friday, Jan. 23, soft-voiced, easy-mannered John Sebastian will come along. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

PURE WOOL ®

From the
Woolmark
Collection
Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Brew Moore quartet plays six nights a week. Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day does the kind of songs she did in the fifties, along with the kind she is doing in the seventies. On Sunday, Jan. 18, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present a special performance by Buddy Tate's seven-man band. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, rather depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by a quintet led by Cecil Taylor. On Tuesday, Jan. 20, a four-man group called the Tony Williams Lifetime will come in. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd Street in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio plays for drinking and dining. On Tuesday, Jan. 20, Billy Taylor's impeccable trio takes over. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24: Nina Simone, putting more into each song than some singers put into an evening. Shows at ten, twelve, and two on Fridays, and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty on Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A transfixed audience can be observed through Sunday, Jan. 18, each time Esther Marrow sings. The girl is beautiful and fine. Kenny Barron's trio backs her up. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A tiny, ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Between record sets, a versatile, if unsurprising, Ulsterite group called the Witnesses entertains. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, live musicians do. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "I Want You Back," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Except for the Colony Club and the Colony Restaurant, it's the last of the thirteen original colonies. Under the eye of Billy Reed, it is undergoing major urban renewal, in case there is any posterity. George Cort's band presides in the dance arena. The music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose regimental band toured many of the same colonies in early days, is bivouacking, with band, in the calm, collected restaurant of this hotel. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Ray McKinley's fair-to-middling big band, which has come in off the road and out of the cold, is warming up from six until two during the week, one until eight on Sundays. The other band should have stayed on the road. A change of cast occurs on Monday, Jan. 19. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He does two turns an evening (nine-thirty and midnight) every evening but Sunday.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a polemicist of renown, goes into temporary seclusion on Saturday, Jan. 17.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play instruments that don't grow on trees (well, a Persian dumbek), or do they? A touring Israeli rock-and-roll foursome is guilty of unnecessary noise, but the rest is parochial fun. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so—half the time in words of pretty good wisdom. Except for Pam Myers (who checks out on Thursday, Jan. 22), the cast is B-minus. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy

One in a Series

The Parisian's guide to African safaris.

Votre voyage à la Parisienne

We give you Africa. Its ancient history. Its modern civilization. The most diverse forms of art, culture, religion and people found anywhere. See it all on the most comprehensive luxury safari ever. A 69-day escorted tour that takes you in air-conditioned comfort from Dakar to Timbuctoo, down through the Ivory Coast, across the Victoria Falls, and on to Pretoria. Then over the tip of Africa from Capetown to Port Elizabeth. You'll visit the mystic cities of Zanzibar, Mombasa, Dar es Salaam, Khartoum, Addis Ababa, and last but not least, a final stop in Athens.

Sixty-nine days filled with excitement, adventure and Africa for as little as $2595. Air France will help you experience it all, à la Parisienne, with nothing but French-style luxury and comfort. We'll give you nothing but the very best. In other words, we'll give you le bon voyage.*

Renseignements

A few things to know before going to Africa:

1. Language. There are over 200 different languages and dialects spoken in Africa. But, if you have a smattering of English or French, you'll have no trouble communicating.

2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

5. Photography. Bring a bag of Silicagel for protection against moisture. And pack as much film as you have room for. Color film can be scarce.

le Wildlife

Africa. The last great animal hangout. Visit Royal Nairobi National Park, where you can see lions, giraffes, hippos and hyenas living as they do in the bush. Shooting is done only with cameras, from inside your car.

Visit Amboseli National Reserve at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. See rhinoceros with horns a foot long, bull elephants so old even they can't remember their age, zebra, wildebeest, impala and warthogs.

In Kenya, at Treetops, a lodge built high atop a huge tree, you can sit up all night to watch the animals come to water. It is, perhaps, the only hotel in all the world that overlooks a salt lick.

See one million feathered flamingos on Lake Nakuri. Stop at lovely Lake Albert, an animals' Atlantic City, where elephants swim and play, water buffalo do their thing, and the sky is not cloudy all day.

le Good Life

The best things in Africa aren't all outdoors. You'll find some of the world's most luxurious and modern hotels. The finest restaurants, serving the finest of every possible cuisine. Comfort is the rule. And the tourist is king of the jungle in Africa. Mozambique has dancing and cafe life. Johannesburg has a lively night life, legitimate theatre (productions from London's West End) and California style drive-in restaurants. Athens, for nightclubs, cabaret and even the opera.

Vocabulaire

do you take travelers' checks?: est-ce que vous acceptez des chèques de voyage?

do you call that a bargain?: vous appelez ça bon marché?

are there any dangerous animals about?: est-ce qu'il y a des animaux dangereux près d'ici?

what a big cat: quel gros chat.

it isn't a cat: ce n'est pas un chat.

les Autres excursions africaines

Air France has many marvelous tours of Africa. One of them (for only $895) gives you three weeks in South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda—with Paris and Athens for good measure. Contact your travel agent or Air France. Africa is waiting for you.*

Découpez ici

Air France
P.O. Box 707
New York, New York 10011

KNY-27

I want to go to Africa. Don't start the safari without me. Please send me your booklet on African tours so I can decide which one to take.

Name________________________

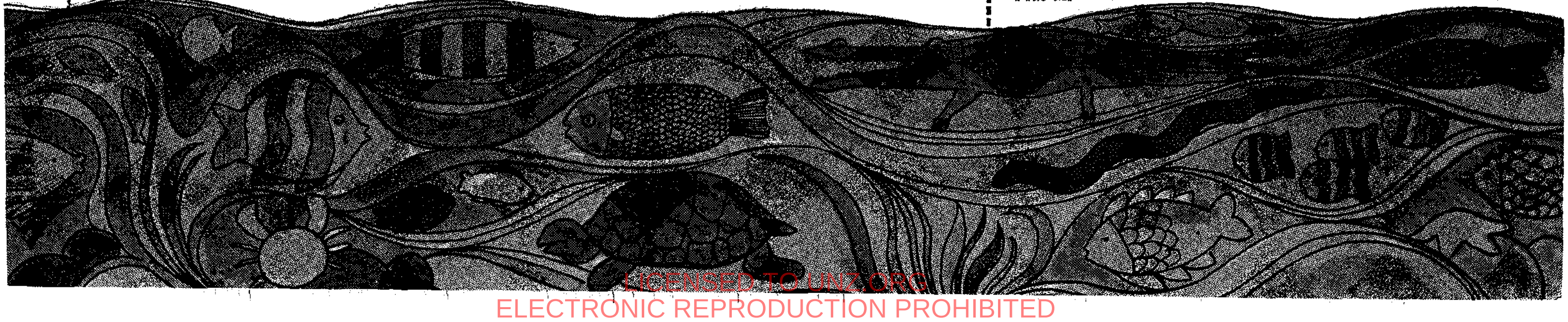
Address________________________

City____________ State________ Zip______

My travel agent is________________________

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage.

*Plus air fare.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out—that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Tuesday, Jan. 20, in its usual show-business mood, which will be at its best when Buddy Greco is singing his easy-does-it songs. If you don't hurry to the dinner or supper tables for the Greco glee, you can miss the jokes of Morty Gunty—a consummation d. t. b. w. In between, there will be music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an army perfect at minding its p's and cues. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Following in the footsteps of Rafael de Cordoba and his ample Ballet Español, who spend every evening of their lives here, would be an act of complete supererogation. Twice a night, always, is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Pepe Preiego and the voice of Antonio Maya. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Little Anthony and the Imperials, a vigorous form of pagan rout and roll, are in full flood twice every night and thrice on Saturday. The house will come to order on Thursday, Jan. 22, when Dick Jensen, a singer of the day, takes over from the Imperials. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is host—in its own special, grandiloquent way—to Gisele MacKenzie, a Canadian *hirondelle*, during dinner and supper. Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's play with obvious enthusiasm on and on into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9—and all that jazz** is at the same time host to the Newport Jazz All-Stars. George Wein, naturally, is the dean, and on his honors list are Red Norvo, Barney Kessel, Ruby Braff, Larry Ridley, and Lenny McBrowne. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Morgana King's views on the sweet mystery of life are aired with a sufficiency of lyric passion at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, a remembrance of things past and a hope for the future; i.e., the Jazz All-Stars, in the charge of the up-the-rebels Eddie Condon (Roy Eldridge, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Milt Hinton, Mousie Alexander, Budd Johnson, Ross Tompkins, Buddy Morrow, Jim Hall), and the quartet owned by the fashion-plate Peanuts Hucko (Jack Lesberg, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna). The music goes from seven to one (two on Saturdays), and so does the dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a good new band led by Hal Turner) except when, amid dinner and supper, Luisito Rey, fervent exponent of Andalusian plain chant and guitar, has the floor. On Thursday, Jan. 15, he will be succeeded by Daniele Dorice, who has done most of her piping in her native Montreal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

SMALL AND BOUNCY

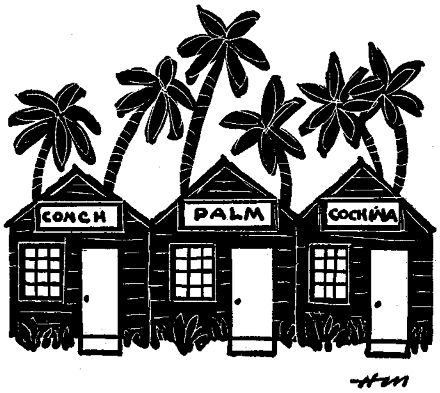
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bring me your sick at heart, your poor at heart, say the songs of Mabel Mercer, the deaconess of all lieder artists, and I shall heal. This saving grace, extended in a voice of calm dispassion, is supplemented by the comprehending piano of Jimmy Lyons. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and *midnight* Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **Grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Muriel Roberts represses only part of her jazz instinct as she addresses her piano and her lyrics from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesday through Friday and from seven to nine-thirty Saturday; Scott Reed, who plays and sings from nine-thirty until three, runs from Tuesday through Saturday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . .



Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Iperbole,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. Enrico Pianori, guitarist and intoner of *con-amore* ballads, does his seven-to-one recital every night. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Salzburg to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The journey takes from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **La Ronde,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **Polo Bar,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **House of Hungary,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band (Elemer Horvath's) that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **McAlpin Grill,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and eleven every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **Gotham Restaurant,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Jacques Kayal, a Riviera type, does piano and lyrics, often European, from seven to nine, then moves into the Gotham Gate bar, where he reiterates, slow and easy, his pleasant program. His final night is Saturday, Jan. 17.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pat Adams—Lyrical abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Olle Baertling—Metal free-form sculptures; through Feb. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugene Berman—Early works (1929-49) by this important romanticist; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elmer Bischoff—Figure paintings and drawings by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ronald Bladen—One large painted wood sculpture that fills the gallery; through Wednesday, Jan. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Fifty paintings from the years 1915 through 1917;

It's one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta.

Dream a little longer. This is No-Iron Ultracale.

SHOWN: "THE CLASSIC TOUCH"™ ON STAY-FRESH ULTRACALE®. 50% FORTREL® POLYESTER 50% COMBED COTTON. BLUE, PINK, GOLD, OLIVE OR WHITE SCHIFFLI EMBROIDERY ON WHITE. HEMSTITCHED. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIV. OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.), 1430 B'WAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. ALSO FROM WAMSUTTA® FOR THE FAMILY: SUPERCALE®, LUSTERCALE® BABYCALE®, AND HERITAGE TOWEL COLLECTION. IN FINE STORES FOR THE FINEST HOMES.

FOR THE WAMSUTTA STORE NEAREST YOU, CALL THIS SPECIAL NUMBER FREE: 800-243-0355 ANY TIME, ANY DAY. (IN CONN. CALL COLLECT: 853-3600)

Lincoln Continental for 1970.
New dimensions in luxury, spaciousness and appointments.

This is the first altogether new Lincoln Continental in nearly a decade.

Its impressive new size is immediately apparent. The interior is roomier, the ride smoother, the wheelbase longer, the stance the widest on the road today.

Yet for all its generous new dimensions, this car retains the uniquely individual qualities that have always distinguished Continentals from other luxury cars.

Power front disc brakes are standard. And you may wish to consider Sure-Track, the remarkable new computer-controlled anti-skid braking system.

Standard, too, is Flow-Thru, a totally different ventilation system that circulates fresh air through the car even when the windows are closed.

And now every Lincoln Continental undergoes one of the toughest, most thorough final inspections ever devised for a luxury automobile. A computerized countdown systematically covers more than 100 separate checkpoints on the car.

For 1970, America's most distinguished motorcar is now also America's most car. The altogether new Lincoln Continental.

LINCOLN·MERCURY
Ford

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

starting Monday, Jan. 19. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract landscapes; through Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony DeLap—Bright-colored geometric sculptures by a West Coast artist; through Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard DeLonga—Sculptures in steel; through Jan. 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Dodd—Mostly Maine landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; open Friday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30.)

Enrico Donati—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; starting Tuesday, Jan. 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Paintings and drawings by an artist known for his studies of American types; through Jan. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—About a dozen of this leading Italian artist's slashed or perforated canvases; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Garza—Realistic paintings of shoes and feet; starting Thursday, Jan. 15. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract paintings and painted papier-mâché forms; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colin Greenly—Geometrical constructions in aluminum and glass or Plexiglas; through Jan. 29. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

James Hendricks—Realistic paintings of the moon, based on photographs; through Jan. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann—Ten paintings by the late Action painter; through Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hon Chi-fun—Symbolic compositions using Chinese techniques and imagery; through Feb. 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jasper Johns—Drawings; through Jan. 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Rodger A. Mack—The artist's first one-man show of Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Marinsky—Bronzes and watercolors in which everyday objects are made to seem strange; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

James I. Meyer—Painted sculptures in combinations of aluminum and steel; through Wednesday, Jan. 21. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Honorio Morales—Shaped canvases; starting Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Natkin—Lyrical abstractions emphasizing color; through Jan. 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Paternosto—Structures of canvas and plywood painted on the front and sides; through Thursday, Jan. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—Paintings by one of the original Dadaist Surrealists; through Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnome-like figures; through Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Feb. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Ruscha—Paintings, some of objects and some spelling out words; starting Thursday, Jan. 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Shaped canvases and other paintings; through Feb. 7. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Paintings, collages, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Paul Williams—Kinetic light works with playful effects; starting Saturday, Jan. 17. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sibyl Wilson—Paintings constructed of overlaid strips of canvas; through Friday, Jan. 23. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

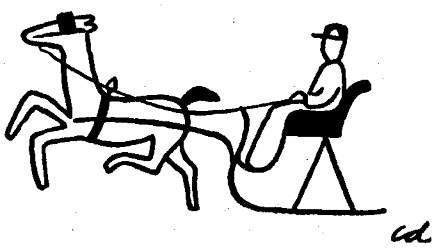
Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists, working in advanced modes; through Sunday, Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **cisneros**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: A comprehensive collection of graphics by prominent Latin-American artists, among them Tamayo, Cuevas, Siqueiros, Lam, Matta, and Noè, through Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: The first gallery showing in New York of Fernando Maza, Naoto Nakagawa, and David Smyth, previously seen in group shows; through Jan. 31.... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty French Impressionist paintings and forty nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-lifes; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Works in string and rope, dating from 1913, by (for instance) Duchamp, Johns, Miró, Arp, Oldenburg, and Rauschenberg; through Jan. 31.... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A showing of folk art inaugurates the new Americana section of the gallery; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of German Expressionist paintings from the Morton D. May collection; starting Saturday, Jan. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works by modern masters, including Picasso, Miró, Léger, and Braque; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee, and Léger; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Pieces by such Americans and Europeans as Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, Louise Bourgeois, Moore, Newman, Rosenthal, and Tony Smith; through Jan. 31.... **sculptors guild**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by the members; through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4. and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. ...¶ Environmental situations, to be dismantled at the end of the exhibition, by five individual artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1....¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Jan. 26.... ¶ Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by Alvin D. Loving, Jr., a Detroit artist who has been shown in Afro-American exhibitions; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventy small bronzes and carvings of "Animal Style" art—the art of the nomads from the steppes of Asia that penetrated Europe between the sixth and eighth centuries and appeared eventually in the art of America's Northwest Coast Indians; starting Thursday, Jan. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking; through Tuesday, Jan. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; through Jan. 25....¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Tuesday, Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Books and manuscripts from Oxford University's Bodleian Library, illustrating the history of that ancient storehouse and the generosity of its benefactors; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Terpsichore's Progress" (umm—that would be the Muse of Dancing), a show of prints tracing the evolution of dance from social pastime to theatrical art; through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Ninety paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8....¶ A private collector's hundred and forty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Jan. 25.... ¶ The story in images, sounds, and words of the migration of child refugees to Israel and of their life there; through Sunday, Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The easiest way to go about it, with a little bit of skip and sleeve, is our Lacoste® poloknit of pure Dacron® polyester that's sportable, and no doubt about it, washable. Strawberry, yellow, ice blue, navy. For 8 to 18 sizes, $33. Sportdress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray *in the main;* through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, by six artists, based on photographs and photographic reproductions; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Colette Boky, Ion Buzea, William Walker, Cesare Siepi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Die Zauberflöte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Lucia Popp, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, Jerome Hines, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 19: "Die Zauberflöte," with Edith Mathis, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, Hermann Prey, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, and Walter Cassel; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, William Walker, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Marcia Baldwin, Ion Buzea, John Reardon, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Die Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, William Dooley, Sándor Kónya, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Die Zauberflöte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Cesare Siepi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. (*Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.*)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein *conducting*—Performances of Beethoven's "Fidelio" in concert form on Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 16, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 19, at 7:30 (all with members of the Juilliard American Opera Center); and scenes from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" on Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 26, at 7:30 (all with Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Jess Thomas, tenor).

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—Final performances—At **philharmonic hall:** Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: David Oistrakh conducting and acting as violin soloist. . . . **carnegie hall:** Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30: Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with Raisa Bobrineva, soprano, and Valery Klimov, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Tom Krause, bass-baritone; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

London Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 8:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Joanne Bruno, soprano; and the *Camerata Singers.* (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Ensemble Musicale de Buenos Aires—Pedro Ignacio Calderon conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting an all-Beethoven program, with the Beaux Arts Trio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3, and Monday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Theatre Orchestra—Harold Farberman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing a program of music by Heinrich Schütz. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Gustav Meier directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Joanna Simon, alto; Mallory Walker, tenor; Leslie Guinn, bass; Harry Glickman, violin; and the Orchestra of America. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Aldo Parisot—Cello, with Keith Wilson, clarinet, and the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of New York conducted by Stephen Simon. (*Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at* 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last two in a series of concerts with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

James Oliver Buswell IV and Fernando Valenti—A recital of Bach sonatas for violin and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Blake Stern and Shirley Sudock—Tenor and mezzo-soprano, presenting Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 5:30.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Ivan Davis—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Virgil Fox—Organ, in a program called "La Belle Epoque." (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Shulamit Ran—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Anneliese Rothenberger—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Robert White, tenor. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:40.)

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall,

THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL

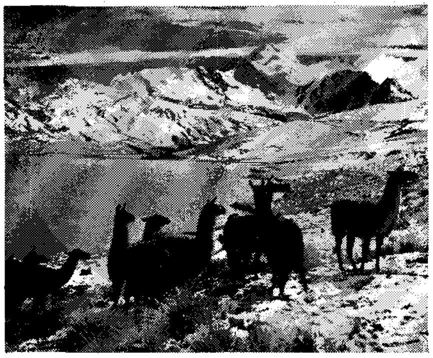
High adventure in wondrous lands...
Make your next vacation the experience of a lifetime

DARWIN'S GALAPAGOS

Primeval islands, "The Land That Time Forgot," aboard the *S. S. Romantica** (deluxe cruiser accommodating 100—in its fourth year of operation. Cruises in April and May. From $1000 per person.

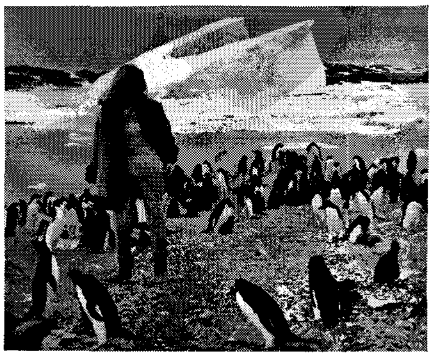
AMAZON SAFARI

An 18-day expedition into Brazil's legendary Mato Grosso, including 11 days aboard a specially-built "Safari Boatel" exploring the Amazon regions; to Brasilia, and ending in Rio de Janeiro. $1550 per person for land arrangements.



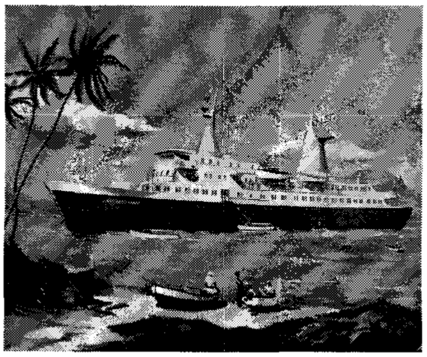
ON THE INCA ROAD

28 days by air visiting Colombia, Equador, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina—following the fabled trail of the ancient Incans—from mountain-high cities to port towns and colorful Indian markets. $1500 per person for land arrangements.



SUB-ANTARCTIC ISLANDS

To the Atlantic Sub-Antarctic Islands and Cape Town aboard the new *M. S. Lindblad Explorer.** The Falklands, South Georgia (first tourist visit in history), Gough Island, and Tristan da Cunha—these wonderful islands have rarely been included in a cruising expedition. From $2400 per person, excluding air transportation.

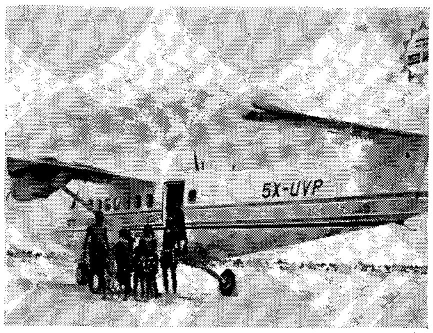


FORGOTTEN ISLANDS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN

Aboard the *M. S. Lindblad Explorer** to little-known islands of the Indian Ocean—the Seychelles, Amirantes, Farquhar, Aldabra, and the Comoro Islands, some of which are unchanged since the days of Vasco da Gama. True "lost Edens." From $1035 per person, excluding air fare.

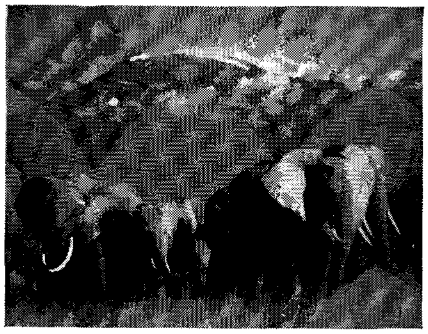
EXPLORERS' TOUR AROUND THE WORLD

Moscow, southward to Tashkent and Samarkand, then to remote Mongolia with a week in the Gobi Desert, an overnight trip on the Trans-Siberian Railway, Soviet ship to Japan and EXPO '70 wind-up. $1950 per person, excluding air fare. Departures June 6 and July 4, 1970. 30 days.



WING SAFARI

By modern STOL airplane through Hemingway country, over the Serengeti Plains, from the Anchole of West Uganda to the Masai manyattas of Ngorongoro—No major park has been left out. Only the best of accommodations. $1600 per person, including transportation by private aircraft within East Africa (international air fare by BOAC VC10 jets to be added).



VALUE SAFARI

Great tour by Minibus to Nairobi, fabled Treetops, lodge-camping at the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Keekorok, through Rhino and Lion country to Ngorongoro Crater (optional side trip to Ethiopia, Addis Ababa and Bahar Dar). $900 per person for land accommodations (international air fare by BOAC VC10 jets to be added).

Dept. NY-11770

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

Lindblad Travel Building
133 East 55th St.
New York, N.Y. 10022

I am *seriously interested.* Please send me the following brochure(s):

- ☐ DARWIN'S GALAPAGOS
- ☐ AMAZON SAFARI
- ☐ ON THE INCA ROAD
- ☐ SUB-ANTARCTIC ISLANDS
- ☐ FORGOTTEN ISLANDS
- ☐ EXPLORER'S TOUR
- ☐ WING SAFARI
- ☐ VALUE SAFARI

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss____________________________
(Please print plainly)

Address____________________________

City____________State______Zip______

*The M/S Lindblad Explorer meets and the S/S Romantica substantially meets the International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948, and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

IN MIAMI
we have created two of the finest restaurants for Miami's one great hotel.

Sheraton-Four Ambassadors

Dine and entertain in the famous
THE CAFE OF THE AMBASSADORS
Magnifique!

Or, enjoy hearty, robust fare in the Falstaff Room. Plus two lounges to suit a mood—lively or quietly intimate, and every resort facility under the sun . . . or stars, in the *only* place to stay in Miami, where every guest accommodation is a luxury suite.

Sheraton-Four Ambassadors

Towering over the Bay at 801 South Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131. Call your travel agent or call free
(800) 325-3535
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Note—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 19, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Santana, James Gang, and Catfish—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

The Doors—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 and 10.

Quicksilver Messenger Service, Country Joe and the Fish, and Eric Mercury—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. San Diego. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:35.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 24.

Tennis—Roy Emerson, Fred Stolle, Ken Rosewall, Andres Gimeno, Rod Laver, and Pancho Gonzales. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 21, and Friday, Jan. 23, both at 7:30.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 7. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Michael Brownstein reading from his book, "Highway to the Sky." (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—"The Enmity between Generations and its Probable Ethnological Causes," by Konrad Lorenz. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—The highlight of this year's show will be a special exhibit of nineteenth-century American furniture, paintings, and objets d'art, on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 23, through Sunday, Feb. 1. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 2: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 2: Oriental art, including jade, ivory, and other carvings, bronzes, potteries, and porcelains; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: American Revolution books, broadsides, pamphlets, and maps; from the Library Company of Philadelphia and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, after the above sale: A copy of the second printed draft of the United States Constitution, annotated by Pierce Butler. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2: English and Continental silver, from many sources. *Exhibition* starts Thursday, Jan. 15.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Jan. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Lady Windemere's Fan" (1925), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2 and 7: "Giant" (1956), with Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2 and 5:30 (tentative): "The Diary of Anne Frank" (1959), with Millie Perkins and Joseph Schildkraut. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 11:30: "The Virginian" (1929), with Gary Cooper and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Vivacious Lady" (1938), with Ginger Rogers and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Woman of the Year" (1942), with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Penny Serenade" (1941), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2: "Something to Live For" (1952), with Joan Fontaine and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5:30: "La Raison avant la Passion" (1969), directed by Joyce Weiland. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Madame Dubarry" (1919), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Talk of the Town" (1942), with Cary Grant and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" (1969), directed by Abraham Polonsky, with Robert Redford and Katharine Ross. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 14-15: "The Devil and Daniel Webster" (1941), with Walter Huston and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Jan. 16-18: "Murder in the Cathedral" (1952), with Father John Groser and Niall Mac Ginnis. . . . ¶ Jan. 21-22: To be announced. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Ron Rico. Wasn't he
The Hunchback of Notre Dame?
Or was he The Halfback?

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
PUERTO
RICAN
RUM

What a wild idea. But Ronrico's a rum. Smooth, light and terribly couth. People have been mixing it up for 112 years. But those who know know.

For a 30"x 40" color poster of this ad send
$1 to Personality Posters, Dept. N-16,
74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011. Void where prohibited.
©1969 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico Rum. The one & only.

Carte Blanche
AVCO
AFFILIATE OF AVCO CORPORATION
John C. Johnson
940 123 567 8
MEMBER 59 SINCE
JOHN C JOHNSON JR
CB
11 70
America's favorite card game.

Credit Cards. Millions of Americans play with them every day.

Carte Blanche is one of the most popular. They handle a million or so transactions each week.

Wonder how Carte Blanche can keep track of them all? Addressograph supplied them with a system. Card embossing machines and thousands of imprinters that transfer customers' names and numbers from the cards to the sales checks.

It's fast and simple. And very accurate. So no mistake when billing time comes around.

Making credit cards practical is just one of Addressograph's talents. We also design practical systems for inventory control, computer input, check encoding, order writing, shipping, payroll and billing.

Could be it's in the cards that Addressograph can help you.

ADDRESSOGRAPH

Addressograph Multigraph Corporation, 1200 Babbitt Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44117

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, a so-so comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 20-21.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 20.)

Blow-Up (1966)—The Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 20.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Cactus Flower—Every wisecrack has that Broadway thud. With Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn who, God willing, will make many better movies. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Coming Apart—It's supposed to be about the disintegration of a personality (Rip Torn as a psychiatrist who takes the name Glassman, presumably so he can crack up), and it's fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some entertaining sex scenes. But then the director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, brings on the miseries, and the picture disintegrates. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 21, tentative.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 14.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 18-19.)

Downhill Racer—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising début. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 15-17.)

Duet for Cannibals—Two couples and the games they play, which would be more entertaining if we could figure out the rules, or discover if there is anything at stake. The actors have so little to do they seem to be stranded on the screen. Written and directed by Susan Sontag. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 21.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. Jack Nicholson's boozing liberal Southern lawyer is brilliant. Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

El (1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the old theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 15-21.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—So outrageously, preposterously, extravagantly awful that it's a classic among bad movies. With Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 22.)

BARONET
CORONET
tom funk

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

Funny Girl—A great star with a gift for comedy, and some good songs. Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gaily, Gaily—Ben Hecht's Chicago of a half century ago, in the heyday of yellow journalism, is great movie material, but Norman Jewison clutters it up with fancy camera angles and too-broad performances, so it's mostly a mess. With Beau Bridges and Brian Keith (demonstrating once again that he is one of the best actors in the business). (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—An overblown version of James Hilton's tear-stained little gold mine of a book, with songs where they are not needed (and Leslie Bricusse's songs are never needed), yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16-22.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand, and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

If . . . (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

John and Mary—Thin little romance, with lots of modern accoutrements. Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are the cuddly, infantile lovers who are meant to be darling. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Jan. 15-21.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in good voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 21.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 15-21.)

Marooned—A bland, pedestrian sci-fi space epic. The actors playing Mr. Nice include Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna, James Franciscus, David Janssen. John Sturges directed, in his sleep. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Midnight Cowboy—Excellent performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 22.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—Fine action passages, including a ski chase that's an instant classic, and enough entertaining people to compensate for the stolid new actor playing James Bond. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Paint Your Wagon—It could be a whole lot better, but in its own graceless, butch-humor way this big musical, set during the Gold Rush, is relatively inoffensive. With Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 20.)

The Reivers—Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse in a good tall tale out of William Faulkner. The style is a little too "beguiling" but it's an awfully pleasant comedy anyway. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750.)

The Round Up—Miklós Jancsó, a Hungarian film director of Bresson's calibre, made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a roundup in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Jan. 14.)

Saps at Sea (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy which, unfortunately, draws on the same kind of material that others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 15.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 20-21.)

Sons of the Desert (1933)—Laurel and Hardy at their peak. The title refers to a lodge rather like the Masons, and there is a great convention sequence. With Charley Chase. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 15.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 22.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England. A well-made thriller, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 22.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 14.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 18-19.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 20.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Jan. 15-21.)

Warrendale (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 20.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—An Ingmar Bergman film with many great images; Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 15-17.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 14.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Inventive and entertaining. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 20: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Jan. 21: **THE LION IN WINTER.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 20: **ULYSSES**; and **BEDAZZLED.**
From Jan. 21: **THE LION IN WINTER**; and "Up to His Ears" (1966; in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
GAILY, GAILY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
THE REIVERS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots," James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 19: "The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.
From Jan. 20: "Anne of the Thousand Days," Richard Burton, Genevieve Bujold.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
DOWNHILL RACER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
THE REIVERS.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE CIRCUS.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 20: **WARRENDALE.**
From Jan. 21: **DUET FOR CANNIBALS** (in Swedish); and "L'Immortelle" (in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Jan. 14: **THE ROUND UP** (in Hungarian); and "Senso" (1955; in Italian), a Luchino Visconti film, with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.
Jan. 15-21: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
EASY RIDER.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 14: **WINTER LIGHT** and **THREE STRANGE LOVES** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 15-17: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **DREAMS** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 18-19: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** and **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 20-21: **THE SILENCE** and **ALL THESE WOMEN** (both in Swedish).
From Jan. 22: **LA STRADA** (in Italian); and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 20: "To Commit a Murder," Louis Jourdan, Senta Berger; and "Follow Me," Claude Codgen.
From Jan. 21: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
STOLEN KISSES (in French); and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
MAROONED.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
IF . . .; and **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
GAILY, GAILY.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 14: **ULYSSES**; and **CONTEMPT** (in French).
Jan. 15-21: **M** (in German); and **EL** (in Spanish).
From Jan. 22: **THE STRANGER**; and **THE FOUNTAINHEAD.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 20: **BLOW-UP**; and "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.
From Jan. 21: **THE LION IN WINTER.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 15: **SONS OF THE DESERT**; and **SAPS AT SEA.**
Jan. 16-22: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and "Love Affair" (1968), a Yugoslavian film.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 20: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Jan. 21 (tentative): **COMING APART.**

Stereo for the man who has nothing.

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price. © 1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

No turntable, no speakers, no amplifier, no tuner—nothing.

The Sony HP-188 stereo gives you everything you haven't got in one compact package.

A four-speed BSR automatic turntable with cueing control for safe, easy record handling. And a featherweight cartridge we designed ourselves.

An FM stereo FM/AM tuner with FET circuitry in the FM for more sensitivity and less distortion.

An amplifier with all-silicon transistors.

And a pair of two-way high-compliance speakers for true high fidelity sound.

Everything is just $239.95.* (The HP-155, everything minus tuner, $179.95.*) So you'll have something left to spend on other lovely things.

The Sony® HP-188. A complete stereo music system.

Swim the bold Brazilian way in these sleek young nylon maillots. Left: multistripe, 30.00. Right: buckled black, 36.00. Both, 8 to 14. Flown to us by VARIG for our Carnaval Do Brasil: our bright festival of treasures from the land where the serpentine mosaic walk of Copacabana Beach embraces the sapphire blue waters. Beach Shop, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN old friend dropped by our office one morning last week and said he wanted to tell us about a wonderfully quiet and pleasant subway ride he'd taken the day before. We gave him a sharp look. Had he had a few too many? Absolutely not. He wasn't talking about New York at all. He was describing a ride he'd taken on Mexico City's new subway, the Metro. "The Metro cars run on pneumatic-rubber-tired wheels and make scarcely a sound—no more than the faint rustle of leaves in a light breeze—as the trains glide in and out of a station," he said. "I had read about similar rubber-tired cars in the Paris and Montreal subways, but until my visit to Mexico's Metro I'd had no notion of how quiet a subway could be. At first, it's eerie—the absence of noise and racket when you're not accustomed to it. But you adjust. I don't want to go overboard on this, but I do think a noiseless subway is a priceless gift to mankind. Now, just a word about the Metro's stations, and I'll be on my way. Each is literally a work of art, and has its own character. The design and ornamentation are imaginative throughout, often based on carvings and sculpture from the great archeological sites. When the excavation for one station ran unexpectedly into a buried pyramid, plans were hastily changed to save the pyramid and make it a feature of the station. The subway platforms and the spacious mezzanines above them—reached by escalators—are attractively paved in variegated hues of highly polished marble, which moppers keep cleaning all day long. The subway walls are often brightened with sections of colorful tile—red, yellow, rust—or with large photo murals, in color or black and white, depicting scenes from Mexico's past and present. So far, no litter, no ads, and no graffiti. A visit to the Metro is almost mandatory for members of this city's Transportation Authority. They should see it and weep. And imagine how astonished they'd be at the Metro's instant success as a place for Sunday family outings—an occurrence that even the Metro management wasn't prepared for. It had gone in for plenty of promotion, including free excursion rides, to encourage people to use the subway, but it had completely overlooked a related matter; namely, how to get them to get *off* the subway. This oversight became apparent on the Sunday after the official opening. I have an eyewitness account here of what happened then: 'Tens of thousands of *ciudadanos*, laden with children, baskets of *tacos*, and bottles of *refrescos* swarmed over the platforms and into the coaches and settled down to enjoy their first underground picnic. As they glided merrily back and forth from one end of the line to the other, they caused Mexico's first subway jam, but it was clear that they had found the Metro an ideal substitute for Chapultepec Park, particularly on a rainy Sunday. Its appeal, as a kind of flat roller coaster, was sensational.' Well, that's about all, except for the fare, which is just under ten cents in our money, or only eight cents if you buy a block of five tickets." Having finished his report, our friend bade us *adiós* and added, with a grimace, "Now I have to take the damned I.R.T. to Flushing."

Meters

SHORTLY after our friend's visit, our own interest in subterranean New York led us to spend a few hours accompanying a Con Ed meter reader on his rounds, and at seven-fifteen on a sunny morning we met Victor Lombardo, by appointment, on the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Ninety-seventh Street. Mr. Lombardo, who is a pleasant-looking man of thirty-five with wavy black hair, and has been a meter reader for the past eleven years, out of fourteen that he has been with Con Ed, was in uniform—gray trousers, light-blue shirt, and dark-blue jacket, with "Con Edison" stitched in light blue on one pocket. On his belt he wore a leather case containing extra bulbs and batteries, for his flashlight, and a stack of cards—one for each meter he was to read that day. All Manhattan is divided by Con Ed into nine zones, and Lombardo is one of fifteen meter readers in D Zone, which runs from Eighty-ninth Street to 136th Street between Fifth Avenue and the East River. Computers print the cards and arrange them by route and in sequence within each route, and Mr. L. had picked up his cards for that day's route—the route happened to be numbered 06-403—the previous afternoon at D Zone's headquarters, on West 125th Street. His working day is from seven-fifteen to three-forty-five, with half an hour for lunch. On Route 06-403, he would do two hours of "skips"—meters in other areas which meter men had failed to read because no one was at home when they came.

The cards in Lombardo's leather case didn't have the customers' names on them, but each had, among other things, the number of the customer's Con Ed account; the number of the customer's meter (the number was followed by "E" or "G," to indicate whether an electric or a gas meter was involved); the location of the meter ("B" standing for "basement," "MRM" for "meter room"); numbers showing the anticipated reading range for the meter; and a box with the heading "Irregular Conditions" (e.g., "Cannot locate meter," "Meter damaged"). Lombardo handed us an extra flashlight that he had kindly brought along, and the two of us walked west toward the first building on Route 06-403—108 East Ninety-seventh Street, one of many four- and five-story walkups on a block that had obviously seen better days.

At No. 108, we rang the bell marked "Superintendent." From behind the front door, a man's voice asked, "Who is it?" "Con Edison, sir," Lombardo replied. The super let us in, escorted us along a dim, bare gray corridor to the basement stairs, and on down into the basement. Lombardo had a card for each of thirty-two meters he was to read in the building—seventeen electric and fifteen gas. Fifteen of each were for the building's fifteen apartments; the two extra electric meters were for the building's hall lights and its furnace. The basement of No. 108, like its corridor, was long, narrow, tidy, and dark. At one end of it was a pile of lumber, and at the other end was a pile of coal, through which Lombardo made his way to read the building's two electric meters. Several old doors had been stacked in front of some of the other electric meters, but they didn't present a serious obstacle. The meters were round and had four numbered dials, which Lombardo read from right to left, Chinese-fashion, recording his findings on his cards. Below the dials was a disc that registered the consumption of electricity as it was taking place; when it had turned several times, the number on the right-hand dial advanced a digit. In some cases, the disc was moving slowly, in some cases quickly. Pointing to a slow-moving disc, Lombardo said, "Probably there's just an electric clock or a radio going in that apartment." Then he pointed to a disc that was turning quickly and said, "Here's a good customer. Must have a toaster or an iron on." The gas meters were rectangular and had three dials. Lombardo told us that some gas meters have as many as six and that gas-meter discs move too slowly for the eye to follow. The reading for one gas meter was 131. Lombardo showed us its card, which gave the reading range as 096-110, and explained that he had to mark a special box on the card to show that he had verified the reading. After reading all the meters, he put No. 108's thirty-two cards away in his leather case and took out his cards for the next building on the route, which was 114 East Ninety-seventh. As we went outside, Lombardo lit a cigarette—he is not allowed to smoke on a customer's premises—and he had time for a few puffs before we got to No. 114.

When the super of No. 114, a middle-aged woman, opened the front door, Lombardo asked her how she was. "I'm tired," she said. We waited in the hallway while she went into her apartment to get her keys. "Some people maybe didn't sleep so good last night," Mr. L. said. "A cheerful good morning often starts them off right." He had fifteen gas and sixteen electric meters to read in the basement of No. 114. Five of them were in the boiler room, where the bulb was out and we put our flashlights to use. The others were in the main part of the basement, one wall of which was decorated with framed photographs of a Negro wedding that must have taken place fifty or sixty years ago; the bride was dressed in a long white lace gown, the groom in a morning coat and high button shoes. The superintendent pointed to the maid of honor and told us she had lived in an apartment in the building; when she died, no one had wanted the photographs, so the superintendent had put them up in the basement. "The frames are nice," she said. We proceeded across the street to No. 129 and rang the superintendent's bell. There was no answer. Mr. L. rang a tenant's bell, and the tenant buzzed us in without asking us who we were or what we wanted, but the door to the basement, where the meters were, was locked. "I'll try the building later," Lombardo said. "Then, if I get no answer, either an inspector or a man doing a round of skips will come back another time. If we still can't get into the basement, we may send out cards and ask the tenants to read their own meters, or we'll estimate their bills and correct them when we take our next scheduled reading." He took a few puffs on another cigarette as we walked east and crossed Lexington Avenue.

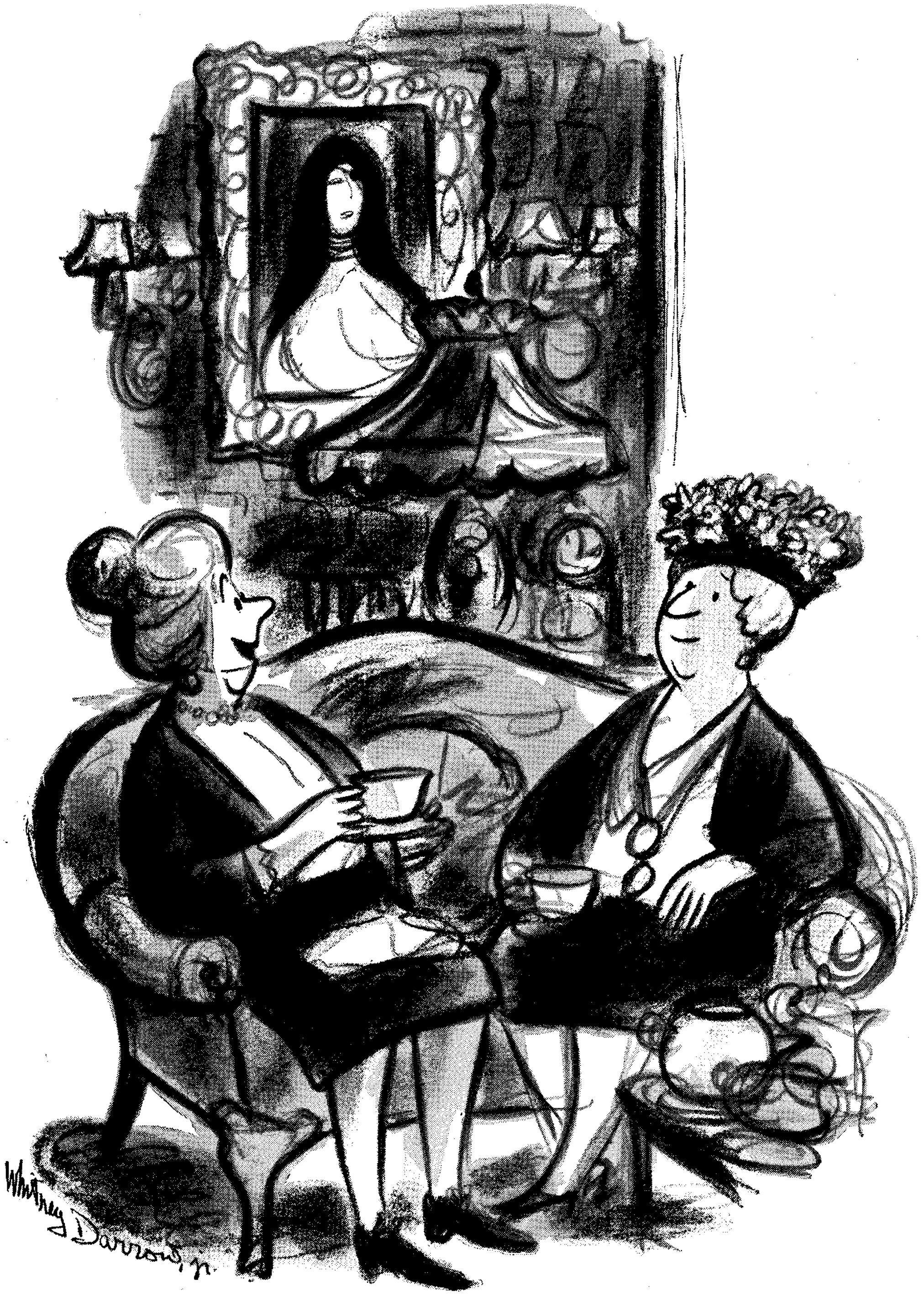
PONY RIDE .25
VAL

Our first stop in the block between Lexington and Third was 133 East Ninety-seventh Street, where a dog in a ground-floor apartment had used his nose to push the slats of a Venetian blind apart and was peering out at us. Lombardo knew the super, a woman, from previous tours of duty on Route 06-403, and they exchanged small talk. In the basement, Lombardo read fifteen electric meters. The gas meters were in the apartments. The super said that many of the tenants were Chinese people, who worked; she didn't think we'd find many at home. One of six tenants we found at home lived in the apartment with the dog. As soon as Lombardo saw it, he asked, "How's the dog? All right?" The tenant said it was. "I've been bitten twice," Mr. L. remarked. "Once by a German shepherd. Once by a little guy. The lady who had the little guy had two dogs. One of them was big, so I told her to hold him. She did, and the small one bit me." Dogs are only one hazard of Lombardo's trade. Some children once locked a basement door behind him. He knew that the superintendent was home, so he found the fuse box and unscrewed some fuses, and the super hurried down to the basement and released him. Violence is another hazard; several of his colleagues have been mugged.

All the meters for 145 and 147 East Ninety-seventh were in the basements of the buildings, and Lombardo read them without ado. At 149 East Ninety-seventh, the gas meters were in the basement, the electric meters in the apartments—a reversal of the usual arrangement. At one apartment, a woman didn't respond to "Good morning. Con Edison" but let us in when Mr. L. said "*Hombre la luz, el gas*"—a few useful Spanish words he has picked up in the line of duty. At another apartment, a doctor making a house call let Lombardo in to read the meter. From the doorway, we could see the doctor's patient lying in bed—a woman who seemed to be quite old and quite ill. Outside the building again, Lombardo said, "You see some depressing sights. When you get home, you're more grateful for what little you have." Four of No. 149's tenants were out. "The number of meters you can read in a day depends on the buildings on the route," Lombardo said. "If there are a lot of tall apartment houses, with all the meters in the basement, you can read more than on a route like this or on a route with a lot of private houses."

Our next stop was 151 East Ninety-seventh, a Telephone Company building. An employee escorted us to the basement, where numerous large machines were working away noisily. Lombardo read three electric meters and one gas meter. Then we headed for a sign commending J. & B. Scotch, which stood in the middle of a trash-and-beer-can-strewn lot on the northwest corner of Ninety-seventh Street and Third Avenue. Having waded through the litter, Mr. L. found that the sign's meter had been smashed. He reported the damaged meter on the appropriate card. "If a meter is broken, we note it and go on," he said. "But if we're reading meters and we smell gas, we shut off the gas, phone headquarters, and wait until our emergency crew arrives." We walked west to 140 East Ninety-seventh Street, where Lombardo got the key to a sidewalk trapdoor from a TV-and-air-conditioning store on the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue. He had to crouch as he went down the steps to the basement, and when he got there he found it so cluttered with air-conditioners and junk that he had to read the meters from a distance of seven or eight feet. A dry-cleaning establishment on the southeast corner of Lexington and Ninety-seventh gave us the key to a trapdoor leading to the basement of 142 East Ninety-seventh. There was no light in the basement, and Mr. L. had to walk through mud and slime to get to the meters. When he came back up, he wiped his shoes and told us that Con Ed footed the bills for dry-cleaning his uniforms. It was now close to noon, and we gave 129 East Ninety-seventh another try, on the chance that the super had children who would be home for lunch, but there was still no answer from the super's apartment.

On our way from Ninety-seventh Street's faded walkups to the somewhat more elegant buildings around the corner on Park Avenue, Lombardo finally had a chance to smoke a whole cigarette. The meters he had read thus far were generally meters for which customers received bills every two months. In the remaining buildings on the route, he was going to read not tenants' meters but just a handful of building meters for which monthly readings were scheduled. The basements of 1230 and 1220 Park Avenue—large apartment houses—were a contrast to the others we had been in. The basements in the Ninety-seventh Street walkups were small and dingy, with little but meters and furnaces amid the pipes. The basements of 1230 and 1220 Park were far more extensive, and hummed with activity. Elevator men, doormen, handymen, and maintenance men were about; tenants and laundresses were using the laundry rooms; delivery boys carrying groceries in paper cartons were waiting for the service elevators. We entered No. 1230 and No. 1220 and most of the other buildings on the route—6 East Ninety-sixth, 12 East Ninety-sixth, 16 East Ninety-sixth, 50 East Ninety-sixth, 60 East Ninety-sixth, and 70 East Ninety-sixth—through service entrances, and Mr. L. read six or eight meters in each without running into any problems. It was after one when he finished, and we stopped for lunch at a quick-and-dirty on East Ninety-sixth and talked shop, which he said was not unusual for him. "If another meter reader has a nearby route, you sometimes get together for lunch," he told us. "We discuss things like bad superintendents and other conditions. When I hand in my cards at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street at the end of the day, they're taken down to our main building, on Irving Place, with the other meter readers'


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I've been reincarnated four times, but, fortunately, I've always come back as me."

cards. The computers handle them from there. They print the bills and everything. I've heard that meter-reading may be done electronically someday—the way the Phone Company reads most of its bills—but I'm not worried. Con Ed will give me something else to do. But I like reading meters. I like talking to different people, and being outside, and being on my own. It gives you a sense of responsibility."

We remarked that we hadn't seen any rats on Route 06-403, and Mr. L. said that he hadn't, either, and that he didn't often see any on Ninety-eighth Street, where he'd be working the following day. "Ninety-ninth Street is about the dividing line," he said. "You usually start seeing rats and fleas above Ninety-ninth. We call it the jungle in small talk between ourselves. That's where it can be dangerous. My job sometimes makes you wonder why so many people have so much and so many so little."

Secretary Hickel

"WE'RE finalizing plans for Secretary Hickel's visit to New York," said an assistant to Walter Joseph Hickel, the thirty-eighth Secretary of the Interior, in a telephone call to us from Washington. "Could you be at the Waldorf Towers at exactly 9 A.M. tomorrow?" At exactly nine the next morning, we were seated in Secretary Hickel's Waldorf Towers suite with him, with Mrs. Hickel, and with Josef Troffey and Alexander A. Holbert, two of the Secretary's assistants. Secretary Hickel, wearing a dark-gray suit with a blue-and-gold striped tie, and looking a little grim and a little impatient to get going, faced us sidewise from an armchair. Mrs. Hickel, trim and slim in a navy-blue dress, a red-white-and-blue silk scarf, and medium-heeled navy-blue pumps, sat against a far wall facing us directly. The two assistants flanked everybody.

Mr. Hickel looks like television's Perry Mason, with Perry Mason circles under his eyes, and he has a Perry Mason sureness of manner. He is fifty years old; is a native of Claflin, Kansas (pop. 921); is one of ten children, among whom he is the eldest of six boys; was born and raised on a wheat farm; graduated from Claflin High School in 1936; won the Golden Gloves welterweight championship of Kansas in 1938; bought a Claflin insurance agency when he was nineteen and sold it two years later; and set out for Australia to seek his fortune, got as far as Los Angeles, where he had trouble obtaining a visa, and so took a train to Seattle and a ship to Seward, Alaska, and decided to settle for Alaska instead of Australia. During the Second World War, Secretary Hickel was a civilian inspector for the Air Force. After the war, he started a house-building business in Anchorage and branched out into building hotels and motels. He is a former chairman of the Alaska State Chamber of Commerce's Economic Development Committee; a former chairman of the Board of the Anchorage Natural Gas Company; a former trustee of Alaska Methodist University; a member of the Board of Regents of Gonzaga University, in Spokane, Washington; a former Republican National Committeeman (for ten years) for Alaska; a former leader in Alaska's fight for statehood; and a former governor (elected in 1966) of Alaska. He is married to the former Ermalee Strutz, daughter of pioneer Alaskans of Anchorage. They have five sons: Robert, twenty-two, a senior at the University of Santa Clara, studying business administration; Walter, Jr., twenty-one, studying business administration at the University of Alaska; Jack, nineteen, a sophomore at the University of San Francisco; Joseph, fifteen, a freshman at Western Junior High School in Chevy Chase; and Karl, seven, a first-grader at the Little Flower School in Bethesda. Secretary Hickel's eldest son, Theodore, twenty-seven, by an earlier marriage (his first wife died in 1943), is married, lives in Portland, Oregon, and is in the business of service-station marketing.

"What's been going on in the Department of the Interior since you took over?" we asked Secretary Hickel.

"To begin with, we should really call it the Department of Resources and Environment," he began, talking fast, in a don't-give-me-an-argument tone. "People *do* care how they live. We're in charge of the protection and development of what we have in this country. It's a challenge I

DONT
WALK
WMiller

readily accept and think I can handle. I've gone into our coal mines in the interests of improving health and safety conditions. I've gone to the Florida Everglades to fight alligator poaching and to try to stop a commercial jetport proposed for that area. I've been to Santa Barbara to look into the oil spill and to Alaska to look into developments on its North Slope. I've been working on a multibillion-dollar program for urban parks—our Parks to the People program. One of the first of these parks, by the way, will be the Gateway National Recreation Area, taking in Breezy Point and the Jamaica Bay area. I'd like to see our American Indians get a full share of responsibility in developing and operating their own programs. I'd like to see an early and equitable settlement of Alaska native-land claims. We're trying to minimize chances of pollution from offshore gas exploration and operation, and we're trying to participate in exploring the oceans for maximum future utilization of their fisheries, minerals, and other resources. The greatest single challenge, of course, is that of water pollution. We've got to stop it."

"Are you getting support for your programs?" we asked.

"The American people are genuinely environment-conscious," Secretary Hickel said. "As a matter of fact, environment is one of the hottest issues going in Washington. Politicians are suddenly aware of the fact that support of environment, like support of motherhood, is good politics. Fortunately, we all stand to win by this environment consciousness. Right now money is short. The President is fighting one of his biggest battles in trying to knock out inflation. But I'm an impatient man. Rather than have programs ready up to the point of money and then wait, I am proposing other financing methods. Cleaning up our waters is Number One on my list of priorities. Appropriations for this from Congress won't be enough, even if we get a billion dollars. We need funds not only for this year but for every year down the road for at least six or seven years. So I'm thinking of long-term contractual financing—spreading payment over, say, thirty years—on *top* of federal appropriations we might get. It's going to take at least ten billion dollars just to be able to get abreast of the problem with waste-treatment plants."

"Has your life changed any since you came to Washington?" we asked.

"Ha!" Mrs. Hickel said. "It hasn't changed a bit!"

"In public service, your time is never your own," Secretary Hickel said. "You're on call wherever you may be. I'm a member of the Environmental Quality Council. I'm the chairman of its Standing Committee on Outdoor Recreation. I'm the chairman of the Water Resources Council. I'm a member of the Delaware River Basin Commission. I'm a member of the National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development. I'm a member of the Rural Affairs Council. I'm the chairman of the National Park Foundation Board. I'm the chairman of the National Commission for the Review of Federal and State Laws Relating to Wiretapping and Surveillance. I'm a member of the Federal Radiation Council. I'm on the Board of Trustees of the National Recreation and Park Association. And I'm still a member of the Arctic Club, in Seattle, of the Pioneers of Alaska, and of the Alaska State Society, and I'm an honorary member of the Alaska Rotary Club and the Alaska Native Brotherhood. And in Washington I've got a social event of some kind nearly every evening."

"Do you like it?" we asked.

"You accept it willingly and naturally or you're not *in* it," Secretary Hickel said. "I didn't have any misconceptions when I took the job."

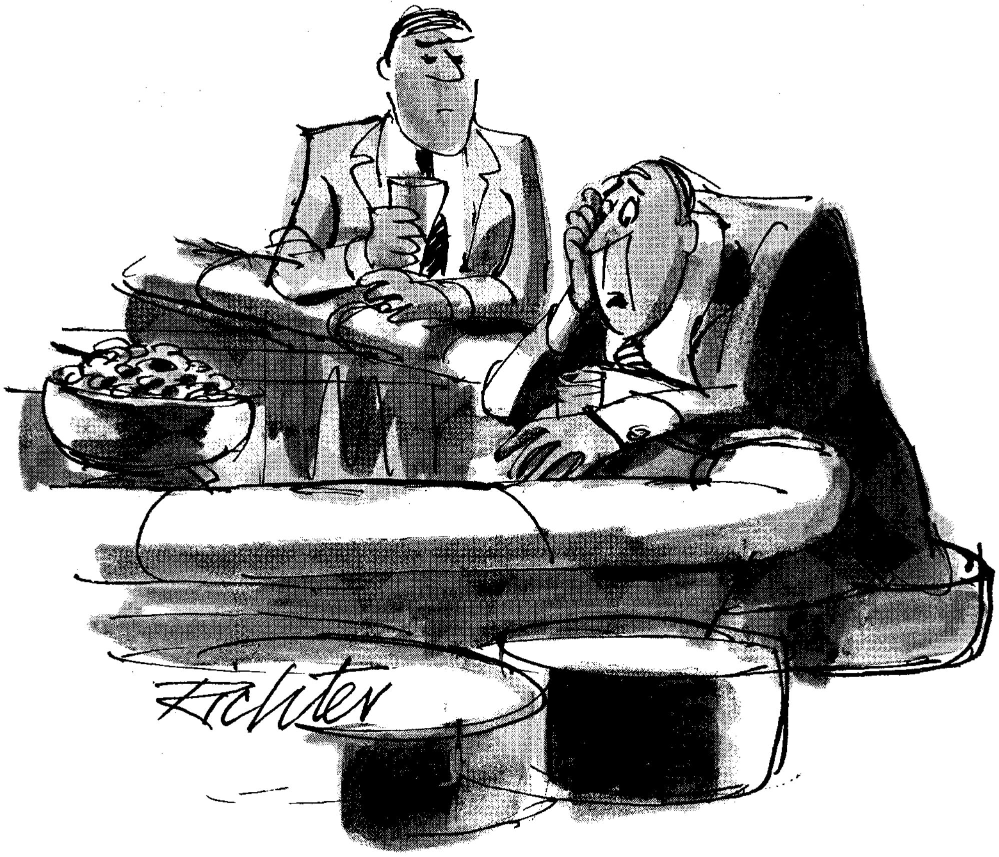
"Ha!" Mrs. Hickel said again.

"I said from the beginning the only way *I'd* get Potomac fever was if I drank water out of the Potomac River," Secretary Hickel said. "It's so polluted it'd give *anybody* a fever." He gave a quick laugh.

Mrs. Hickel, Mr. Troffey, and Mr. Holbert gave one quick laugh each.

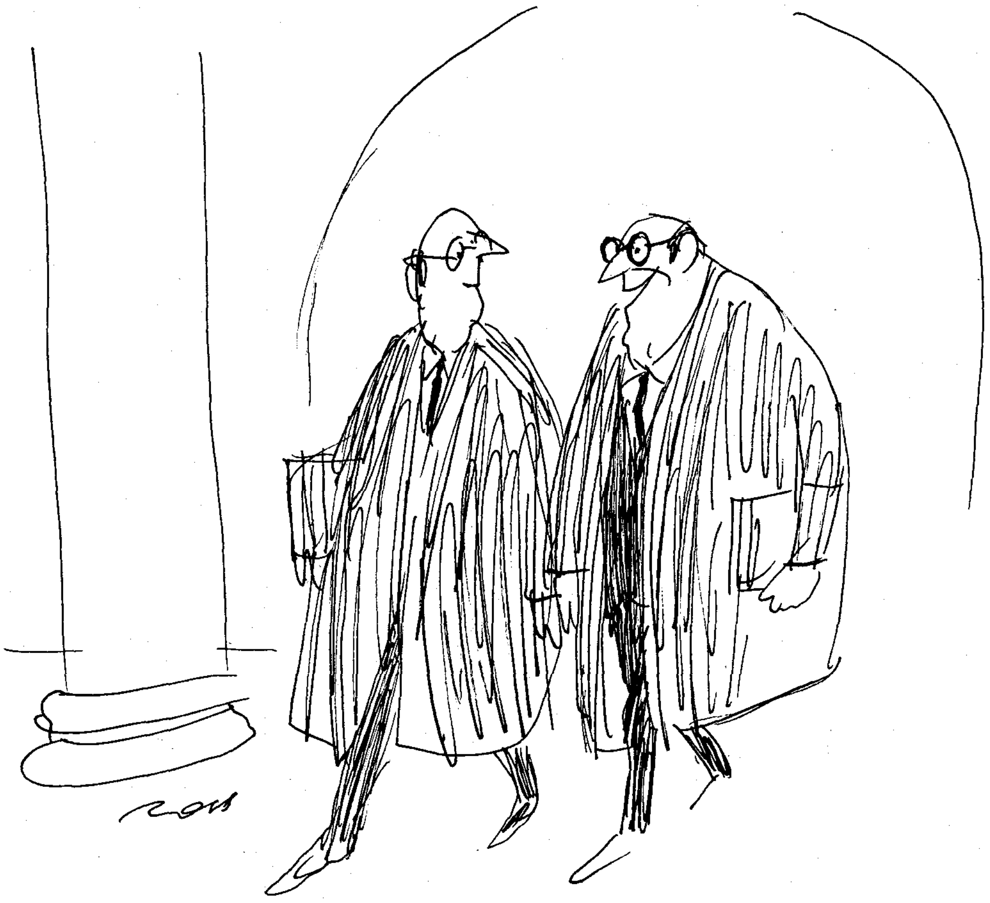
"How is your job different from being governor of Alaska?" we asked.

"Alaska has unique problems, with its vastness, with its *two* oceans and *three* seas. But the fisheries, the Indian problem, the resources all come under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. Most of my adult life has been spent under the jurisdiction of the Department, you might say. It was the greatest training ground for this job. We've got a million square miles of continental shelf, and two-thirds of it is in Alaska. Now there's so much to be done. We've got to have a reëvaluation of all the public domain. We must inventory and catalogue our natural resources, whatever they may be, depletable or renewable, and we have to figure out what is the best use of those resources. A program of all preservation is obviously wrong. We have to use our resources in order to live. And a program of all development is just as wrong. We must have a balanced program. That's my view. Fortunately, I have good rapport with



"The magic has gone out of my marriage and my color set."

• •



"I still get a kick out of it when the jurors laugh at my wry little observations."

• •

the President, and that makes it easier to accept my responsibilities."

"What do you do for relaxation?" we asked.

"My greatest relaxation when we lived in Juneau was boating. I had a cabin cruiser that slept four, and we'd go up and down the fjords. That's the way to really enjoy the country. The size of those fjords!"

"Like Norway's?" we asked.

"Norway's are more manicured and smaller," Secretary Hickel said. "In Alaska, we've got *fjords!*"

"Been on the cruiser lately?" we asked.

"One day—last Fourth of July," Secretary Hickel said. "I sold it to Robert W. Ward, Secretary of State in Alaska, and he was kind enough to invite me to spend the night on it."

"What else, besides boating?" we asked.

"Football," he said. "I'm a great football fan, but I've been able to get to only one game—between Kansas State and Kansas University last fall. And I've watched a few games on television. When I watch TV, I watch it by myself. I like to be alone. Other than that, I like to go jogging. I do a couple of miles each day."

"Secretary of Transportation Volpe says that people in Washington think you're crazy if they see you jogging there," we said.

"I think they're crazy if they're not jogging," Secretary Hickel said.

"Where do you sit at Cabinet meetings, and did you know any of your fellow-members before you were appointed?" we asked.

"I'm Number Six in line, with five above me and six below, which is as close to the middle as you can get. At the meetings, Secretary of the Treasury Kennedy is on my left and Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Finch is on my right. I knew Volpe, Romney, and Agnew as governors, and I knew Finch as lieutenant governor of California. I knew Attorney General Mitchell as a corporation lawyer in New York. I met the others after I was sworn in."

"When did you become a Republican?" we asked.

"At 4:35 P.M. on August 18, 1919, when I was born. My parents were Republicans, and in Kansas that means you're born one."

"When did you first meet Mr. Nixon?" we asked.

"In 1951, when I went to Washington to testify for Alaska's statehood. My impression of him was of a good, articulate young senator. He seemed to be determined. He was a loner even then, although I don't like to use that term. In 1960, he came to Alaska the night before the election, and we carried Alaska for him. He's very dedicated and deep. And with a very keen sense of humor. He reminds me of my readings of Lincoln somewhat."

"How do you find Cabinet meetings?" we asked.

"They're easy and open. The President encourages openness. He has a very great sense of humor. He's basically a loner in his thinking, but he has that willingness to try to find all the facts."

"What's been most enjoyable so far about your job?" we asked.

"Getting confirmed. There were misconceptions about me, and a lot of charges were made by some newspapers."

"By some papers and some people," Mr. Holbert said quickly.

"The Secretary was not known," Mr. Troffey said. "He was a mystery."

"People fear the unknown," Secretary Hickel said. "It's like walking through a door into a dark room. You don't know what's in the room. You don't even know if it's got a floor. Well, *I* knew what was in the room. So I made up my mind: One, I was going to win. Two, they were not going to confuse me. Three, when it was over I would look better than they did. The Senate hearings on me were some of the longest hearings ever held on a Cabinet nomination. At the end of it, it was all summed up by the chairman of the committee holding the hearing—Senator Henry Jackson, a Democrat—who said, 'All the charges against Secretary Hickel just blew up.' Look at this." Secretary Hickel handed us a paperback book. The cover had a large photograph of the Secretary shown chewing on the bow of a pair of black-rimmed glasses, and the words "How to Get a Job in Government Without Really Trying; or, 'How to Write a 450-Page Book in Just Five Days,' by Walter J. Hickel."

"The Secretary has a great sense of humor," Mr. Troffey said.

"It's a good joke," Mr. Holbert said.

"It runs four hundred and fifty-eight and a *half* pages," Secretary Hickel said. "It's the record of my hearings. I had them bound myself as a joke. I just had this humorous thought: Gee, I think I'll have some fun. And I did."

CAR GAMES

THE first time he'd ever driven a car entirely by himself was on his twelfth birthday. His uncle, owner of a Model A, had up until then allowed him to take the wheel for only a moment or two, retaining adult control of accelerator, brake, and gears, but on July 24, 1946, in a burst of largesse induced partly by the bourbon Uncle Charlie had already drunk and partly in anticipation of the bourbon they were on their way to the liquor store to pick up, the old man had got in on the right side and pushed the boy into the driver's seat.

"You mean I can drive?" Jack asked. The scope of the sudden, entirely unexpected present overwhelmed him.

"You know the gears," Uncle Charlie said. "Let the clutch out gradual and give it gas gradual."

"Wow."

Jack first looked at everything—pedals, shift, wheel, and instruments—to make sure it was all still there. Had the car shyly withdrawn its various protuberances, turtlelike, he would not have been surprised. He rattled the shift, pushed the pedals, and began the moves he'd studied for years. The car jumped forward, lurched, and stalled.

"What did I do wrong?"

"I don't know. Let's go."

He started the engine, and the Model A took several large jumps forward. Jack was frozen at the wheel, while Uncle Charlie dipped back and forth like a rodeo rider. Scared, Jack shouted at the windshield.

"What's wrong? What should I do?"

"Keep going. You'll get the feel of it."

In fear, when he meant to push the clutch, he pushed the accelerator and the car moved smoothly up the hill toward the paved road into town.

"Good," said Uncle Charlie. "Try not to stall when you stop at the corner."

Jack was rapturously involved with the controls, adjusting the wheel, playing with the gearshift, experimenting with the gas. At the corner he simply turned to the left and accelerated.

"You should've stopped there," Uncle Charlie said, burping quietly as they shot down the hill.

"Wow," Jack said. "This is terrific."

HE remembers all this as he sits waiting for his wife to bring coffee into the living room. At the age of thirty-five he finds himself daydreaming constantly, remembering his past with such clarity it's like going to the movies. The previous afternoon, while on the phone half listening to an important client, he'd gone back to the age of six, reliving a mysterious formal lunch in a country house where he'd asked for more strawberries, please. The client had undoubtedly thought he was making silent decisions. Neither does his wife know the extent of his daydreaming, putting his abstraction down to worry about the market, or perhaps, in her most fearful moments, to simple withdrawal after a hard marriage of twelve years.

She pours herself a brandy. "You want one?" She'd started drinking when the youngest child had started school.

"I'm going to sell the car."

"You are?" She becomes alert—the special, slightly masked alertness she assumes when she discovers something has been going on inside his head without her knowing it. "To get a new one?"

J. FILIMORE OSGOOD
THE MAN TO SEE AROUND HERE
Stan Hunt

"No. Just sell it. Cheaper to take cabs." He lets his obviously inadequate answer hang in the air, asking her to believe that after living as if there were no tomorrow for his entire life he has suddenly got sensible. The truth is he doesn't know why he no longer wants the car—any more than he knows why he no longer wants to sleep with his wife. The car (a delicate, expensive, and painfully beautiful Aston Martin) is no fun anymore. His passion (the pleasantly dreamy sensation as his hand goes under saucy chrome to release the catch of a hood, the lump in his throat, the ridiculous lump in his throat when he walked away from the Ford convertible for the last time) is gone, as if he had once possessed a separate automobile-loving heart that has atrophied and disappeared. His lack of feeling for the Aston pains him. He wants to sell the car and become old.

"It's hard to imagine you without a car," she says. "You've always had one."

He drifts away, remembering sophomore year and the old Mercury he'd bought from Elvin Marsdale in French House. A big, top-heavy brute of a car, it had broken down constantly, forcing him to spend as much time in junkyards looking for parts as on the road. When, finally, his tuned ear told him the engine itself was dying—inexorable death, from the inside, rings totally worn, valves gasping, drive shaft groaning—he'd sold it to an ignorant graduate student at a slight profit.

For a while he had no car, and then an extraordinary piece of luck occurred—he won a Ford convertible in a lottery, a new model fully equipped with accessories, white-walls, and a St. Christopher medal. He suspected fraud, a telephone prank on the part of his classmates, but when he showed up at the rectory of an enormous church in downtown New Haven the car was indeed there, parked in an inner courtyard, and when he handed over the lottery ticket a fat priest gave him a set of keys, the registration, and a slap on the back. In the courtyard, he walked around the car several times. The chrome gleamed with almost unbearable intensity. He could see a distorted image of himself in the waxed black body, his face slipping like oil over the curved surfaces. He was afraid to touch the car. When he got in, he was afraid to start the engine. He stared at his eyes in the mirror (familiar blue—he was apparently there) for several moments before adjusting the glass. Then he pushed the seat back a couple of notches, turned the ignition, and rolled slowly out of the courtyard onto the street.

The car became his in time, of course, but it was never *entirely* his. There was an aura of the supernatural clinging to it until the end, until trade-in. In dreams the fat priest asked for it back.

He treated the car badly. The first month or two, he'd fussed over it, trying to keep it new, but as little scratches appeared here and there, as small electrical parts began to fail, as the smell of newness evaporated, he lost interest. He could not bring himself to clean the interior, and the floor gradually filled with newspapers, sweat socks, beer cans, and Howard Johnson boxes. He began racing. A continuous night-to-night contest with Herb Maglio, owner of an old but well-tuned Plymouth. At first they simply raced from Starkey and Sheen's, the college bar, to the campus line—a distance of one mile, each man balancing his desire to win against his fear and the abuse of his gearbox, each man coming up with a slightly different formula every night. Eventually the race extended into the campus itself, along a difficult route they had tacitly agreed on—through the first parking lot, down the long curve to French House, a slalom through the trees bordering College Lane, up past the tennis courts and out over the grass to the cinder track around the football field.

Jack stares at his wife without seeing her and remembers the cinder track. Cold autumn air at 3 A.M. The lights of the cars were shut down for secrecy, and starlight, moonlight, points of window light from distant dorms needled the air. He stood beer-drunk with beer-drunk Herb at the edge of the grass and waited for his eyes to adjust to the dark. The smell of hot oil. A faint tang from swollen, burnt brake linings. In the open car he gunned the engine, pumping gas like an organist pumping his bellows. Leaning back, half standing in the seat, he threw a beer can into the night sky. When it hit the ground the engines roared and cinders flew. Wind swirled around his head. In the darkness the cinder track was absolutely black. An unearthly, perfect black. Follow the black.

He stands up abruptly, walks to the center of the room, and looks around.

His wife watches him, and after a moment asks, "What's wrong?"

He feels himself to be in some extraordinary state. The room around him is particularly vivid, each object clear and hard in space, the colors glowing, all of it entirely familiar, and yet he is no longer part of it, or, more precisely, at once part of it and not part of it. Simultaneously a sense of great power fills him. Profound changes occur in the dark parts of his brain, as if the lobes, like sliding blocks in a wooden puzzle, are gliding momentously into new positions and new alignments. He walks out of the room and out of the house.

AT the entrance to the East River Drive, a dark-blue Chrysler passes on the wrong side, cutting him off, and, rocking slightly, disappears up the ramp.

"Stupid bastard," he says as he negotiates the turn. "Goddam bubblehead." He allows himself to rave at other drivers, insulting them as he never insults real people. He plays a game, spewing out a stream of oaths as he drives, ridiculing everyone on the road. He feels justified, since he knows he is a better driver than any of them.

He accelerates off the ramp onto the highway and catches a glimpse of the blue Chrysler crossing lanes on a curve up ahead. The Aston pulls him as he presses the gas pedal half an inch closer to the floor. Sweeping through the slower traffic, he changes lanes smoothly and carefully. The speedometer needle rests at seventy and the engine purls.

ONE night, after a light snowfall, he and Maglio had taken their cars down to the new, unfinished parking lot behind the college Field House. At the brink of a gentle hill they stared down at a perfectly flat, unbroken surface the size of two football fields, a smooth, unmarked coating of snow over the virgin asphalt.

"Beautiful!" he shouted across to the other car.

"You go first," Herb yelled back. "Break the seal."

Jack reached up and opened the roof clamps. With his other hand he pulled the switch, and the power top folded into itself and disappeared behind the back seat. He turned up the collar of his jacket and started down the hill, timing his acceleration carefully so that the rear wheels maintained traction. He entered the lot on a straight line. Nearing the center, he turned the wheel to the left and pressed the gas gently. The rear wheels broke loose, slipping to the right, and he steered into the skid. As the car stabilized, drifting perfectly over the snow at an angle of fifteen degrees, he repeated the same movements in reverse, swinging the car slowly through zero

ENOUGH

Am I a fanatic? The opposite.
And where would I like to be?
Sitting under Plato's olive tree
or propped against its thick old trunk,

away from controversy
or anyone choleric.

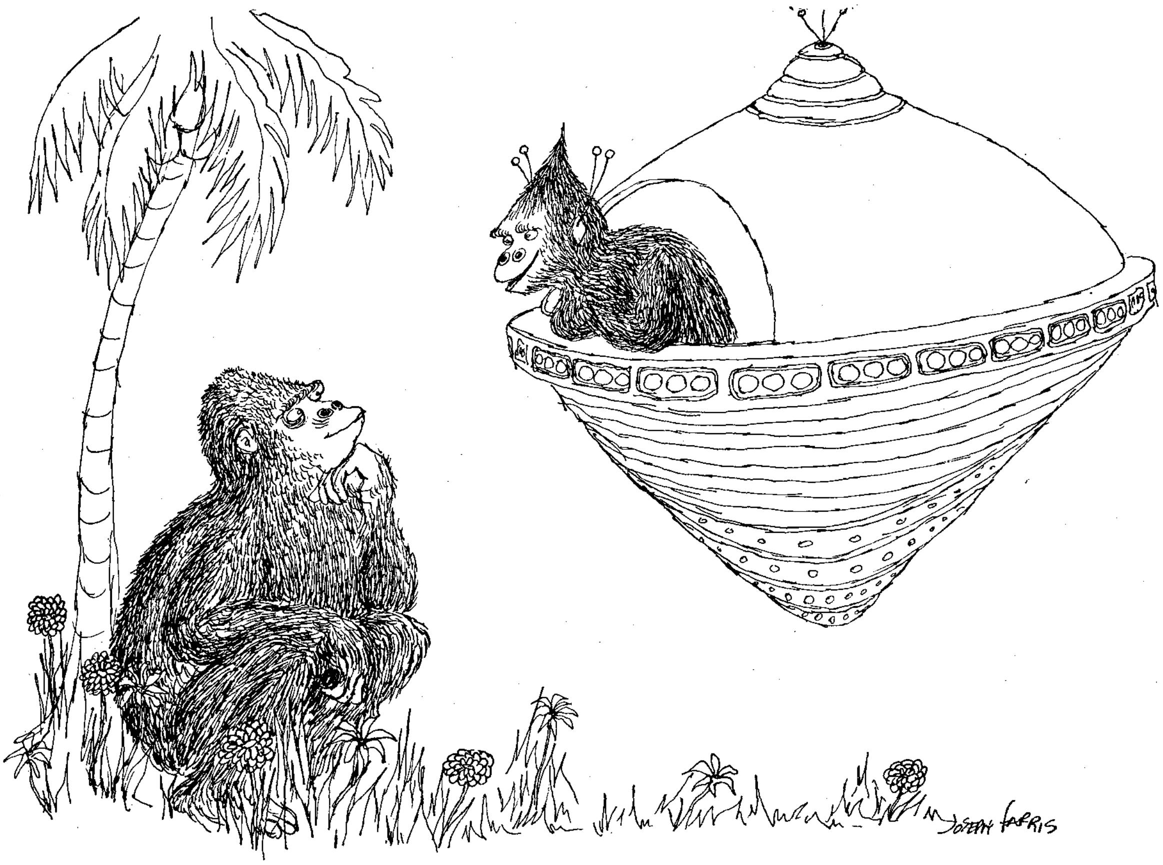
If you would see stones set right, unthreatened
by mortar (masons say "mud"),
squared and smooth, let them rise as they should,
Ben Jonson said, or he implied.

In "Discoveries" he then said,
"Stand for truth, and 'tis enough."

—MARIANNE MOORE

• •

and over to fifteen degrees in the other direction. Approaching the edge of the lot, he pressed the gas to the floor, spun the steering wheel hard, and turned the car completely around in a four-wheel skid. For several moments he went backward, in a straight line, until the rear wheels collected enough traction to stop the car. His eye ran back along the elegant curves of his tracks in the snow to Herb's Plymouth, which was just starting down the incline. Jack slid out from under the wheel, raised himself up, and sat on the back of the seat, staring through the snow-flecked air, listening to the faint rodeo yells of his skylarking friend.



"Well, that just goes to show. Where I come from, we apes are the highest form of life."

• •

AFTER a mile, he catches up with the Chrysler. The woman behind the wheel has black hair falling to her shoulders and her pale face is distorted. Alone in the car, she talks and gesticulates as if in the midst of a conversation. She drives abstractedly, the big car drifting back and forth across the wide road. Jack pulls the Aston into the lane beside her, and she glances over quickly. She accelerates suddenly, but he is prepared and keeps up with her. At eighty miles an hour, they pass a string of cars, Jack on the outside, the woman on the inside. As the speed increases he feels a calmness come over his soul.

THEY'D played tag in the snow, spinning the cars around, slipping this way and that, Herb trying to touch bumpers, Jack trying to get away, their eyes blurred from the wind and the tears of their laughter. What times they'd had! What easy times, gliding, gently gliding over the snow like a pair of skaters.

AS the road temporarily narrows to two lanes where some construction is going on, the woman in the Chrysler refuses to move over. He begins to pass, but she moves closer to him and he is forced to touch the brakes. Side by side, they enter the narrow part of the road. Before he can pull in behind her, he has struck two rubber pylons, sending them high into the air, across the divider into the oncoming traffic. He is vaguely aware of workmen in the closed lane dropping their tools and starting for the barrier, but he is already past them. The light is beginning to fail as, on the other side of the city, the sun sets.

He pulls up beside her again, at ninety miles an hour. She is no longer talking to herself, but sits rigidly, staring straight ahead. She drifts into his lane but he does not give ground. The automobiles touch, side to side, with a soft sound like a tin can crushed underfoot. Her mouth opens in a silent O of surprise. He pulls away for a moment, and then bumps her side again, somewhat harder than before. Pointlessly, mysteriously, she begins to blow the Chrysler's horn. When she decides to steer into him, she starts the move so clumsily, so obviously, he is ready, and with a hard punch of his brakes he slows abruptly and she drifts into his lane, directly in front of him.

Ahead there is only a single clear lane. They enter at ninety miles an hour, the Aston two feet behind the Chrysler. Jack glances at the tachometer, shifts down into third, and closes the distance between the two cars. The slight jar as the bumpers touch is almost imperceptible. He feels a remote, faraway pain from his clamped teeth. He presses the gas to the floor and listens to the Aston's big engine open up.

He pushes the Chrysler up to ninety-five, and then to a hundred before the first curve. She plows through a low iron railing and bounces high into the air. He follows her through the hole and for a split second they travel along the pedestrian walkway. Suddenly, as if a tire had blown, the Chrysler swerves, crashes through the high railing, and sails out into the open air over the river.

That is the last image he sees—the big blue Chrysler suspended magically in the air above the black water, the woman inside comically prim, motionless as a mannequin. In another moment he would laugh, but the Aston strikes a concrete abutment and his head goes through the windshield.

—FRANK CONROY

•

The speaker criticized as evil and obscene such books as Gore Vidal's "Myra Breckenridge" and "Port Noise Complaint."—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record.*

Vidal didn't write "Port Noise Complaint." Philip Ross wrote it.

SUMMER AFTERNOON, SUMMER AFTERNOON

On hot evenings in early June when the sunshine was butter in the maple leaves across the drive, I would be upstairs trying to do my homework and Lisa would be downstairs at the piano, practicing. I wanted to be outdoors, playing the way we used to play—running, screaming, falling in the grass until the grass and the mud and the smell of evening blended and a train came and filled the air with its huge, warm rumble. I decided to go down and help Mama set the table.

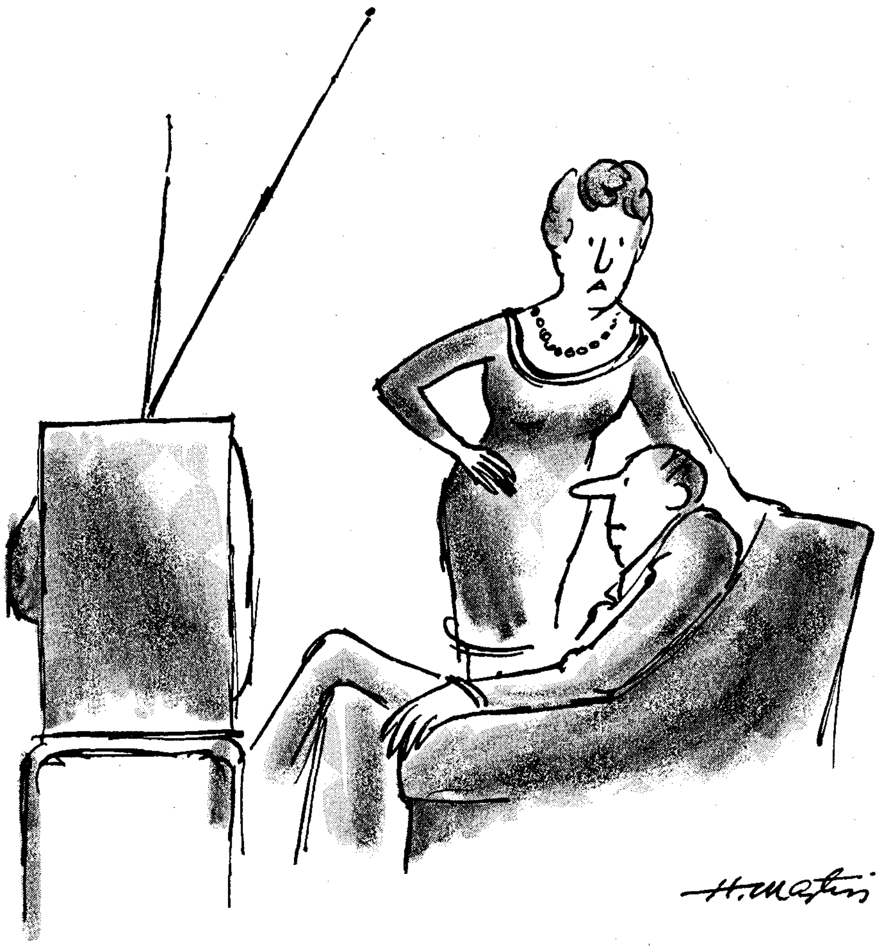
In the hall at the foot of the stairs, Lisa was playing "Finlandia," which Daddy loved, and behind her on the stairs Daddy sat listening. Lisa's dark, long-fingered hands moved over the keys. ("She has the touch," Mama said.) Her wide back was straight. She played, and Daddy sat listening in his white summer ducks and his white shirt, his head tipped back and to the side, his eyes full and liquid, his mouth loose, smiling. Around him was the smell of his shower, his cigarettes, his gin. "Bright Western Land," Lisa played.

I went on out to the kitchen. The breath in my heart made me hollow, helpless. I wanted to be like Lisa. I wanted to play the piano the way she did, I wanted to be the way she was swimming in Grandmother Marston's pool, the water shining on her body, dripping from her arms, her hands, her curved fingers. I wanted the boys to like me; I wanted to be popular like Lisa. "What silver do we need tonight, Mama?" I asked.

Mama looked around. "Vanessa, humor Mama. Tuck in your shirt."

I looked down and saw that my shirttail was half out of my blue denim school-uniform skirt.

Lisa came into the kitchen. Daddy was pacing back and forth in the dining room. "Dum dum dum dum," he sang ("Bright Western Land"), and when he came in the kitchen he was happy, moving his hands as if he were playing the piano. He poured his gin over in his little liquor corner by the sink. He drank the gin, filled his glass with water, drank that, and stepped out onto the back porch. From there he surveyed the neighborhood. Kroupa was sniffing around near the tulip bed. Bill Barnes, the Barnes' police dog, the terror of the village, was trotting along the sidewalk down on St. Clair. Daddy took out his gold watch. The six-thirty-eight to Detroit would be along in another ten minutes, if it was on time. Across the tracks, he could see Al way up in the field getting the cows together to bring them in for their evening milking. Next door, John Foster came out to water the roses in his back garden. Daddy went over, and the two of them stood there in the drive, Daddy doing most of the talking while John absentmindedly squirted the hose back and forth.



"Instead of sitting around watching TV, shouldn't you be studying your portfolio, weeding out the dogs and the weak sisters, and looking for some low-priced growth potentials?"

In our kitchen, the pork roast smelled delicious and we were all hot and perspiring. Flies buzzed against the back-door screen.

"Vanessa, will you tuck in your shirt. Humor Mama."

"I was going to and I forgot," I said, humiliated. I went into the living room and looked in the mirror. I tucked in my shirt, pulled it down tight to show my bosom. I went upstairs and combed my hair and put on lipstick—a dark, purplish color. Then I rubbed it mostly off. I pinched my cheeks and tipped back my head so my eyes were soft slits with lashes and my nose a soft short thing and my wavy hair flowed down my back. That way I thought I was pretty. But I couldn't go around like that. I stuck out my tongue at myself and went downstairs.

Mama said, "Vanessa, go tell Daddy supper is ready."

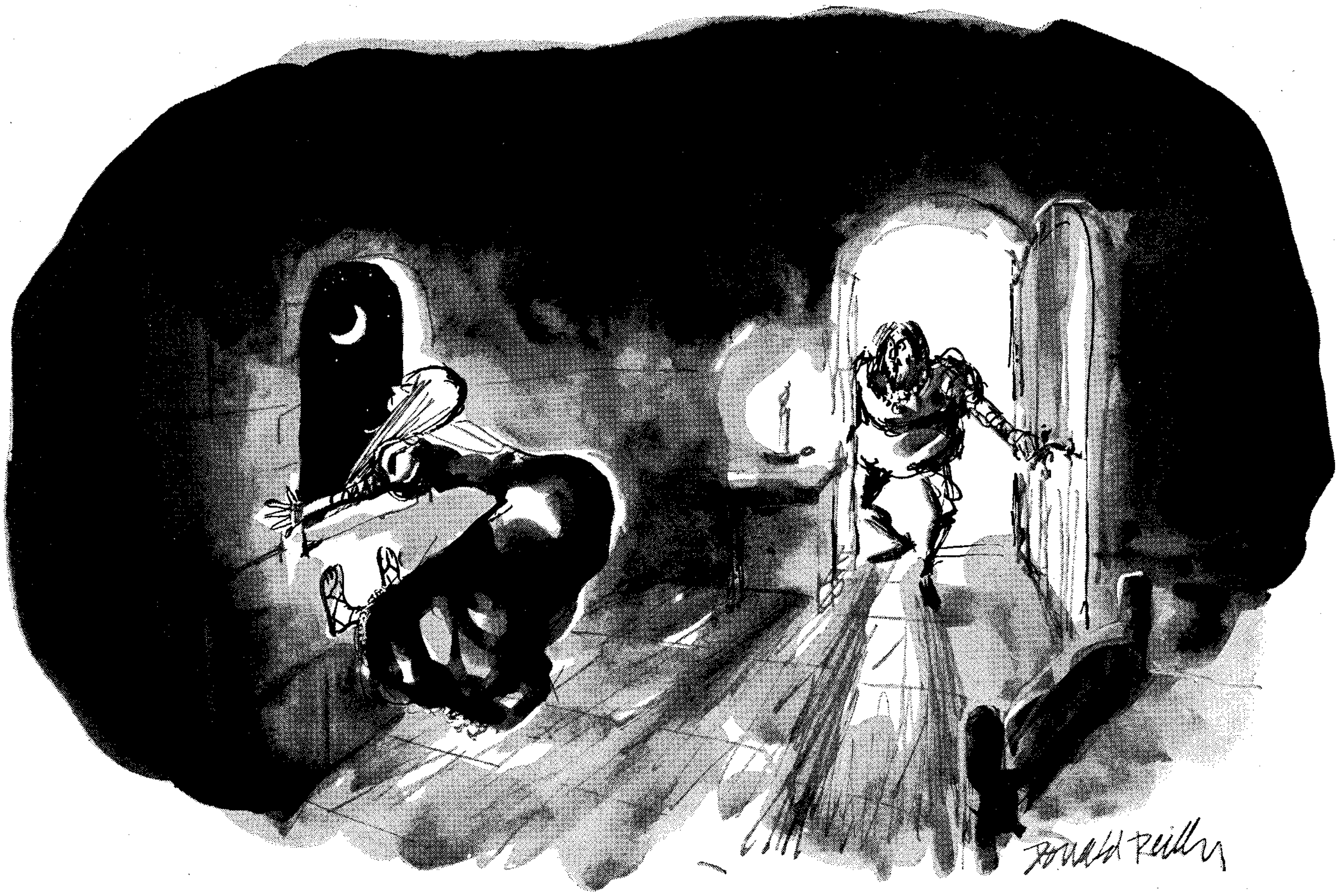
Out in the drive, Daddy was telling John about a false Camay soap put out in Siam, and about his efforts to protect P. & G.'s trademarks there. I loved to listen to Daddy talk. When he finished the story, I said, "Supper is ready, Daddy," and we went back toward the house.

Daddy put his arm around my waist. "You're a good girl, Vanessa," he said. But I thought he thought I was repulsive. I thought he loved Lisa best.

Just as we reached the back steps, we heard the train coming up the valley. The bells began to ring down at Oak Road, the train whistled, and it went by with a great roar so fast the windows looked like falling dominoes. As it went beyond the village, around the curve and into the woods, I thought of fields and farms to the north of us—the rolling hills of southern Ohio. Daddy took out his watch. "It's running eight and a half minutes behind schedule," he said.

After supper, Lisa and I were out in front. I said, "Lisa, I wish the boys would like me."

"You act too young," Lisa said.



"What the hell's going on in here, Rapunzel?"

• •

"What do you mean?" I said miserably.

"I don't know. That's what the boys said."

"Who said that?"

"Never mind."

"Tell me who, Lisa."

"I know I'm being mean," she said, "but I'm just paying you back for how mean you were to me before I was five and learned how to protect myself."

"I wasn't ever mean to you."

"Yes you were, too."

"I wasn't, now, dammit."

"All right for you, Vanessa," she said.

"Well, you're the mean one now," I said.

"That's another thing wrong with you, Vanessa," she said. "You're too nice. That's what they say."

I went up to my room and shut the door and threw myself down on the bed. I hated myself. I was just a big embarrassed wart who had to hide in the ladies' room at Cotillion. Then I had to fill in my program in different handwritings so Mama wouldn't know when she asked to see it. Why did Mama want to make me feel so ashamed all the time? I hated Mama. I hated Lisa. Daddy was the only nice one.

I tried to read my history assignment. I got a pencil and underlined, but I couldn't read. I was daydreaming they all died in a car accident. It was so sad I nearly cried. I had to take care of myself and live alone. I had an operation to shorten me and another to make my face pretty. I had lots of clothes—a long sliding closet full of clothes—and I built a swimming pool in our front yard. Owen Hart and all the boys came over to swim. I imagined I was having trouble climbing out, and Owen Hart pulled me up out of the water. We were shining with water and silvery in the moonlight. "Vanessa, I love you," he said. "I love you, too, Owen," I whispered back. He kissed me—a real movie kiss.

Just then Mama called up from downstairs, "Vanessa, it's ten-thirty. You ought to be in bed."

"But, Mama, I haven't finished my homework yet," I called back. I went over to the window and pushed up the screen and climbed onto the roof, and I stood there wanting to fly out to the branch of the maple tree, whose huge leaves shivered in the hot, dark night. If only we were in Michigan! If only school were out!

Finally it was. In the terrible heat and the sun, the maple leaves thickened until they were almost black. Ragweed grew up in the cinders along the railroad tracks. Kroupa panted and slobbered all day and drank thirstily from his water bowl. "Slurp, slurp," Daddy said at dinner. "*Daddy*," we said lovingly.

We could hardly wait to leave for Neah. We made little piles of what would go; we started saving clothes. "Only eight more days." We said it several times. All over the village, shades were pulled down and windows kept shut through the heat of the day. We swam in Grandmother Marston's pool. We put chairs in the pool and sat on them. I wandered through the streets, dizzy from the heat, my shirt soaking wet, and ended up at Janey's house, where we lounged in her cool, yellow-darkened living room with its smooth rugless floor. We drank Cokes in tall glasses filled with ice cubes. We decided to have a party and invite the boys and then faint; the boys would be knights and catch us in their arms. We practiced fainting and laughed a lot.

"Only two more days," Lisa and I said at home.

THAT night we went to Grandpa Nye's for dinner for the last time until September. I walked with Lisa up the walk we used to run up when we were children, and we waited close to the door for Olympia to come and let us in. Grandpa Nye came to the door of the library to greet us. He smelled of his cigar. His hands and face were a little moist from the heat, and he was gentle, as if part of him were still the warm dream mind of the book he was reading.

"Hello, Papa," Daddy said.

Aunt Janice, as we had called her since she and Grandpa Nye got married, came down from upstairs. Her shoes clacked on the stairs, which were wide and grand, of shining red cherry wood, with a white spoked bannister that extended all around the upstairs hall. "Hello, dears," she said to Lisa and me, and her voice rose up into her shrill hee hee hee. "Morgan, Isabel," she said, kissing Daddy and Mama.

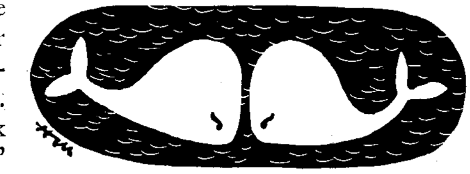
They went into the library. Lisa and I stayed to pay our respects to Calvin. "Poor Calvin," we said, patting his newly washed coat. "Poor boy," we whispered. "Does your mother wash you in Dreft? Yes!" He wagged his shaggy tail.

Then we drifted around to look at the cats on the velvet shelves of the tall, thin cases in the entrance hall. There were beautiful cats and funny cats and grotesque wooden cats from Japan posing in foolish poses. There were cats from China, India, Persia, Egypt, England, Austria, and France.

"No one knows how it began," Daddy told us. "Papa's many wealthy friends began to return from their travels abroad bringing him cats circa 1901-1904. I think Papa thought it would amuse his mother on her round-the-world trips to pick up cats for him, and wherever Papa travelled he picked up cats. They just picked up anything, from cat jewelry to holy cows to the expensive mummy from Luxor. They picked up jades, brass, woods, rare porcelain, porphyry, bronzes of merit, and marbles, as well as pottery not to be sneezed at."

At each cabinet, Lisa and I pressed a switch and little light bulbs lit the shelves from the back so that cat surfaces shone and cats cast miniature shadows. Strands of amber beads wound in and out among them, and we looked at them through fragile glass doors. In a miniature frame with a tiny flag on top was a picture of Uncle Charles and Uncle Edward and Cousin Cato in their uniforms in the First World War—a black cat at their feet for luck. They had it taken in Bordeaux before they went to the front. Here and there was a scarab, or a hunk of rock with mercury, or our uncles' medals from the war, or a piece of fluorspar from one of the mines once owned by the Morgan Burke Company down in Kentucky. But mainly there were cats. There were cats dancing, playing billiards, sketching, climbing up the walls at the backs of the cabinets. Cats were scratching themselves. Cats were bathing themselves. Cats sat with dignity or walked majestically. Way in the back of a low shelf was a dog with a fly on its belly. "Look, Vanessa," Lisa used to say every time she discovered that fly.

At the bottom of the corner hall cabinet was a door that pulled down on its hinges, and inside, in the space built especially for it, was the tin-can container of the long-interred cat my great-grandmother purchased in Luxor in 1908. Sometimes, with Daddy's supervision, we got it out to have a look, but usually, ever since I could remember, the mummy from Egypt was out travelling from school to school in Cincinnati. Once, our class in Glendale had an Egyptian exhibit especially so we could have that mummy to ourselves for a while, and then it lay on a shelf in the school hall, a bandaged thing under bright lights.



"When it arrived in Cincinnati in 1908," Daddy said, "Papa had it X-rayed to make certain it was a cat. It was."

"Lisa and Vanessa," Grandpa Nye said, "did you know that in ancient Egypt, when this cat died, the inhabitants of the house shaved off their eyebrows?"

On top of the cabinet in the hallway that led from the entrance hall to the dining room stalked a black cat and a white cat whose green eyes blinked on and off, and over by the closet under the stairs sat the tall wooden cat. It was crudely carved and very real. Very early Lisa and I discovered that if you lifted its head you found Grandpa Nye's wonderful collection of canes inside—polished canes, and crooked canes, and canes with silver knobs. There was a totem cane from Mexico and a white-birch cane that Grandpa Nye picked up on the Albany River in 1923. When we were the same height as the cat, we used to look into its face for magic every time just before we left Grandpa Nye's. When we looked into its face, we looked into its eyes, and its eyes were turned into itself. Itself was the canes we knew to be inside.

Once, when Grandpa Nye saw me looking at the cat, he asked me if I didn't want one of the canes. I said, "No, thank you, Grandpa Nye," but I almost said, "But couldn't I please have one when you die"—and then I

SNATCHES FOR CHARLES IVES

All those long-dead New England farm boys
Sprang unarmed from R. W. Emerson's brain.
Where they fell, they since have lain.
We forgot them like an old song out of mind,

Forgot their succor by the roadside spring,
Their probities before an angry God.
That upright Judge they judged them by is gone.
And who recalls the beehive hymnal drone

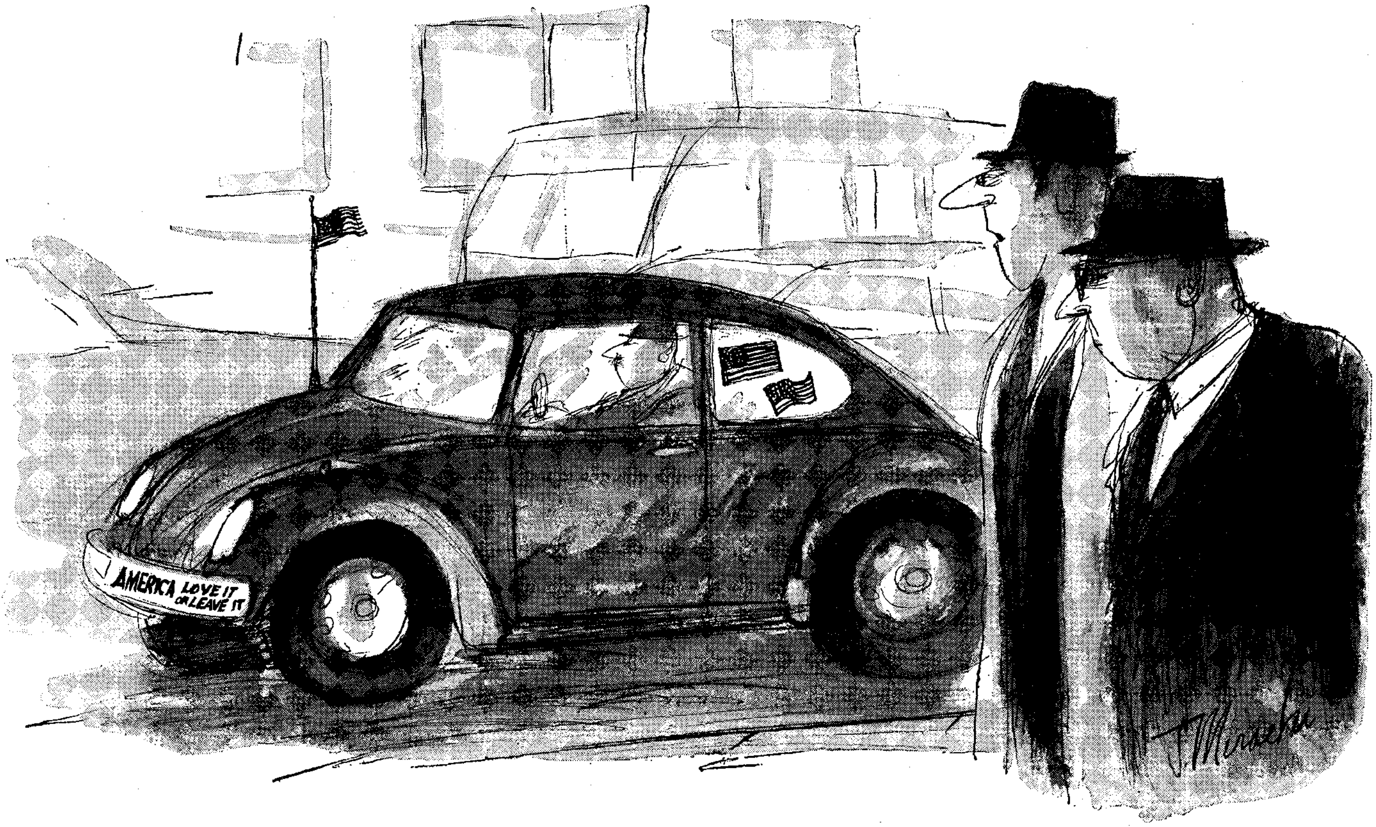
Uplifted souls made as they made concord?
What joy they found who found joy in the Word!
What martial airs were theirs, the fife-tune boy's
Calliope that piped them, gay in blue

Files toward those backgrounds of ripped trees
And shattered wagons we have seen in Brady's
Photographs. . . . They lie there where they've fallen,
All tent fires out, all camaraderies forgotten.

Torchlight parades! Magnetic energy of crowds!
Temperance and Tippecanoe! All those causes
Lost for long, dwindling with memory's losses,
Restored by these wild chords and sweet discords.

—DANIEL HOFFMAN

• •


AMERICA LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

"Probably overcompensation. After all, it is a foreign car."

• •

felt horrible. I didn't want him to die, ever.

Now idly I lifted the wooden cat's head and looked down on the canes. I touched a cool silver knob, and then we went into the library, where presently Grandpa Nye said, "Lisa and Vanessa, how would you like to go down to the cellar with me to select the wine for dinner?"

Aunt Janice, who was putting anchovies on crackers, sighed all over them. "Oh, Nate!" she said, in her shrill voice. She took an anchovy and squeezed it in two.

We always went. It was the only time we got to have him to ourselves, and following along after him close to his suits, which, unlike Daddy's perfect businessman's suits, were always a little rumpled and dusty from his woodpile, his wine cellar, his books, we felt a particular possessive sense of being in connection with our grandfather, who was connected to History.

When we came back to the library, Aunt Janice said, "Nate, will you look at your hands!" In a minute, she said, "Go wash them, dear." She giggled as he went out of the room. "It's worse than taking care of a small boy," she said.

Olympia appeared at the end of the long, dark library to announce dinner, and Daddy grabbed up his Martini. He drained it in an angry gulp, and wiped his mouth with his cocktail napkin.

At dinner Grandpa Nye said grace. He poured the wine. Mama smiled, and her face absorbed the many colors of the mosaic lampshade that hung down over the table center. Daddy leaned forward and spoke with the special gentleness, the focus, the immaculate attention with which he always spoke to Grandpa Nye. "Papa, what *did* you think of Henry's paper the other night?" He was talking about a paper at the Literary Club.

Olympia in her black uniform slipped softly around the table as if she were continually begging pardon. Aunt Janice picked up her fork and turned to Mama. There was a blue tension in her pale skin, her thin lips. She described what the bridesmaids in her niece's wedding wore and how the groom said, "Mrs. Nye, you look so charming in blue."

In deep and ruminating voices, Grandpa Nye and Daddy talked about the old canoe trips. They talked about battles and battlefields. Grandpa Nye had been over all the battlefields of the French and Indian War, the Revolution, and the Civil War, as well as the battlefields at Fallen Timbers, Tippecanoe, and the Thames. He had also stood where Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane. Grandpa Nye said, "Lisa and Vanessa, when you drive to Neahtawantah the day after tomorrow, you will start off along the course of the original road General Anthony Wayne cut through the forest in 1792 and '93 and '94. As you drive, think of the forest then, and imagine the work of felling trees of great magnitude. Imagine the Indian marauders lurking and the slow heroic march of General Wayne's men. The names of many of the places you will pass through take their names from that proud campaign. Hamilton was Fort Hamilton. Seven Mile Village was the place where General Wayne's army camped seven miles north of Fort Hamilton. Seven Mile Creek takes its name from the Village. . . ."

Grandpa Nye refilled the wine goblets. "Isabel," he said to Mama, "you and I are the only ones in the family with true hollow legs." High up around the molding the plates of all nations were lined up, smiling.

After dinner, when Lisa and I went up to Aunt Janice's bathroom and shut ourselves in, Lisa said, "Sometimes I have the urge to hit her. She talks about Grandpa Nye's hands exactly the way she does about Calvin's feet when he's been out in wet weather."

"Poor Calvin," I said.

Before going down, we walked around the upstairs hall and recovered our dignity. We stopped in front of the picture of Daddy when he was three, riding on Uncle Joab's shoulders. Daddy had long curls and he was grinning. He was holding on to Uncle Joab's forehead. It was taken the famous day Grandpa Nye said, "Now boys, today I am going to illustrate the *eee*vils of gambling." He took them over the river to Kentucky. Grandpa Nye put a nickel in a slot machine in the first place they entered and said, "Boys, the *eee*vils of gambling are being illustrated," and out came an enormous bucketful of coins. "It was like that all day," Daddy said. "Papa couldn't lose." When Daddy got tired, Uncle Joab carried him on his shoulders and let him look in the windows of evil places they didn't enter.

We stepped in front of a picture of Mama and Daddy paddling a canoe on a lake in Canada when they were fifteen. "Look, Vanessa," Lisa said. "They have on their Smelly-Boys!"

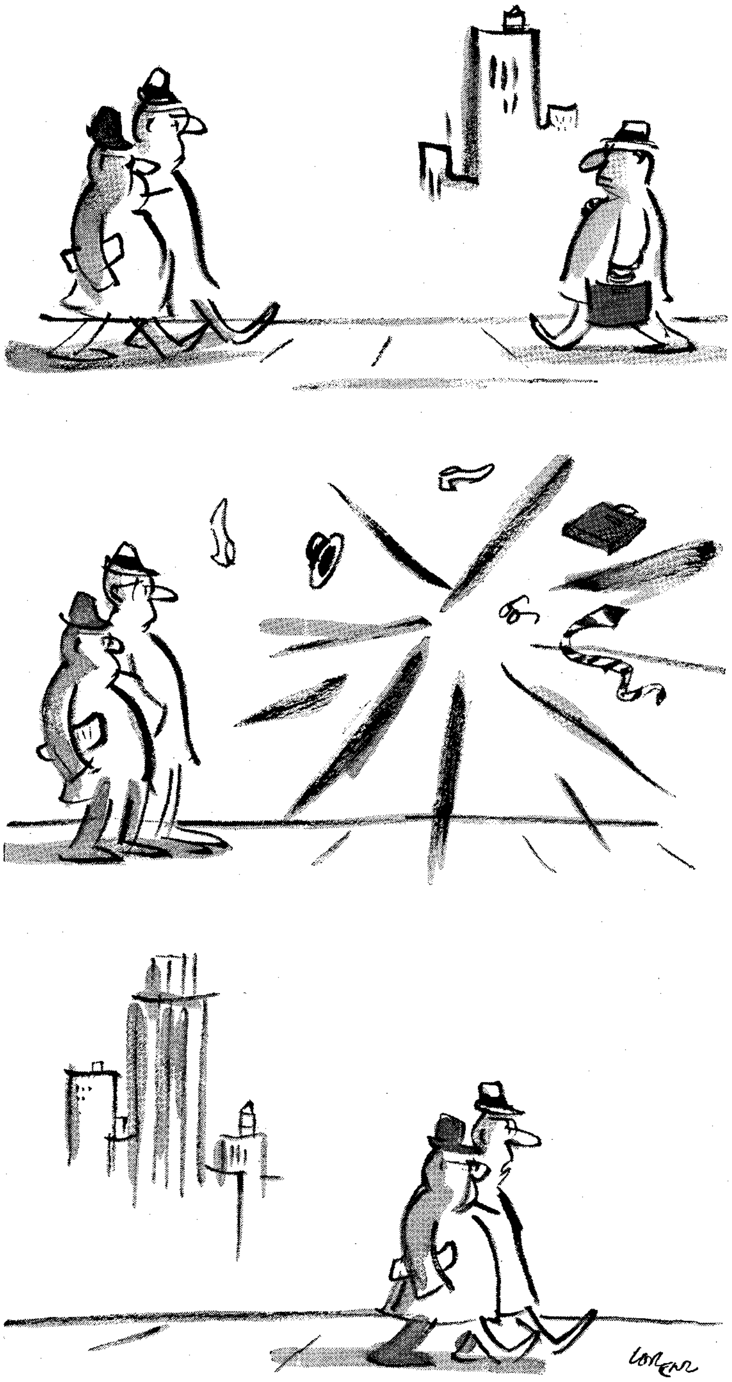
Grandpa Nye got the Smelly-Boys, canvas hunting jackets so named because of how they smelled when they were dry-cleaned, at Abercrombie & Fitch in the spring of 1916. "Papa ordered a dozen at once, as I recall," Daddy said.

Lisa and I had taken over Mama's and Daddy's Smelly-Boys. They no longer smelled. We kept them at Neah and walked through the woods in them and felt alike and good with jackets like soft, worn tents around us. "I can't wait," I said, thinking of how it would feel to breathe the cool air of the woods.

"Me, either," said Lisa.

We stopped in front of a picture of Alfred, Grandpa Nye's Indian guide, standing on the rocks, holding a pair of deer antlers. "I wish we could have known Alfred," I said.

In "Summer Wanderings in Northern Canada," a book he wrote and had privately printed in 1934, Grandpa Nye wrote, "I did not know when I met Alfred McCloud, my Indian guide, at Sans Souci in 1897 that we were to continue our association for many years and that a warm and enduring friendship was to blossom in our lives, but that was what happened. Alfred was a man of feeling, of high character, and with an appreciation of Nature that was unusual in an Indian. I verily believe that his delight in the beauty of the land and water was as great as mine. He had a great fund of knowledge of the ways of fishes and beasts, and was full of the traditions of the Indians, and was able to hold his own in conversation. He had been graduated from the Indian Normal School at Brantford, had taught in the Indian schools at Curve Lake and on the Christian Islands. He was, in fact, not only a superior Indian but a superior man. He was as tall as I and he was handsome. He was expert in handling a canoe even in the most dangerous waters and he knew the northland, its rivers and lakes."



"Alas! Another victim of the explosive pressures of city life."

• •

"In winter," Daddy said, "when Alfred came to visit us, he liked to go down to the Queen City Club each morning—dressed in Nathaniel J. Nye's clothes, of course—and install himself in the library, where he read and smoked expensive cigars."

Alfred had a brushy white mustache, dark skin with a metallic smoothness, and dreamy, gentle eyes. He had a long hooked nose like Daddy's and Grandpa Nye's. When Lisa and I got back to the library, I said, "Grandpa Nye, did anyone ever think you and Alfred looked like each other?"

Grandpa Nye smiled; his eyes glinted at me. "*Hiro!*" he said, in a stentorian voice. " '*Hiro*' means 'I have spoken,' " he said. "It was the term with which the Iroquois used to end all their speeches and was the origin of the French name for the Indian tribes of the Long House, the Five Nations, later Six, the *Iro*quois."

"*Hiro*," I repeated, learning, my face flushed with excitement.

"Did I ever tell you about your father's introduction to the Canadian wilds?" Grandpa Nye asked.

"No," we said.

"He was fourteen months old," Grandpa Nye said. "Alfred used to go to Point au Baril a week before our arrival, bringing other guides to prepare our camp for us. The year after Morgan was born, we came by steamer from Penetang and arrived at the Point at six in the morning. It was a raw, foggy morning. Alfred was on the wharf, waiting. After the usual greetings, Alfred calmly took Morgan from Antoinette, his nurse, and asked Mrs. Nye his name.

" 'Morgan,' she replied.

" 'A good Christian name' was his comment. Thereupon, without another word Alfred had one of the Indians load up his canoe and into the lading he tucked Morgan. He paddled off. Antoinette was almost in hysterics. The idea of an Indian disappearing in the fog with the baby—in a frail canoe, at that—was too much for her. But when we arrived at Rattlesnake Island, we found Morgan safe and sound, playing with a snake. Non-poisonous. Alfred had a fire going, and speedily we had breakfast prepared. Morgan had his first flapjack."

Daddy grinned and then put his hand in his vest pocket and pulled out his watch. "Well, it is now nine-twenty," he said.

We all got up. In the hall, Aunt Janice caught hold of Daddy's arm and clung to it. "Those stairs, Morgan. I know Nate's going to fall on those stairs," she said, her voice wailing "stairs."

"Yes, Janice," Daddy said, freeing his arm from her grasp.

Grandpa Nye was standing by the library door, with the detached dignity he assumed when Aunt Janice discussed his person. I saw that his shoulders in his seersucker suit were thinner and more stooped. I went over to him to say good night. He took my arm as if he were going to tell me something, and then he dropped it. I kissed him. "Good night, good night," he said, as if he had already said good night and retired.

"Good night, dear." Aunt Janice kissed me.

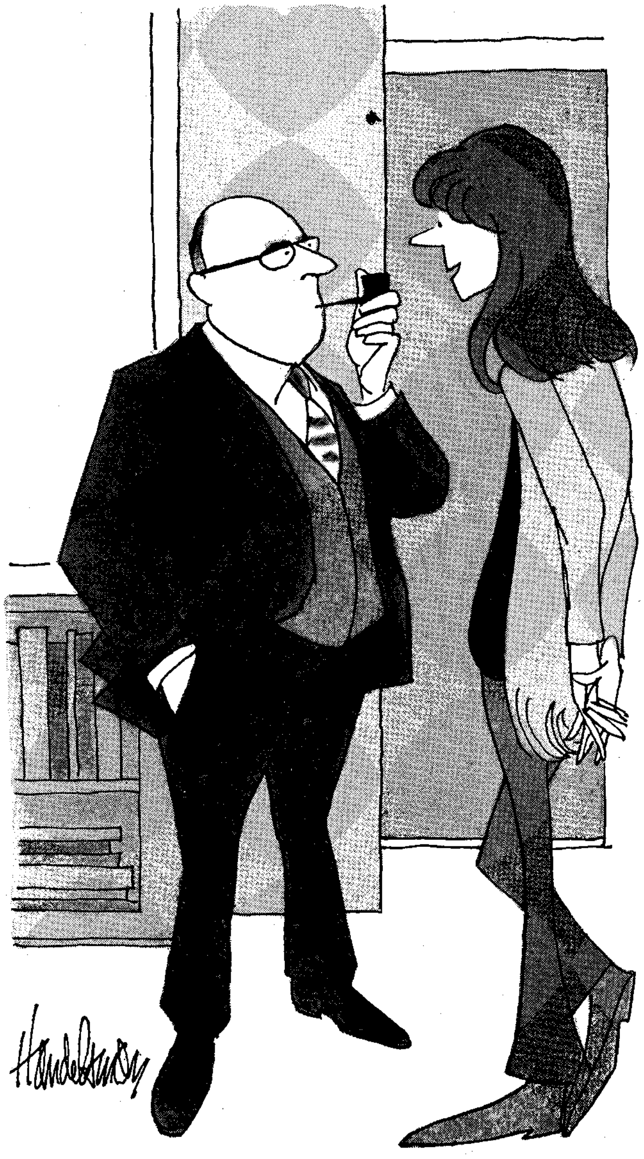
"Good night, poor Calvin," I whispered.

I carried the bottle of Grandpa Nye's wine for Daddy, and when we reached the lamp at the street I held it up to look at the cylindric well of light in the white wine. Just then Aunt Janice turned the light out from its switch in the front hall, and we were left in the dark. Daddy was fiddling with the car keys. "Damn," he said. He got the car door open. "Come on, Vanessa," Mama said.

IT was almost three-thirty in the morning the day of the trip. I got up and went to the window. Still black night. The trees were leafy masses not stirring in the hot, humid air. Then high up out at the edge of the yard the ash leaves whispered.

The alarm went off in Mama's and Daddy's room. I knew how they were, lying side by side in their bed in the dark. Their cigarettes glowed red in front of their faces, faded to the side, flared up again when they took a puff, and flew finally into the darkness of ashtrays on either side of the bed.

I went down the hall to Lisa's room. Mama came to open their door, and Kroupa dashed out to greet us. Mama had on her nightgown we could see through—I thought it was disgusting. Her eyes were puffy and her hair a bit strandy and wild. "Sh-h-h, now children, don't wake the Fosters," she whispered. Daddy was standing by the bureau in his pajamas, his dark hair rumpled and soft, his eyes without glasses—just the deep red mark they made across the bridge of his long, hooked nose.



"Somebody told me about a great college in Kansas or someplace where they don't give courses and nobody learns anything. Send me there, Dad."

After we backed out of the garage, Daddy said in his deep, matter-of-fact voice, "The time is exactly four-thirty-five Eastern Standard Time, and the mileage is four seven three five point eight." While he closed the garage door, Lisa and I noted these facts in our notebooks, feeling happy and excited to be settled into our places in the gentle darkness of the car.

The village square was empty and dark except for the harsh white light in Igler's drugstore window. "Did we shut all the windows? Do we have everything?" Mama said. When we turned out onto the highway and started going fast, the car filled with a whirring roar. The headlights faded grayer on the road.

To the east the sky reddened, and in the early light we whizzed by fields of wheat and corn and clover, by wood patches and farmhouses and barns.

As we entered Greenville, Daddy said pontifically, "Here in 1795, following the victory of General Mad Anthony Wayne over the Indians at Fallen Timbers, was signed the Treaty of Greenville, whereby the Indians relinquished the land to the south and east, and the immense Northwest Territory was opened to settlement."

At seven we stopped for gas in Fort Wayne. The sun was already high and the day was a hot one. Outside of town, the car slowed and Mama poured Daddy a drink. The fresh smell of gin filled the car.

"Hark, a park!" Daddy said, as we passed one. We all laughed.

We recalled our first trip to Neah. How horrible it was! And hot! It was the drought. We were in the back seat of the old blue Plymouth, with Sandy, our puppy, and Daddy had a carbuncle in the middle of his forehead. I still could see the soft white bandage on his forehead and smell the hydrosol and feel his acute discomfort, which was like an animal running under his skin. Then we were sitting by a ditch in Indiana, because we had a flat tire and Daddy had to get the tools out from under the back seat. It was 1932, and Daddy didn't have a job. Mama said, "Children, the Girl of the Limberlost lived near here."

Now Daddy said, "It was just along here, Isabel."

Mama said, "Children, it's wonderful now you're getting old enough for us to enjoy you."

We drove fast through fields of high corn. I got out my notebook and wrote, "7:30, June 27, 1941. North of Fort Wayne. Fields of corn. Think!—the crop is the same as when the Indian tilled the soft black earth with a crooked stick and cultivated the growing corn with a clamshell hoe." On another page, I started writing, "Oh think of Tecumseh, bold and daring, think of Tecumseh tall and strong, painted for war, think of his warriors, four hundred strong, coming down the Wabash through the forest. . . ."

Lisa leaned over and tried to see what I was writing. I grabbed my notebook to me. She spoiled my mood, and I scrunched around miserably.

"Move over, Vanessa. You're on my side," she said nastily.

I sat up stiff. I wanted to be out of the car. I wanted to be in Neah swimming, sailing the Annabel Lee with Dirk Monroe. It got hotter. Lisa and I decided to play the animal game, but pretty soon we quarrelled. "There were *not* twenty cows in that field, Vanessa."

"There were, too. I counted them," I said.

"Count the legs and divide by four is the only foolproof system," Daddy said.

All day, Mama's and Daddy's voices blended into the whir of the car and emerged again talking when we slowed down to go through a town.

In the afternoon south of Cadillac, the land changed and the white road stretched from long fir-covered hill to hill. Mama said, as she did every year, that this was certainly the most beautiful road in the country, this stretch of U.S. 115. About three we stopped for groceries at Kroger's in Traverse City, and then we drove the twelve miles on out to Neahtawantah on the low road that wound along the West Bay.

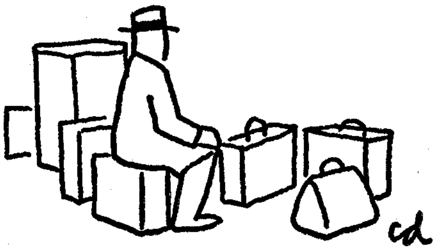
When we were going by the Island, I saw the Annabel Lee. "Look, Lisa! There are Dirk and Elihu!" I pointed, and as I did the white sails grayed like the wings of a gull changing direction high in the sunlit air; the sails vanished and emerged again, white, way out there in the blue-water distance. "They came about!"

The cottage in the shade of the beech trees looked small. The kitchen wall was splattered with sand drops from the rain, and there were cobwebs in the woodpile. The air was cool and smelled of the damp forest floor. Inside was the musty odor of winter and wood walls. I touched the canvas arm of my Smelly-Boy hanging on its hook at the foot of the stairs. The stone I always kept there was still in its pocket.

I went back to the car for more suitcases. Daddy was leaning against the beech tree by the woodpile. He looked very pale and tired. "Kroupa's full of beans," he said.

ON hot afternoons, I lay on my cot on the sleeping porch reading. Enchanted in my book, I got up and walked, carrying it, through the woods and up the beach to Boys' Hut Cove, where I took off my clothes and lay on the sand and put my lips in the water. My throat was burning. My body was dreaming of love. The sun warmed me, drugged me, all the long afternoon; I lay reading in the sand in the heat and felt the west wind blowing softly round me and the blue-green bay blowing, frothing, falling white gently in the sunlight.

Later, I went into the forest. I went to the place where the virgin maples grew and got out my mirror and looked at myself in the green forest light. The pale maple leaves were high above and my skin, I thought, was green the way Rima's was in "Green Mansions." I dreamed that someday I would come here to the virgin-maple grove and Dirk Monroe would be here leaning against a tall tree trunk and he would be different. We would be the way we had been that night when we all built a fire on the beach near Fisherman's Hut and his hand touched mine under the sand. A deep shock of sensation went through me. We sat there a long time touching hands deep in the grainy sand. We twined and rubbed our fingers against each other's. We pretended we didn't know.



In the evening, Lisa and I went down to the Monroes', but after we got there we couldn't decide what to do, so we just messed around on their front porch. It was hot. Below was Bower's Harbor, glassy calm, reflecting the evening clouds and the hills of the far shore. The Annabel Lee stood straight, pointing at her mooring, her tall mast mirrored, too. I imagined the sweet sounds of the water against her and I wished that we were out in a canoe. Lisa and Elihu were reading a comic together on the swing, and Dirk was teasing me. "Oh, Vanessa," Dirk said as if he knew something secret and embarrassing about me. "Oh, Vanessa."

The blood raced in my head. I was all wild nerve ends. "Dirk, stop it!" I said, angrily stamping my foot and then laughing excitedly.

He was grinning, pleased. His face had a nice rough look, with his pimples sunburned and the nice rough look of shaving. He had a wet, very red mouth and high cheekbones and a very high forehead and sunburned blond hair with a cowlick sticking up. "Oh, Vanessa," he repeated, shaking his head and looking suddenly serious.

"Dirk!" I said. I wanted to touch him, but I hit him instead. I hit him again.

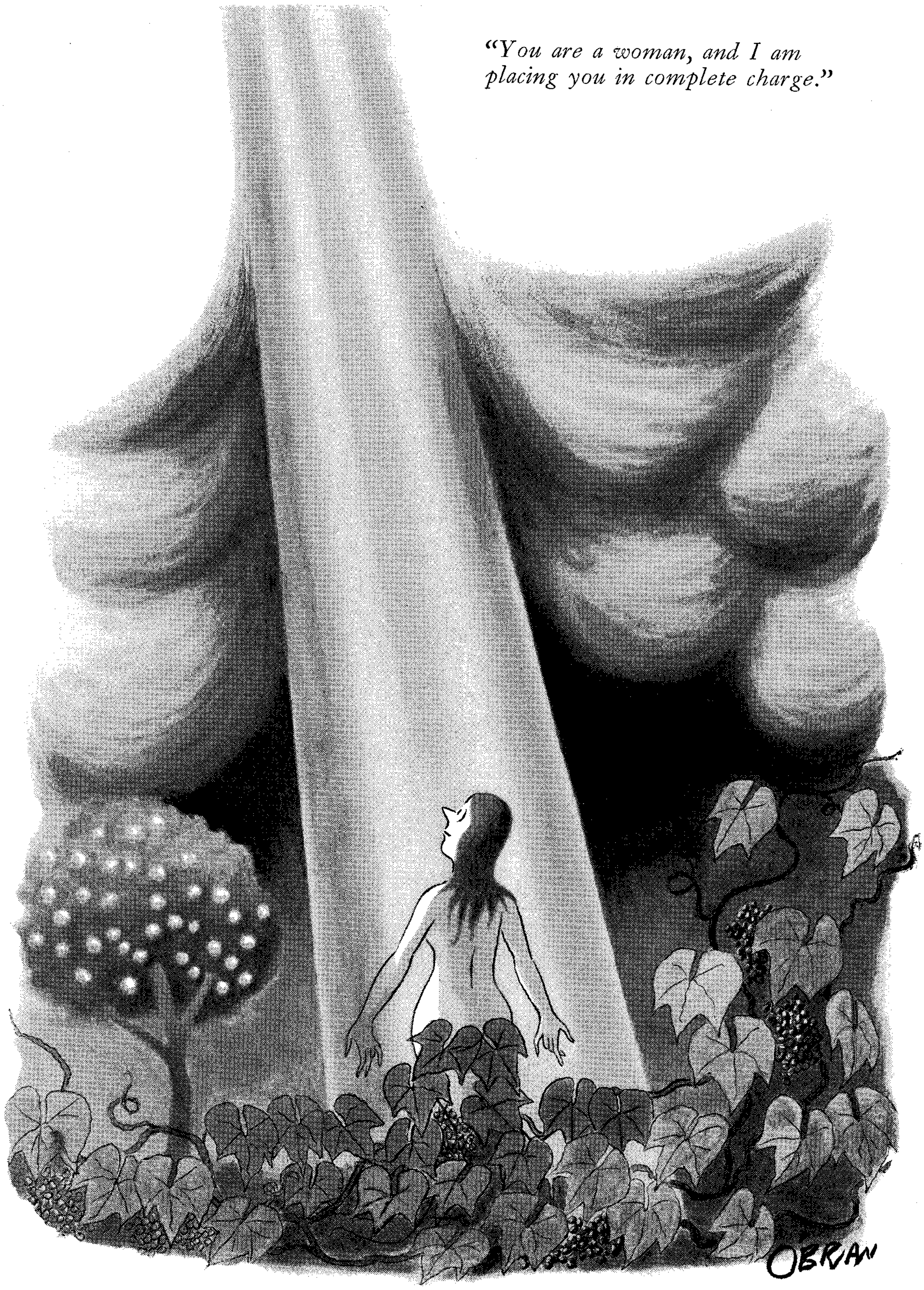
Later, he took me sailing and he taught me how to sail. We were released, sailing out across the harbor, the water deep beneath us, the green keel sliding through it, bubbles boiling in the wake, waves splashing on the bow, the soft sails stiff and full. I held the tiller and felt its pull. Sometimes out in West Bay I lay out on the bow so the waves would splash on my face, my hair, my whole body, and then I'd go back, shining and soaking wet, and sit beside Dirk, our bare legs braced side by side across the cockpit.

At night, Lisa and Elihu had to go in at ten o'clock, but Dirk and I got to stay out until ten-thirty. Dirk's grandmother was teaching us to play bridge. Over on the piano was the picture of Dirk's Uncle Dirk, who was killed in France in 1918. He was pale and blond, his hair was parted in the center, and he had a very smooth, handsome face. At ten-thirty Dirk's grandmother said, "Now Dirk, you walk Vanessa home."

"Aw, Granny, do I have to?"

"Yes, Dirk, you do," she said.

As we walked along past the cottages, we looked in the windows. At the Bowdens' we saw Mama's sister, Aunt



"You are a woman, and I am placing you in complete charge."

Aggie, sitting on Uncle Harry's lap, and they were laughing and happy. The Big Dipper hung low over the dark line of woods beyond the field we crossed. We went between the junipers into the Indian path we made when we were little and had our tepee. It was as if we had no connection with those children who used to play truth or consequences in the tepee. Now we were mysterious. We weren't bad anymore. We weren't used to each other at all. We were in some way as strange and shy as when we saw each other the first year our family came to Neah. I was five and a half and I was invited to Dirk Monroe's birthday party. He was seven. He was standing in the sunlight across the green lawn near the little birch-log cabin. There were children dressed in party clothes playing on the lawn between the grapevine wall on one side and the long flower garden on the other. Dirk was wearing white shorts and a white shirt and his blond hair was shining and his skin was blond and soft. I wanted to be next to him. He didn't notice me, but he stayed in my mind that way like a dream.

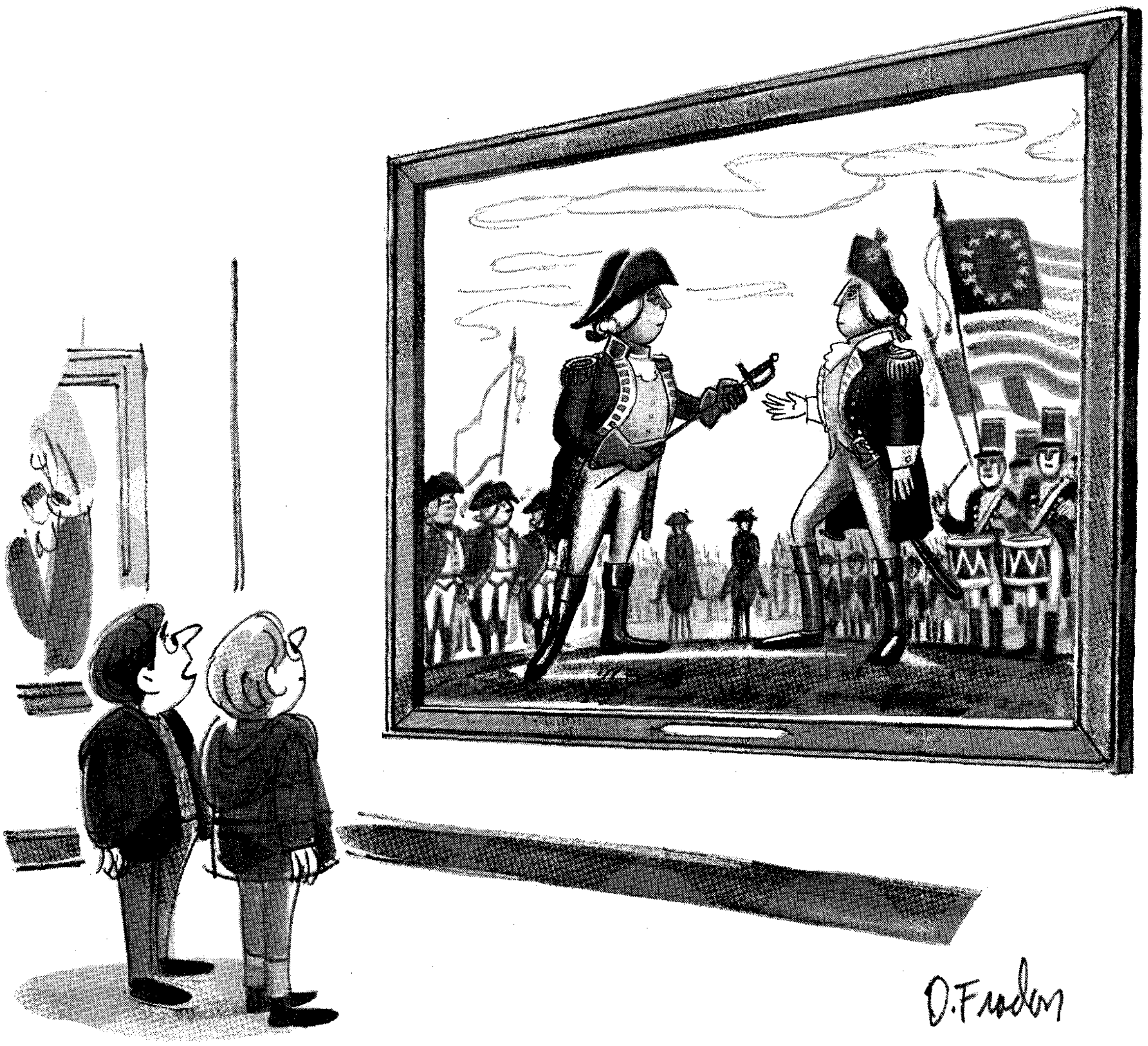
We came out of the path and crossed the sand-and-roots road to our cottage. I said, "Well, good night. Thanks for walking me home." I was standing close to him.

"Yeah, good night," he said, not looking at me.

I went up the stairs and into the cottage and threw myself down on the couch in despair. Why didn't he want to kiss me? Lisa had been kissed lots of times. She'd even gone steady and had a pretend engagement ring, and she was only thirteen. What was *wrong* with me?

I went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I really had got prettier, hadn't I? I used to be sallow, completely ugly, but now there was glow in my sun-browned skin, and my hair was softer, nicer—wasn't it? But my hickies. It was my hickies that made me repulsive. I pinched one. I hated myself.

LATE in July, when Lisa's friend Jenny and my friend Janey came to visit, we went once a week for a picnic lunch at Boys' Hut Cove. Mama said, "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun." Off we went, our picnic baskets heavy with our towels, mirrors, cold creams, sun oils, shampoo, combs, brushes, barrettes, bobby pins, lipsticks, and our razors. We rinsed our hair, swimming naked in the green underwater; when we took off our bathing suits we were ashamed until we were in under water. "Timberrr!" we called. We swam with our legs together and rubbed against the rippled sand on the lake floor like mermaids. All day we frolicked in the water, and baked our bodies in the sun—darker, redder, hotter. We combed our hair and put on lipstick and looked at ourselves in the mirror to



"That's Cornwallis bugging out at Yorktown."

• •

see our eyes bluer in the light of the bay.

About five o'clock we went home. Upstairs in the cottage it smelled of warm wood. Mama and Daddy were talking harmoniously the way they did when they dressed together before dinner. We could smell witch hazel and gin.

The blood beat throbbing in our sunburned skin. "Look at me!" said Lisa. "Look at *me!*" said Jenny. We put on clean white bras, clean white underpants, clean white shirts, and our bluejeans, which we belted tight. Then we put our arms alongside each other's to see who was brownest. "Lisa! Lisa's always the brownest." We combed our hair and looked at ourselves profile. We sneaked into Mama's and Daddy's room to clean our fingernails with Daddy's nail file and look at ourselves in Mama's mirror. We put witch hazel on our mosquito bites.

Downstairs in the kitchen Mama hugged Daddy, which made him look very tall and skinny and embarrassed. "We're living high on the hog tonight," Mama said, smiling and pretty. We were having roast leg of lamb with mint sauce and riced potatoes.

At dinner Daddy looked down the table and said, "Your mother is the world's living beautiful woman." After a while he said, "Just pass me a little dash of time and space."

"Do you propose to salt the fourth dimension?" I asked, passing him the salt and pepper.

Daddy liked that. "The Garden of Eden was most probably in Afghanistan," he said. "My brother Joab wanted to go on an expedition to find it."

"Eat your dinner, Morgan," Mama said.

A sudden blurred look came into his eyes and he stared at her. He said angrily, positively, "I believe in absolute honesty."

Mama said, "Vanessa, will you *please* stop clutching your milk like that. And sit up straight, dear."

We did the dishes and then we played baseball out in the field until dark. Dirk Monroe came up to bat. "Timberrr!" Lisa cried as his home-run hit went sailing up and out toward the woodpile. Jenny and Janey and I all giggled. Dirk raced intently from base to base.

Sometimes after dark, Daddy taught us how to shoot crap with the big dice on our screen porch. He rolled the dice up against the wall. "Come on, seven." "Snake eyes." "Little Fever." "Come on, seven."

We were all stooped down. My arm was against Dirk's for a moment, and the feel of his skin, his arm, made a strange soft fire go through me. "Come on, seven," he said, very loud.

"Little Joe from Kokomo," Daddy said. He rolled again. "Boxcars," he said.

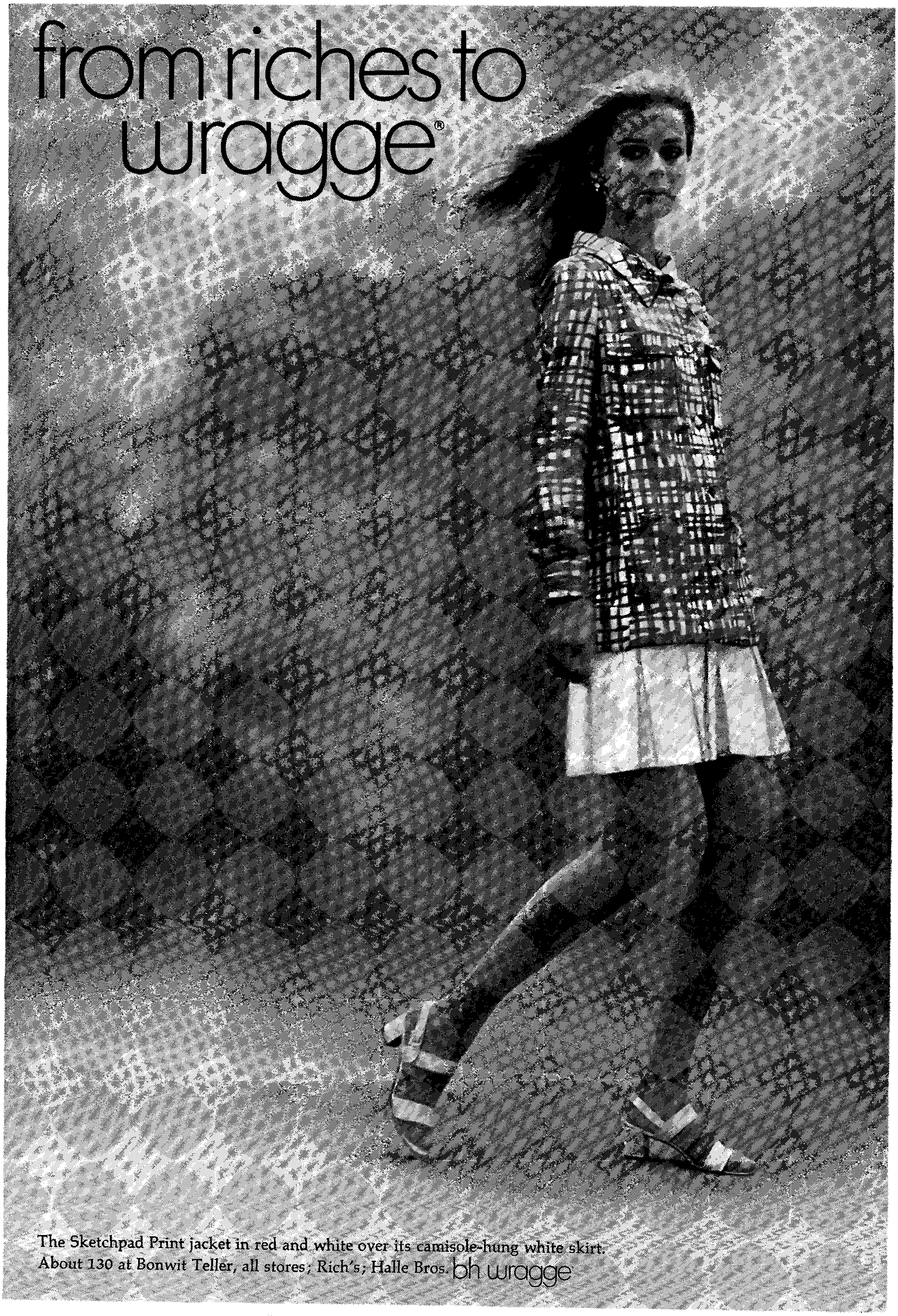
"Come on, seven," said Dirk. Outside, high up, the leafy forest blew, sounding like a waterfall.

Mama was reading a detective story in the living room, and then she came out on the porch and stood over us to watch the game. "Your sweater is on inside out, Vanessa." She sighed heavily and picked at my arm. "Go *look* at yourself, dear."

I went away into the bathroom, burning with shame.

Daddy was funny. He swallowed a minnow from Miss Ellie's bait trap down at Big Dock at two o'clock in the afternoon. He used to swallow goldfish at cocktail parties in the twenties, Mama said. All the Nyes did. One time Cousin Cato swallowed a goldfish worth five hundred dollars. "Imagine his embarrassment," Mama said.

One evening, Uncle Harry, his blue eyes smiling in his handsome red face, asked Lisa and me, "Ladies, did I tell you?" And he told us about the famous Fourth of July when they had the mint-julep party over in the pavilion at West Bay, starting at high noon. He looked up as evening was coming on, and there was Mama sitting up in the


from riches to
wragge®

The Sketchpad Print jacket in red and white over its camisole-hung white skirt.
About 130 at Bonwit Teller, all stores; Rich's; Halle Bros. bh wragge

Jan van der Zee is the world's best tobacco blender.

We give him the world's best tobaccos to blend.

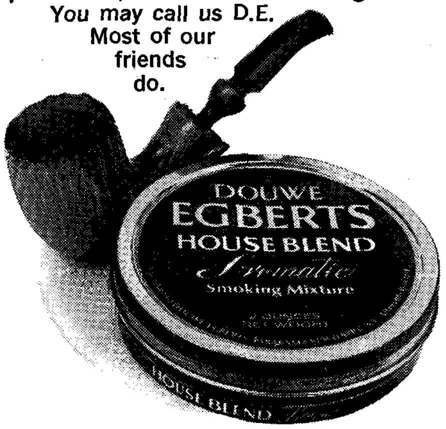
DOUWE EGBERTS

HOUSE BLEND

We've been producing the world's great tobacco mixtures since 1753. Now we have a new blend. A masterful blend of truly superb tobaccos. Because it is the best in the house, we call it our D.E.* HOUSE BLEND. You may enjoy the D.E. HOUSE BLEND in two versions — Regular and Aromatic. Both are in handsome tins. If you have been seeking an outstanding pipe tobacco, we suggest you try our HOUSE BLEND. It is sensibly priced at 70¢ a tin.

For the name of the store nearest you that purveys our HOUSE BLEND, write to Douwe Egberts, Inc., P.O. Box 472, Chatsworth, California 91311.

*Our full name is Douwe Egberts Tabaksmaatschappij. Quite a mouthful to pronounce, isn't it? That's all right. You may call us D.E. Most of our friends do.



Hand Blended in Holland

pine tree drinking mint juleps with Mr. Black.

"Sister!" Aunt Aggie said, shaking her head and laughing.

JENNY and Janey went home, and one night after that, when the sun had been hot all day on the sandy roads, Lisa and I decided to go for a dip in West Bay. We got our towels and our Smelly-Boys to keep the mosquitoes off our arms, and when we came out on the screen porch where Mama and Daddy and Aunt Aggie and Uncle Harry sat drinking highballs, Uncle Harry said, shaking his head, "Ladies, you look so much like your mother the first summer she wore the Smelly-Boy."

"Oh, do we really," we said, pleased, and we sat down together on the swing and creaked it back and forth.

"Let's see," Daddy said. "That would have been the summer of 1916. It was your mother's first canoe trip."

"We were fifteen. We thought we were engaged," Mama said, and laughed gently.

"The summer of 1916," Daddy said, beginning to recall. "That was the summer of the great portage over the watershed into Lake St. Joseph. We went to the headwaters of the Albany, then down the Albany to Fort Hope. We returned by Summit Lake, which was right on the Great Divide, to Ombabika."

"I wish you could have seen us," Aunt Aggie shouted in her marvellous voice, "coming into the lobby at the Blackstone after nine weeks in the wilderness!"

In "Summer Wanderings in Northern Canada," Grandpa Nye wrote, "Our first canoe trips were in the little lakes north of the Kawarthas, but I longed for something wilder. When the Canadian National Railroad was completed from Cochrane to Winnipeg, it made it possible to reach the very heart of the Canadian Wilderness, and then summer after summer I spent in that marvellous land. The first summer, I went down the Shekak and back by the Nagagami. I think I was never more supremely happy. I could not express myself in prose, but turned to verse—not poetry in the great sense but true inspirations, born of the woods and waters and the uplifting of my soul by the spirit of the wilderness."

After supper in camp, Grandpa Nye used to spread out his arms and say, "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings."

And then he read to them from Shakespeare or the Old Testament.

Grandpa Nye wrote, in "Cedar and Spruce," that at night on lonely lakes, as the forest shadows deepened, they heard the loon call and gathered closer round the campfire to recount the day's adventures, while the Indian guides sat silent, lost in dream, their grave impassive faces lighted by the flames, and he wondered did their thoughts run backward, backward to the time before we came?

"We slept on beds of balsam boughs," Mama said dreamily.

"It would be raining cats and dogs," Aunt Aggie said, "and Mr. Nye would say, 'It's nothing but a fine Scotch mist.' "

"We had to break camp and press on," Daddy said, "Papa and Alfred paddling out ahead as usual. There were often more than a dozen canoes, an Indian guide at every stern."

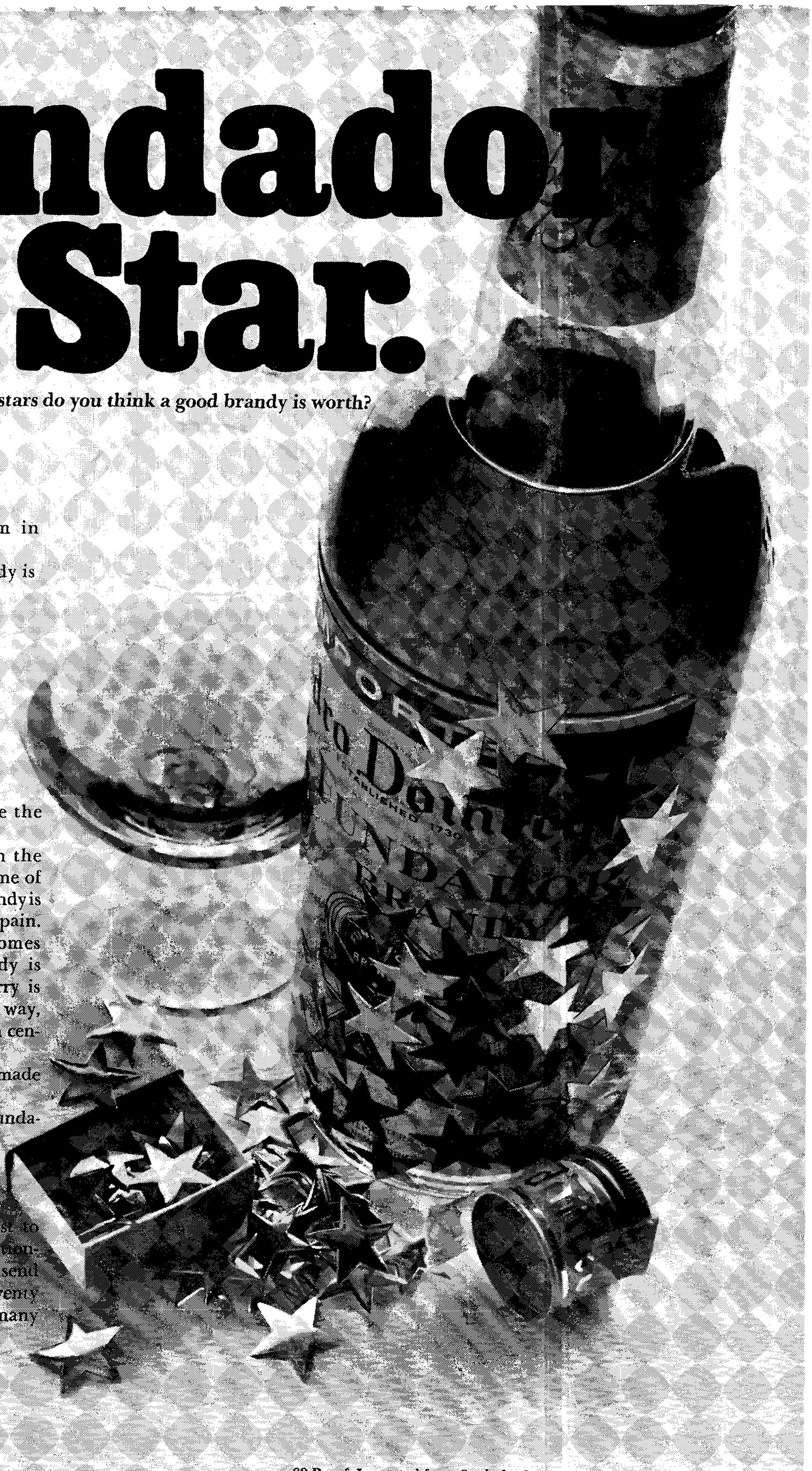
"We caught fish aplenty," Grandpa Nye wrote in "Summer Wanderings in Northern Canada." "We hunted the yellow deer and the moose, and we ate blueberries side by side with the black bear, so to speak.

"All were canoe trips of the first magnitude, but the most strenuous was the trip when Ben and Charles and Alfred and I descended the Ogoki River. That was difficult and dangerous. It was the wildest river of my experience, full of fierce rapids and glorious waterfalls. We came out at the Ogoki Post on the Albany, then we went down the Albany to the English, and so to the railroad by way of the Pagwa. It was late August when we reached the Pagwa and it was low. In places the river was a mile wide and six inches deep. For long stretches it flows over smooth, waterworn limestone. The water was not deep enough to paddle—we simply had to wade and pull the canoes. I shall always remember the ascent of the Pagwa with horror. In addition to the heavy labor, the weather was bad—a cold drizzle. So we were wet most of the time. That rather took the starch out of us, and when at last we saw Pagwa with the friendly Revillon Post and knew the next day we should have our meals in a dining car and be whisked along in a Pullman, we were overjoyed.

"The greatest in point of distance and interest of all my canoe trips was that in the summer of 1928 to York Factory on Hudson Bay. We went by

Fundador 32 Star.

Or is it 33? How many stars do you think a good brandy is worth?



There is no star system in brandy.

If you think 5-star brandy is better than no-star, you're misinformed. Five stars on a bottle of brandy might as well be five exclamation points.

Any brandy maker is perfectly within his rights to put any number of stars on his brandy. We could put 20 or 30 stars on Fundador. But it wouldn't mean much, except maybe we'd be able to raise the price a bit.

So there are no stars on the Fundador bottle. Just the name of the place where Fundador Brandy is made–Jerez, a small region of Spain.

Jerez is where sherry comes from. And Fundador Brandy is aged and blended the way sherry is aged and blended—the solera way, a subtle method born in Spain centuries ago.

Only brandy from Spain is made this way.

This solera system gives Fundador the warm taste associated with all good brandy, without the dryness that keeps many people away from brandy.

However, if you can't adjust to the idea of drinking an exceptionally good but starless brandy, send for the Fundador Star Kit. Twenty stars for 10¢. *You* decide how many stars Fundador deserves.

But play it safe. Send for two kits.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

The Towncliffe Attitude.

Ensembling, Unlimited

From Britain's shores, Towncliffe brings you Living Woolen...the most exceptional fabric we've seen to date (ten months a year is child's play).

Easy, supple yet remarkably light... superbly drapable. The costume, $160. (The dress has little sleeves.) Checkered plaid on Cream ground with Olive and Brown or Cocoa and Navy. Sizes 8 to 18.

B. Altman & Co.—New York
Montaldo's—All Stores
Godchaux's—New Orleans
Stewart Dry Goods Co.—Louisville
—stores' branches and fine stores everywhere.
Towncliffe, Inc.
512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018

In conjunction with British Woolens Export Association.

steamer to the northeast end of Lake Winnipeg, where the Nelson River has its birth as a wide expanse of island-studded water. There is situated Norway House, an old impressive Hudson Bay Post, and there we put our canoes in the water, going down the Nelson, thence through a chain of little rivers and lakes to Oxford House at the east end of Oxford Lake, thence to Knee Lake, where we came to the headwaters of the Hayes, which brought us to York Factory. I shall never forget the moment when at last we saw Hudson Bay and smelled the salt air. We saw low grassy islands way out to sea. We saw whales swimming by, and with a great sweep of the tide we were carried around to the dock at York Factory.

"We had made our way through the unbroken forest, through country unchanged since the days of Christopher Columbus, to a point reached by few white men. At the post at York Factory, there were five whites and about 300 Indians. We returned by way of the Nelson, camping a night in its estuary on the finest beach I have ever seen. There were immense boulders, and we had to clear the ground of whale bones to make camp, because the Indians came to that place in the fall to hunt whales for dog food. The Nelson is a tremendous clear green river flowing with a force like the smooth rush of water before a waterfall, the current 'too deep for sound or foam.' It was impossible to ascend it paddling; we had to ascend it by tracking (towing) until we came to the point where the Limestone falls into it. There we came to the then End of Steel of the Hudson Bay Railroad, which carried us to Le Pas."

"Well, be off, my darling daughters," Mama said. "It's getting late."

Off we went across the field and into the graying woods, our towels around our necks, our hands deep in our canvas pockets. I rubbed my stone. We walked with the long strides Daddy taught us. We loved the sameness of our legs, our rhythm, our strength. We were sisters! We felt alike, silky-skinned, and sunburned, and lithe inside the soft worn canvas, which like another self around us made us *Nyes*, made us feel as we walked through the darkening woods the aura of the greatness of those old days when they went through the wilderness by canoe as the Indians had before them. "I love it when someone thinks I'm you," I said.

"Oh, I love it when someone thinks I'm you," she said. "Vanessa, remem-

Exotic India. 14 days. $600.

Only on Air-India

You can read all about our $600 India vacation by hopping across the centerfold to the ad on the opposite page. (It's the lowest-priced India tour ever, so it's only natural that only Air-India should bring it to you.)

Of course we have other India vacations as well, from $793 for 17 days to $2,190 for 29 days. You can read all about them by moving to the coupon below.

Exotic India on exotic Air-India. Who'd want it any other way?

Air-India has something money can't buy.

NY0117
AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10019

Please send me your free India tour brochures.

Name________________
Address________________
City________________
State________ Zip________
My travel agent is:________________

TOUR PRICES BASED ON ROUND-TRIP GROUP ECONOMY AIR FARE FROM N.Y., SUBJECT TO GOVT. APPROVAL. WE FORM THE GROUPS!

Exotic India. 14 days. $600.

Air Fare

Price includes round-trip jet fare from New York on a regularly scheduled Boeing 707 flight.

Hotel

Your vacation base is New Delhi where you'll stay in a modern hotel, with private bath, and air-conditioning. Remember, while New York is freezing, India is at the height of its season. Blue skies. Warm sun. Delightful.

Meals

Breakfast and lunch or dinner every day are provided. One evening you'll have a special Indian gourmet feast at a famous Delhi restaurant.

Side Trips

$600 covers this incredible vacation, including all service and tax charges, sightseeing tours of New Delhi and side trips to the Taj Mahal and the fabled city of Agra.

And for additional optional charges you can visit other famous parts of India on this vacation such as Jaipur, Udaipur, Banaras, Khajuraho and Kathmandu in Nepal. For full details see any Travel Agent or mail the coupon.

India

For those who seek more of life.

Government of India Tourist Office
New York, 19 East 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue;
San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

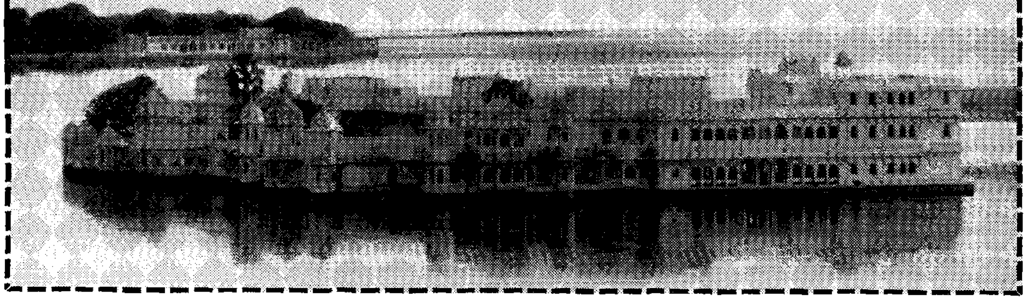
India for $600 complete sounds a lot more exciting than just another trip to Europe. Please send me complete details.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

My Travel Agent is ______________________



BONWIT'S
UNFOLDS THE
NEWEST
HANDBAG STORY

It's Bienen-Davis' crushed vinyl that folds up or holds all. There's even a roomy outside zippered compartment. Pack it, sport it underarm or tote it along in black, white, bone, red or navy. Measures 13½" x 8½" closed, 13½" x 14" open, 25.00

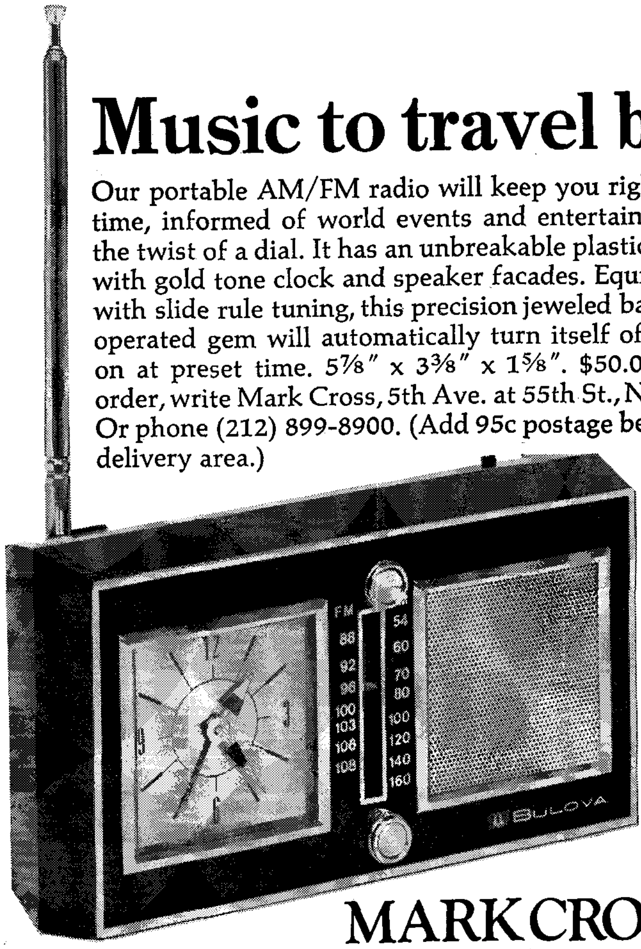
HANDBAGS

Mail and phone orders. Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT
TELLER

Music to travel by.

Our portable AM/FM radio will keep you right on time, informed of world events and entertained at the twist of a dial. It has an unbreakable plastic case with gold tone clock and speaker facades. Equipped with slide rule tuning, this precision jeweled battery operated gem will automatically turn itself off and on at preset time. 5⅞" x 3⅜" x 1⅝". $50.00. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. Or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 95c postage beyond delivery area.)



MARK CROSS
New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Bal Harbour, Fla.

MARK CROSS
ENGLAND

ber the time we got hysterics just thinking of the word 'mule'?"

"Yes," I said. "*Mule.*" We giggled a bit.

We smelled the pines near the beach and came out on the quiet water. Far off across the bay the opposite shore was already black. "Bahoom!" we called out over the water.

After our swim, we sat on the beach and I said, "I wish we could go on a canoe trip with Grandpa Nye."

"Oh, Vanessa, he's too old now," Lisa said. "He's eighty-four."

I looked at Lisa, her lovely profile, as she sat staring innocently out over the water, and I hated her.

ON Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, I was in Janey's car going to our A.T.C. sorority meeting in town when the news came over the radio. We were by the Country Club Golf Course. We stopped for a moment, and then we drove on to the meeting, not knowing what else to do.

I see myself still that day in the mirror over the buffet, talking to the other girls around the tea table. I was wearing a yellow sweater with a white, round-collared blouse. My voice was forced full of enthusiasm. Inside, I harbored a queer sense of emptiness, futility, and embarrassment.

Our lives didn't change until, during the heat of May and June, we went to the Red Cross after school to fold bandages. We sat at a long, polished table in a cool, high-ceilinged room, our hair like the hair of the older women tied back with white cloth, and carefully we folded gauze into squares. The soft gauze at my fingertips made me think of the soldiers—boys just a little older than we were, marching to where they would be shot. I wanted to be a nurse and go among them. I would cool their brows with my hands and comfort them. I thought of Wilfred Owen, and the "Anthem for Doomed Youth":

> What passing bells for these who
>   die as cattle?
> Only the monstrous anger of the
>   guns.
> Only the stuttering rifles' rapid
>   rattle . . .

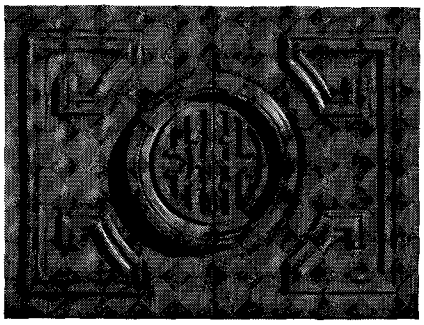
In the evening in the front yard, walking barefoot in the grass, I still was saying his poem. I looked up at the face of our house and imagined the blinds drawn down where inside Daddy paced, saying bitterly, "Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum," and Lisa played "Finlandia," which Daddy loved, and Mama's face glowed, her eyes brimmed up with sentiment.

At Neah that summer, Dirk Mon-

Can a small furniture company from Ridgeway, Virginia find happiness East of Suez?

Ah, you say. Those people down in Virginia may be masters of the fine art of producing occidental furniture, but how would they fare in more exotic climes?

Ah so, we reply. Observe, please, a small sample of our new Trade Winds Collection. As you can see, designer Ben de Setto has achieved a perfection of balance and an Oriental harmony that would warm the heart of a Soong sister. Those pagoda-inspired lines and delicate carvings are reflected throughout the entire collection—which includes, incidentally, complete dining and bedroom suites.



But what you can't see is equally important. Like the hidden casters our heavy pieces are mounted on. And such elegant touches as velvet lined jewelry and silver trays. Nor can you see things like the extra screws we used at points of stress (mere glue would hardly suffice to affix those gently curved table and chair legs).

The point being that in venturing into the mysterious East we have not deserted the sturdy Virginia principle which has kept us small. Namely: take the time to do it right.

We're Worth Furniture, Ridgeway, Virginia 24148, the people who'd rather be better than big. If you'd like to see more, send one dollar American for our copiously illustrated brochure showing several outstanding collections.

Worth
Very
big on detail.

©1969, Worth Division: Gravely Furniture Co., Inc., Ridgeway, Virginia 24148.

bleyle
PARIS · STUTTGART · MILANO

Two for the seaside: long striped *pullover plus color-cued pants.* Both in easy-care polyester knit. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

roe and I sailed the Annabel Lee through golden afternoons far out into West Bay, tacking north and west across the bay to reach the bell buoy off Lee's Point, while far off beyond the horizons at the edges of our minds bombs shrieked down from the sky. Here the sun was liquid light in the moving bay, the wooded shore of Neahtawantah grew smaller, darker, and the chill wind whipped against the sails and through the rigging and blew spray back on our faces.

Dirk held the tiller. He watched our course, his blue eyes sad and vacant in his long face. His mouth hung a little open. "Ready about!" he shouted. I crouched down and let out the starboard stay, pulled back the port stay. "Hard alee!" he called, and around we came with a flapping of sails and cold shadow as I let out the port jib sheet, pulled in the starboard jib sheet, and held it to fasten as he would direct.

When we reached the bell buoy off Lee's Point and the woods were close, we jibed and sailed downwind. We got out the spinnaker and sailed wing and wing on the long, quiet, sun-warm sail to the Island. I lay out on the poop deck in my bathing suit. Dirk took off his jacket and his sweater. The sun warmed my back and my legs. Bubbles fizzed in the smoothed blue wake. We rolled swiftly forward, and the rhythm of the waves and the sun's heat made me languid, soft. I looked through my eyelashes at Dirk's wide-shouldered, sun-browned back and his soft blond skin, his hairy legs, his hand on the tiller. I felt strange and fiery and jelly-like. I moved to sit next to him. I touched his leg by accident. Why wouldn't he put his arm around me? He moved the tiller, guiding us down the wind.

I got the dipper and scooped us drinks of West Bay water and stared into the blue lake, watched the bubbles fizz, and tried to think of something to talk about. When I did, I had to make myself say it. "What courses will you take in college?"

He spoke haltingly in his deep, granulated voice. He would take calculus, chemistry, physics, and English, and German. He was going to be a chemical engineer. But next summer when he was eighteen he was going to join the Navy and fight for our country. Then after victory he'd return to Yale.

"Oh, Dirk," I said admiringly.

In a while, I said, "I had the worst dream one time this winter. I dreamed we came back in the summer and West Bay was dried up. There wasn't any water left—just low hills of red-black wrinkled mud. It was cracked and thick and poison. It felt so *horrible*."

"Gee, you know what, I had a dream like that," he said.

"Really?"

"West Bay was dried up when we came back in the summer." He looked at me for an instant. "Isn't that the damnedest thing?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "it *is*. It *is*."

"Isn't that the damnedest thing?" he said again, shaking his head. Pretty soon he started singing in his showoff, off-key way his own version of "The Caisson Song," using the Annabel Lee's number: "440! Where'er you go, you will always know that the Star Class goes sailing along."

At West Bay in the evening when we had our beach party, I walked proudly beside Daddy up to the point and back. He was tall in his white summer ducks and his white shirt. He talked, his wrinkly lips moving in their intricate way, and the sunset light darkened his face and his hands. "Churchill drinks the way I do," he told me, in a confidential tone. "It enables him to stay on an even keel."

Dirk and I shot watermelon seeds at each other. I pushed his big, thick chest. He started to chase me. "Unfairhouse!" I cried, laughing and happy. "Unfair . . . *house*, Dirk."

Lisa and I raced off, each to climb our pine trees, and high up in the tops, smelling the pine smell and listening to the whir of the wind in the pine needles, we swayed and leaned out, holding on with one hand. "Bahoom!" we called across to each other.

"Bahoom!" Dirk and Elihu answered below.

"Will you look at the children!" Mama said loudly to Mrs. Monroe down by the fire.

Later, side by side in our cots on the sleeping porch, Lisa went to sleep before me, and I lay awake with wild feelings, and imagined, and listened to the forest blow, and turned miserably, wanting, wanting sleep. But all that summer Dirk didn't kiss me.

One afternoon late in October when we got home from school, there was a letter from Dirk in a white envelope with a Yale crest on it. I turned to the second page. He signed it "Love

The Hanseatic and new Hamburg divide the globe into four beautiful voyages.

Carried-away ships. The new Hamburg, the Space Ship, creates the greatest amount of space for passenger comfort. While the Hanseatic is the proud heir to a sea-going tradition of style and grace.

Carried-away facilities. And both ships are a wonderful world of swimming pools, saunas, shows, and shops. Not to mention ballrooms, night clubs, concerts, and movies. There are television and radio programs right in your room, an international menu, and a crew that just won't stop trying to please you.

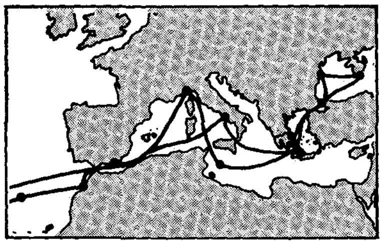
Carried-away service. We put a fluffy bathrobe inside your closet (in case you forget). And if you order something special once, we'll surprise you with it again. Or, when we have a spare moment, we'll produce an unheralded drink. All this from a host of people who'll know your name in no time.

Carried-away schedule. As for our four cruises, we got really carried away. We sent our ships north and south to the world's wonderful ports-of-call. So you'll have a wonderfully hard time choosing.

In short, we got carried-away—so you would.

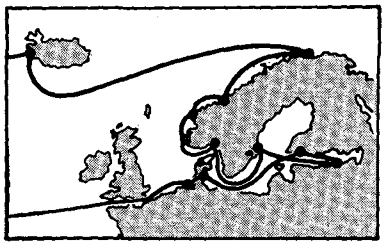
Hanseatic—April 20, 1970.

From Port Everglades to the Mediterranean & Black Sea. 40 days. From $1680. Ports include St. Thomas, Casablanca, Istanbul, Yalta, Athens, Naples, Bermuda.



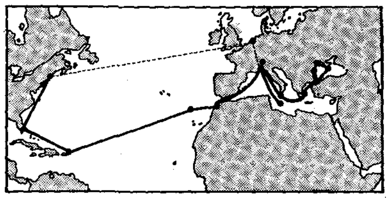
New Hamburg—June 30, 1970.

From New York to the North Cape, Scandinavia, & Russia. 34 days. From $1665. Ports include North Cape, Oslo, Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsinki, Copenhagen.



New Hamburg—September 9, 1970.

From New York and Port Everglades to North Africa, the Mediterranean & Black Sea (Sea-Air). 32 days. From $1240. To St. Thomas, Casablanca, Istanbul, Yalta, Athens, Genoa. (Return from Italy by KLM, or tour Europe and return by sea or air at extra cost.)



Hanseatic—October 25, 1970.

From New York and Port Everglades around South America. 45 days. From $1735. Ports include Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, St. Thomas.

Clip the coupon below or see your travel agent.

To: Holland-America Line
Agencies, Inc.
2 Penn Plaza, New York,
N.Y. 10001

Gentlemen: I'm carried away! Please send me your full-color brochures complete with rates and cruise schedule for the following Carried-away Cruises.

Please check.

- ☐ Hanseatic—April 20, 1970
- ☐ New Hamburg—June 30, 1970
- ☐ New Hamburg—Sept. 9, 1970
- ☐ Hanseatic—October 25, 1970

Name____________________

Address__________________

City________State_______Zip_____

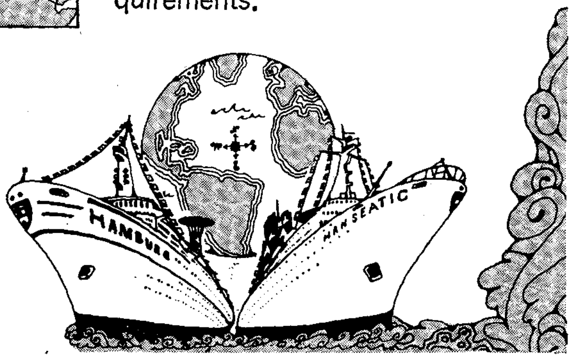
Travel Agent_______________

25-XLC-1-17

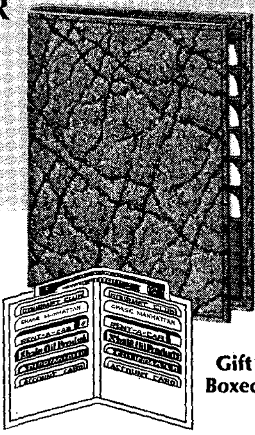
SAFETY INFORMATION: The TS Hamburg and TS Hanseatic registered in West Germany meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meet 1966 fire safety requirements.

The Carried-away Cruises.
(LONG STYLE)

TS Hamburg TS Hanseatic
German Atlantic Line
Represented by Holland-America Line
AGENCIES, INC.



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!



OUR SLIM ELEPHANT ORGANIZER WILL TAKE THAT LUMP OUT OF YOUR COAT!

Gift Boxed

Holds 12 credit cards in individual pockets . . . doesn't stack them one atop the other. Two note pockets, plus two bill compartments sized for U.S. and foreign currency. In our luxuriously supple, incomparably durable Genuine Elephant leather. Fine grained English Morocco lining. 4" x 5⅝" and just ⅜" THIN, including the thickness of a dozen credit cards (not included!). Midnight Black.

$25 Add 75¢ Post on Mail Orders
Satisfaction Guaranteed • N.Y. Residents Add Tax

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
Mon. & Thurs. Till 9
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ SHOP or
Write For Our New 84-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
© Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF
Donald Davies
BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .
where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.
DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

and Kisses." I went into the lavatory by the front door and doubled over. I couldn't breathe. The washstand blazed white in front of my eyes.

I didn't see him until it was summer again. Mama was working at the draft board, and no one went to Neah that summer. I was a junior counsellor at Camp Claybanks near Glendale, and Dirk came there to see me the night before he went to Chicago to boot camp. It was nearly ten o'clock when he got there, and then we took a walk down the road to the camp entrance. It was a hot, moonless night. The dark shapes of the elms loomed against the sky, and the fireflies were like stars in the fragrant fields of hay. He talked haltingly, gently. My hand brushed the hairs on the back of his hand. He walked more slowly. I felt proud of the way my white piqué dress stretched tight across my bosom and because my skin was sunburned and my hair was clean. At the bend in the road we smelled honeysuckle. I stopped. "Oh, smell it, Dirk," I said, sniffing. "Isn't it beautiful?"

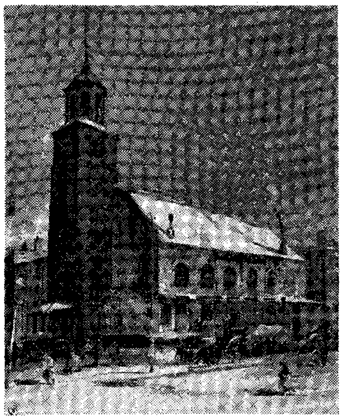
He put his arm around my waist. "Gee, Vanessa, you're swell," he said. Then I felt the sweet wet feel of his mouth, the soft quick feel of the life inside him. We put our heads alongside each other, and our arms around each other. I was afraid we might tip over.

When he came in December to spend three days of his furlough with us, he was a sailor in his middy and bell-bottom trousers, and we drank sherry in the kitchen before dinner with Mama and Daddy. We had fun, all together. We sang, "Bell-bottom trousers and coats of navy blue. He'll climb the rigging like his Daddy used to do." We did "Who Put the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder" the way we used to at Neah, and Dirk and Lisa got red in the face.

Dirk sang lots of new songs in his showoff, off-key way; he pumped his arm and beat his foot. His cowlick was sticking up. He sang, "I want to buy a paper doll that I can call my own." His winter face was pale and pimply, and even while he sang the sad, vacant look was in his eyes. His mouth hung a little open in the silences.

After Mama and Daddy and Lisa went to bed, we turned off the lights and sat by the fire in the living room. Dirk sat on the couch and I lay out in his lap in his arms, and his face in the firelight became so handsome and his mouth became so soft and our mouths were together. We didn't want them apart. My hands felt his back, his neck, his hair, his face, I rubbed my hands on the rough part where he shaved, and I

William Wallace WOTHERSPOON
(1821-1888)
New York Post Office
Oil on cardboard 11½ x 9½ inches
Signed (lower left): monogram: W



In the American collection
Hirschl & Adler
Galleries inc.
21 East 67th Street N. Y. 10021
(212) 535-8810 Cable: Hiramart
Tuesdays-Fridays 9:30 to 5:30
Saturdays 9:30 to 5:00

FURNITURE FOR GRACIOUS LIVING
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Café Carlyle
MABEL MERCER
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
JAN. 2 thru FEB. 14
and her songs
ACCOMPANIED BY JIMMY LYON
Complete Dinner $7.50—served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p. Minimum $3 p.p. after 9:30.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. • TEL. 744-1600

touched his thick, flat chest, and his hands were on my hair, and on my throat, on my clothes for a moment over my breast.

I thought we should move apart. What if Kroupa had to go to the bathroom and Daddy came down to let him out and found us this way? I stood up. "What if Kroupa should have to go out, Dirk?" I said. But I couldn't stand up, there was no blood in my legs, and I had to be back with him, in his arms, kissing him. I looked up at his face bent over me. "Oh, I love you," I said, breathing in the smell of his mouth and his face, which was rosy and handsome in the light of the fire.

"Look at all of you, Vanessa," he said, "and all I can have is your head."

"Now, Vanessa," Mama said the next day, "sex is a very beautiful thing . . ."

I looked aside, but I was frozen to the floor in front of her, nearly sick at my stomach with embarrassment.

"But you must be careful, dear," she said. "I wouldn't lie down together, because you might get carried away."

Dirk called me up long distance from San Francisco the night before he shipped out. "I love you, Vanessa," he said.

"I do you, too, Dirk," I said very softly. I was afraid Mama would hear and make fun of us.

"After the war," he said, "when I'm twenty-one . . ."

"Ohh," I said.

He didn't say anything.

"Goodbye, Dirk," I said.

"Goodbye, Vanessa. You're swell," he said, and hung up, and three weeks later, out in the Pacific where he stood on the deck of his ship, he was hit by a shell. He was buried at sea, May 7, 1944.

I shut the door of my room; I drew down the blinds and doubled over.

Mama was home from the draft board. I heard her outdoors in the drive talking to Helen Foster. "And Derek Monroe, his uncle whom he was named for, was killed in France in the *First* World War," Mama said, an awful, pleasured wincing in her voice.

—HANNAH GREEN

•

> "We feel there is a need for underestimating the costs by as a sewer facility," he said "but not the nottle of inconsistency presented to the public by the man, has accused the agency of agency."
>
> —*The Times.*

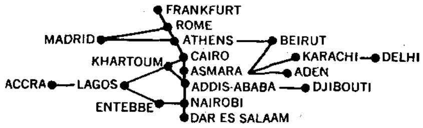
It's as simple as that.

Tribal Dancing

EAST AFRICA

IT SWINGS!

The action in East Africa is fast, exciting, different. It's the good life. In Dar es Salaam, for example, you'll view wild game at close range, and tribal dancing, and spectacular scenery topped by Kilimanjaro. You'll shop for bargains, and stay at a modern hotel. You'll want to see all of East Africa . . . Uganda, Kenya, and the fascinating Historic Tour of Ethiopia. On the way, or on the way home, you can swing around Europe, too, at no extra air fare through the *courtesy* of Ethiopian Airlines, and you'll fly in luxury all the way. *Mail the coupon, now! Or see your Travel Agent, or* TWA.



AFRICA MIDDLE EAST ASIA EUROPE

Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service

NY

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

Africa's Only FAA-certificated Airline

51 East 42nd Street, New York City 10017

Please send me information about the excitement of travel to incredible East Africa, with stopovers in Europe at no extra air fare, on Ethiopian Airlines' luxury Boeing Fan Jets departing from European Gateways.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP______

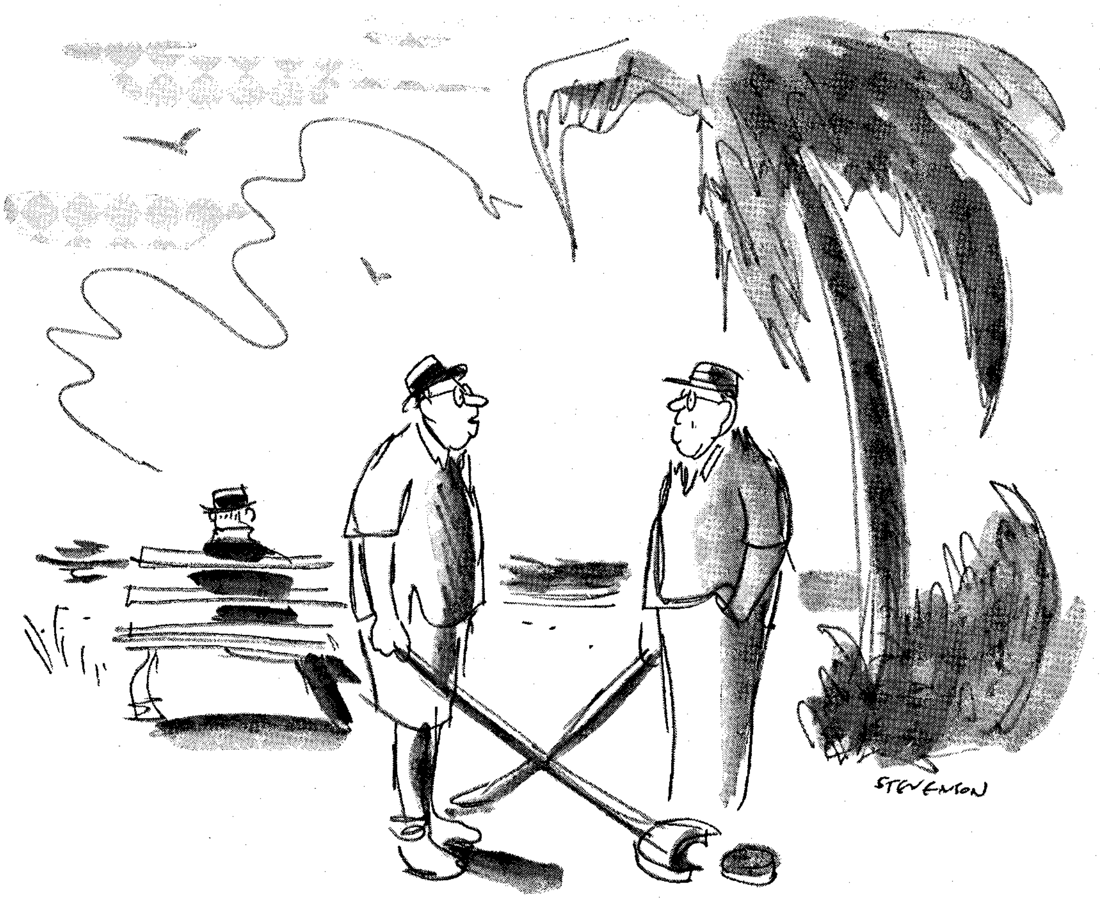
THE THEATRE

THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

HAVING been given an exceptionally attractive and ingenious production by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, Tennessee Williams' "Camino Real" turns out to be one of the most entertaining shows in town. I don't see how anyone can fail to find something amusing or touching or frightening in this loosely stitched-together grab bag of gothick wonders—or let me call it, rather, this Halloween Ball that is being held for our benefit in the ample purple palace of Mr. Williams' imagination. It is a palace peopled with ghosts and goblins that make our flesh creep for as long as the ball is under way but that are sure to take off their masks as soon as it is over and send us home to bed like so many sleepy children, our appetite for make-believe horrors abundantly appeased. The play is seventeen years old and is in better shape today than it was when it was young. This may be in part because times have changed and the play has therefore seemed to change, becoming more accessible as its audience has become more accommodating.

I didn't see the original production of "Camino Real," but I understand that in those formidably uptight days many theatregoers found the play confusing; it isn't likely to confuse us now, thanks to the tolerance we have learned to practice and enjoy in respect to climbing up and skidding down the most dizzying Everests of incoherence, calculated and otherwise. In 1953, Mr. Williams' naughty scrambling of the conventional Aristotelian dogmas about place, time, and circumstance left his audience uneasily wondering where the action of the play is laid—it appears to be a fictional political enclave on the west coast of Mexico, run by a brutal, invisible generalissimo, but it could just as well be Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, tyrannized over by Tinker Bell—and also wondering what its historical period is, for though its leading figure is Kilroy, the ubiquitous graphomaniac of the Second World War, his fellow-visitors include Lord Byron, the Baron de Charlus, Camille, Casanova, and Don Quixote. As for the circumstances of the play, these are as peculiar as its Dunne-like serial time and its Donnelly-like location, for Kilroy, dead and dissected, rises and walks about holding in his hand his own heart, as big as the head of a baby and made of solid gold (crunched aluminum foil at Lincoln Center, but a budget is a budget). Nor is Mr. Williams' message—all his plays are fortune cookies—especially straightforward: roughly, it is that life is impossible and well worth the living, and that the only sin we must not commit in the course of it is self-pity.

One of the characters in "Camino Real" describes it as a funny paper read backward, and the author himself takes distressing punning advantage, not once but several times, of the fact that the "real" of the title is not only Spanish for "royal" but English for the opposite of imaginary. Acting on this reiterated clue, the director of the production, Milton Katselas, and the designer of the set and costumes, Peter Wexler, have struck at every turn the note of extravagance, mingling death and fiesta; gestures and accents are exaggerated, colors bedazzle, and pranks of stagecraft abound. (Byron is seemingly electrocuted before our very eyes; a dry fountain in a plaza suddenly and tumultuously gushes water.) The cast is very large, and I am sorry not to be able to tick off twenty players for individual praise; the praise I bestow on a few is really, royally intended for all. Among these few are Jessica Tandy, looking fantastically young and pretty as Camille, Philip Bosco as the Baron de Charlus, Al Pacino as Kilroy, Jean Pierre Aumont as Casanova, Clifford David as Lord Byron, Sylvia Syms as a bawdy gypsy-Jewish mother, Susan Tyrrell as her callipygian daughter, Victor Buono as a suavely menacing fat man, and, in a tiny role, Robert Symonds as Lord Mulligan, an English businessman. And I must not fail to praise John Gleason for his marvellous lighting of the



"Oh, I was assigned to a long-term-planning project. How'd they ease you out?"

IRISH LINEN BY MOYGASHEL®
24 West 40 Street, New York 10018

By COLONY CLASSICS
At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.

The Talbots

Imported stretch terry. Our French shortie cover up has such shape and dash, we wager you'll wear it on and off the beach. Long front zipper adds ease and interest. Terry is *blended with nylon* to make it soft and stretchy. Turquoise, shamrock, watermelon, yellow, navy or powder. Sizes S,M,L. $17.00. Add 50¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. DQ, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal towpath...and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

production (I would guess there are well over a hundred light cues, all intricately timed) and Bernardo Segall for his music, which often gives the play the welcome air of a musical comedy. Go to the Vivian Beaumont and revel in the good time that a man of genius can fashion for the rest of us out of his bad dreams. —BRENDAN GILL

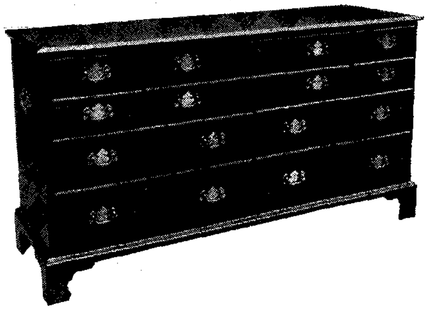
OFF BROADWAY

Apathy and Barley Water

THE Mercer-Hansberry Theatre, on Mercer Street, is a bit of good news for Off Broadway. A handsome little auditorium, it is part of a new complex that will eventually house six theatres, and its first show, "Love and Maple Syrup," was presented last week. The news on that is not so good. It is a small, modest, and, unfortunately, dim revue from Canada—an oral anthology of Canadian folk songs, poems, and excerpts from prose works—sung and recited by a personable troupe of three young women and three young men. The songs come off much better than the recitations—especially the French songs sung by Gabriel Gascon, a bearded, magnetic fellow who seems thoroughly at home on a stage. There is some effective singing, too, by Ann Mortifee and Bill Schustik, to their own accompaniments on guitar and banjo. Mr. Schustik sings a few songs of social protest—rather old-fashioned ones—that give the evening a sturdy note it badly needs. The show is colored throughout by national pride (why not?) coyly disguised as national self-deprecation (a pain), and, as a whole, it doesn't work—or certainly didn't on opening night, when rapport with the audience (absolutely essential to an enterprise of this sort) simply was never established. Humor is nonexistent, though whimsey is plentiful. Perhaps all I am saying is that "Love and Maple Syrup" didn't entertain me and I wish it had.

"INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE RUNNING OF TRAINS, ETC. ON THE ERIE RAILWAY, TO GO INTO EFFECT JANUARY 1, 1862," at the Sheridan Square, is an elaborate exercise by ten recent graduates of N.Y.U. Together, they impersonate trains quite a lot, and, separately, they impersonate such nineteenth-century Americans as Jay Gould, Nellie Bly, Belle Starr, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and John Peter Altgeld. The performers are agile, and they are intelligible most of the time. Among them I particularly admired a chubby, nimble young man named

MULE CHEST



TEN DRAWER CHEST SOLVES THE EVERLASTING STORAGE PROBLEM

From Lloyds collection of unusual Chests, Highboys and Lowboys. Adapted from the antique English original — of solid old mahogany in a rich tawny brown color. A distinguished piece for use in bedroom, dining room or entrance foyer. Solid brass batwing drawer pulls. Note the side pulls for carrying and the unusually roomy drawer arrangement. Length 66", Depth 20", Height 35".

OUTSTANDING VALUE AT $345

F.O.B., N.Y.C. Crating $25 beyond delivery area.

GET TO KNOW LLOYDS. Our immense stock includes an ever changing collection of Antique and Reproduction Furniture and Decorations for every room in your home. You will find the antique, or just old, or fabulous reproductions. Lloyds is really a paradise of treasures. The character, the quality and modest prices will delight you. Come in, browse leisurely and discover Lloyds for yourself. You'll be very glad you did.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
LITTLE ANTHONY & THE IMPERIALS
JACK EAGLE
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8,11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

Steaks renowned 'round the world . . . the choice of discerning gourmets

John C. Bruno

Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

Mike Moran, who has considerable stage presence. There is some genuine comedy mixed in with the pranks, and the show is not boring. Nevertheless, it cannot be recommended (at current prices), except perhaps to other acting students and to their parents and well-wishers. —EDITH OLIVER

•

MADISON, WIS.—Supporters of the harassed Tarr tax redistribution bill won a brief reprieve Thursday by provoking an angry debate that lasted until the senate gave up and adjourned for the weekend without acting....

"This bill should be killed forthwith, before they build a second zoo," he said. "The first thing you know, they'll have zoos all over the state, with councilmen feeding the monkeys."

Schreiber, who leaped to his feet to answer La Fave when he thought that controlling Republicans were going to cut off debate, was ordered to sit down by Sen. Gerald Lorge (R-Bear Creek) who was presiding. Lorge said Keppler had the floor.

When Schreiber refused, Lorge ordered the sergeant at arms to put Schreiber in his chair. The sergeant took Schreiber gently by the arm and the senator sat down.

When Schreiber got the floor later he said La Fave was like little Bunny Phoo Phoo, a character in a children's story.

"Little Bunny Phoo Phoo was a little bunny rabbit," said Schreiber. "He hopped around in the forest and he didn't know too much about what was going on. He could not see above the grass because it came up to his forehead."

Sen. Raymond Johnson (R-Eau Claire) objected to Schreiber's tactics, but Lorge said Schreiber could continue because Lorge wanted to hear the end of the story.

Schreiber said:

"I'm not saying the senator from the 30th district (La Fave) is little Bunny Phoo Phoo. I'm making an analogy.

"It means if you lift your head and look around, you're going to see some things you've never seen before. The senator from the 30th never really poked his eyes up above that grass and looked around.

"He would have the people of the city of Milwaukee live like a mole in a hole. He would have them remain in the slums and never get out.

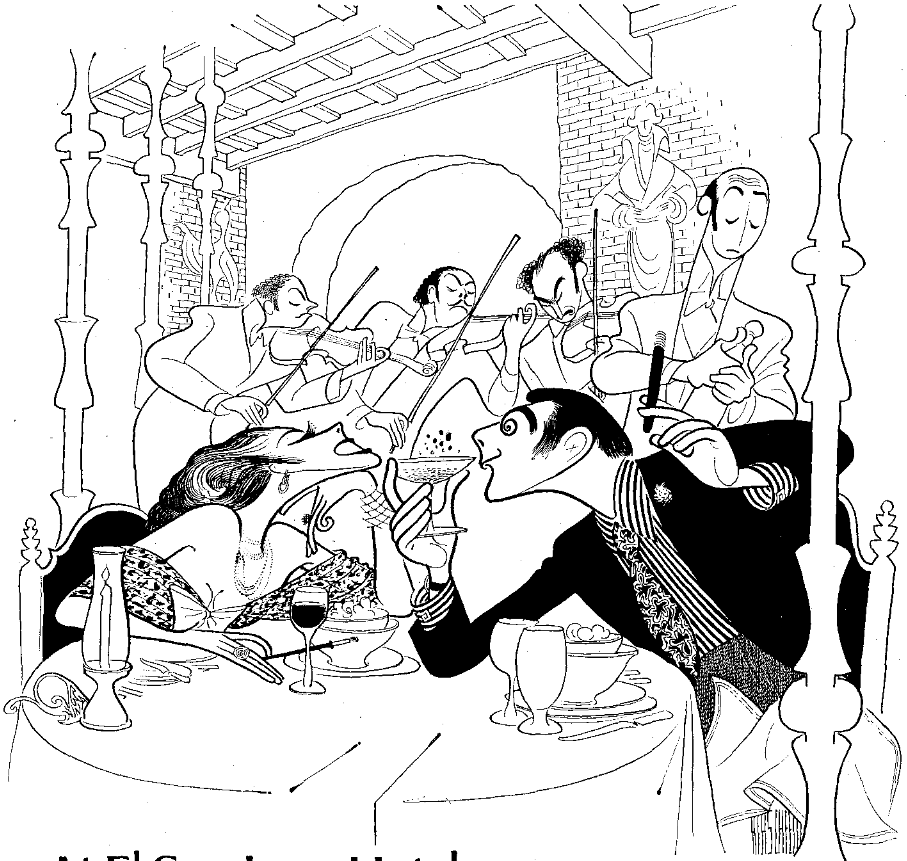
"Our cities are dying. And if you don't give us help and stop swooping down like a vulture to pick our bones, there's going to be no bones left to pick.

"Milwaukee has been footing the bill for the rest of the state and it can't afford it any longer. How much blood can a man give?"

La Fave, in turn, called Schreiber Little Boy Blue.

"Little Boy Blue who blows his horn... has been in the zoo too long—in the monkey cage," La Fave said. "Little Boy Blue has been in the cage too long and that's why he knows little Poo Poo (sic) because little Poo Poo is in the cage, too."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

How come Tar-Baby never got into this?



At El San Juan Hotel
there's a time and place for everything.
At dinner time
there are five places.

At *Four Winds and Seven Seas* you may choose from an international menu, and dine to the accompaniment of strolling violins. *Le Pavillon* is an elegant Continental restaurant for intimate gourmet dinners. At *Back Street-Hong Kong* you'll savor the finest Cantonese cuisine this side of Kowloon. The informal *Lemon Tree* is open 'round the clock for odd-hours diners. For superb dining, dancing and super-star entertainment, there's *Club Tropicoro,* largest night club in Puerto Rico.

As for calories, don't count them. Swim them off in the Olympic size pool, jog them off on the 1500 foot beach, run them off on the tennis courts, or walk them off on the 18-hole Championship golf course at our nearby El Conquistador Hotel and Club.

Go where the gourmets gather, and where sun and fun are the order of every day. To El San Juan Hotel.

el san juan hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

See your Travel Agent or write or call El San Juan Hotel,
850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-8815
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President • David C. Botbol, V.P./Managing Director
...Also visit our hillside of miracles, El Conquistador Hotel and Club, Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. © ETDC 1969
EARLY TIMES
Old Style
Kentucky
Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky
Straight Bourbon
Whisky
ESTABLISHED 1860
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO. LOUISVILLE KY
just
mention
my
name

MUSICAL EVENTS

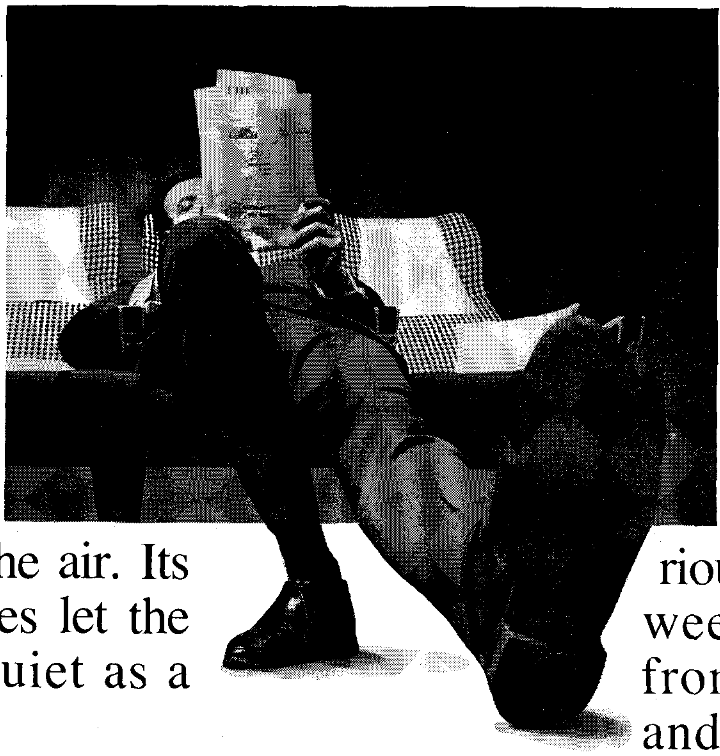
Vive le Metteur en Scène

OPERA production has changed greatly in the past thirty years or so. In the dear, dead days of Gatti-Casazza, nobody made much of a fuss over the stage director, who was listed inconspicuously at the bottom of the program. Those were the days when people asked, "Have you heard Flagstad's Isolde?" Once in a while, a distinguished designer like Joseph Urban created a new set, and—in Wagnerian opera, at least—we had a great conductor named Artur Bodanzky. But the stage director? Hardly anybody knew his name. Presumably he was hired to see that the principals on the stage did not bump into each other by accident. Nowadays, we are living in the era of the virtuoso stage director, and people are asking, "Have you seen Zeffirelli's 'Cavalleria Rusticana'?" Partly, I think, this situation is due to the fact that Rudolf Bing is a man who likes big, lavish, striking productions, and partly it is a cover-up for the fact that opera singers in general are not quite as good as they used to be. At any rate, Zeffirelli's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and his "Pagliacci," too, were unveiled at the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday night, with an estimable conductor, Leonard Bernstein, in the pit for the first, and the veteran Fausto Cleva in the pit for the other. Mr. Zeffirelli's productions, for which he created the scenery and costumes as well as the stage action, were handsome, especially the "Cavalleria" set, which was elegantly realistic, with a stunning sweep of steps leading up to a church on one side and to Mamma Lucia's wineshop on the other, and with a dawn gradually appearing in a starlit sky. The atmosphere was authentically Sicilian; those tumbling hillsides full of houses that are so typical of the Sicilian landscape filled the backdrop. This is a fine set, which will be with us for many years. The "Pagliacci" set was a little bleaker—just a bit of rocky terrain with a convoluted tree at one side, but serviceable and entirely traditional. In the age of virtuoso stage directors, you have to have a lot of stage direction, which means that every moment is filled with bright business of some sort, and that the stage never stands still. Grace Bumbry, the Santuzza in "Cavalleria," had to be knocked to the floor at least three times by the hero; the steps of the church swarmed with life; the Easter parade had to include those masked figures we usually see in "Don Carlo;" and so on. In "Pagliacci," there were tumblers; children who danced with Lucine Amara, the Nedda; children who spied on her while Beppe was making his overtures to her; somebody who lit a bonfire and cooked soup on it, which Miss Amara ate calmly afterward. I am not complaining. The show was effective and generally in good taste. I am merely recording a phenomenon of operatic history.

Miss Bumbry sang a very good Santuzza, with a certain edge to her lower notes that I found pleasing. Nedda Casei was an acceptable Lola. One triumph of Mr. Zeffirelli's was that he succeeded in persuading Franco Corelli to look unheroic, for once, as Turiddu, and even though Mr. Corelli had a cold, the celebrated Corelli voice sounded out with vigor. It didn't sound out with its usual spontaneity, however, for a reason that I shall presently go into. Frank Guarrera's Alfio was frequently strained, from a vocal standpoint. Carlotta Ordassy's Mamma Lucia was appropriately done. The "Pagliacci" cast consisted of Miss Amara, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Andrea Velis, and William Walker. Miss Amara, who had been called in at the last minute as a substitute for Teresa Stratas, sang quite well and managed her stage business without much apparent difficulty. Mr. Tucker sang unusually well, and his "Vesti la giubba" was done with the craft of a veteran, though, curiously, this was the first time he had ever sung the role of Canio. Mr. Velis and Mr. Walker were adequate as Beppe and Silvio. But the big hit of the performance—in fact, the big hit of the whole evening—was Mr. Milnes as Tonio, a masterpiece of haunting baritone singing and a fine characterization. His Prologue brought down the house. Fausto Cleva conducted a completely traditional "Pagliacci," an experienced one, and one that was considerate of the singers.

There remains to be discussed Mr. Bernstein's interpretation of "Cavalleria." He had told reporters before the performance that he was going to do away with the accretions of tradition and perform the work as it was

Stretch your legs from here to Australia.



You're going almost halfway around the world. More than 10,000 miles and 24 hours away from New York. Sounds exhausting, doesn't it?

It is. On anything but BOAC.

Flying to Australia with us puts you on our own VC 10, the most advanced commercial jet in the air. Its rear-mounted engines let the cabin remain as quiet as a lagoon.

You'll sit in aviation's most comfortable Economy Class seat. Designed by us for you. A seat where you can stretch way out, or snuggle way in. And that means a lot on a long trip.

And to make sure you have even more room, above you is our exclusive overhead locker. All the stuff that used to share your seat and crowd your legs—cameras, parcels, coats—put up there, out of the way.

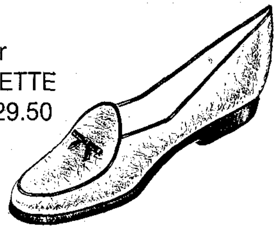
BOAC flies five luxurious VC 10's per week to Sydney from New York and Los Angeles via Honolulu and Fiji. On your way, you can stop off at any of these places and really stretch your legs for a few days, or weeks, at no extra air fare.

BOAC

For reservations, contact your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, which has offices in principal cities.

Somebody up there cares.

De Busschere
Hand made
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes



For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $29.50

Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

☐ Red/trim black ☐ Blue/trim green ☐ All White
☐ Blue/trim red ☐ Brown/trim black ☐ All Black
☐ Beige/trim white ☐ Yellow/trim white ☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

My regular shoe size is________
Send________pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice________
Name________
Address________
City________State________

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

HAPPY your HOLIDAYS at
RANCHO ENCANTADO

. . . the Enchanted Ranch in the Land of Enchantment, New Mexico! Ski at twelve thousand feet, snowmobile against deep blue skies, sunbathe on your private patio, toast your toes at your own fireplace. Colorful Spanish décor, superb cuisine and bar. Winter trailrides, trap, Indian pueblo and Spanish village festivals. And more!

Rancho Encantado, Rte 4, Box 57c
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
Phone 505-982-3537

PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE

BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH
MYKONOS
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER
349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

written, and he did actually stick to the metronome marks that Mascagni had placed in the score. Most of the tempos were very much slower than those we are accustomed to. This disturbed me only in the Drinking Song, which came over with the prim formality of an eighteenth-century gavotte. Some of Mr. Bernstein's ideas were provocative of thought. But sometimes the coherence of melodic line almost got lost in the slow pacing (as in the entr'acte), and this pacing occasionally made difficulties for the singers, who are not used to spinning out phrases quite that deliberately. And it was this that affected Mr. Corelli's *initial* serenade; a tremendous amount of breath is required to sustain a thing of this sort at Mr. Bernstein's speed, and the result was a loss of some of the lyricism. Still, this was what Mascagni had called for, and though the instinct of interpreters since his time has speeded things up, Mr. Bernstein had the letter of the law on his side. I felt that the opera lost a good deal of its inherent vitality under these circumstances, but it was interesting to hear a literal performance for once.

IS the Chicago Symphony the greatest orchestra in America? Stravinsky has said so, and it was impossible not to agree with him when this orchestra appeared in Carnegie Hall last Friday night in an all-Mahler program under the baton of Georg Solti. This is an orchestra of dedicated professionals, and I shouldn't be surprised to hear that its members take their parts home to practice between rehearsals—something that is not ordinarily done. Its brass section is unique in its power and beauty of tone, and its first horn player is a virtuoso who has a huge tone or a delicate tone—whichever you prefer—and who can hit his upper notes with exemplary accuracy. The woodwinds and strings are not far behind. There is a solid craftsmanship about the whole ensemble, which leaves the conductor nothing to do except exert his leadership and his artistic ideas. The orchestra itself is already trained in everything that pertains to technique, intonation, beauty of tone, and accuracy of attack. Add to all this a conductor of Mr. Solti's stature (there is none greater at this moment in history), and you have an unusual treat. The program opened with the "Kindertotenlieder," the Welsh contralto Helen Watts doing the singing. Miss Watts is a very musicianly performer, and I have heard her sing some things with admirable effect, but in this particular type

Near Copenhagen is idyllic Park Dyrehave, where the tame deer like to people-watch. If the deer are lonely, it's because the people are at Birger Christensen, where all the furs are anything but tame.
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

For people who have a thing about golf.

Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Ralph McEntyre, General Manager, Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club, Palmetto Expressway at N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014
Or call Miami (305) 821-1150.
Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club

Siambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760

Diner's Club
American Express

of lieder singing she is not an immensely exciting artist. Her readings of the songs were a bit stolid, and once or twice Mr. Solti drowned her out in his enthusiasm. Mahler's Fifth Symphony, which followed the intermission, was something of a sensation. Not since the time of Bruno Walter have I heard it so knowingly set forth, and there is a special brilliance and drive about Mr. Solti's conducting that illuminate and emphasize not only large lines but details that escape one in most performances of this symphony—which, by the way, is not the most immediately ingratiating of its composer's works. The conclusion of the final Allegro was the occasion for the largest ovation I have seen any conductor receive (except possibly Herbert von Karajan) since the time of Toscanini. It probably would have gone on all night but for the fact that Mr. Solti led his concertmaster off the stage, signifying that enough is enough.

LAST Monday night, I made my way up to the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, in the Metropolitan Museum, where I seldom go. The reason was that a friend had tipped me off that a young pianist of unusual abilities was making his New York début that night. I was not disappointed. Garrick Ohlsson, the young pianist (he is just twenty-one), is a tall, bearded, bespectacled gentleman with enough muscularity to draw a big tone from the piano without pounding. His technique is fluent and exact, and his musical taste is refined. His program asked no quarter. It started out with "Triptych (1969)," by Louis Weingarden (a conventional atonal work that I found totally lacking in interest), continued with Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, and wound up with some shorter pieces by Ravel and Chopin. The Beethoven was done with technical ease and considerable evocative power. The Chopin style was cultivated and appropriate. Mr. Ohlsson is a virtuoso to be watched.

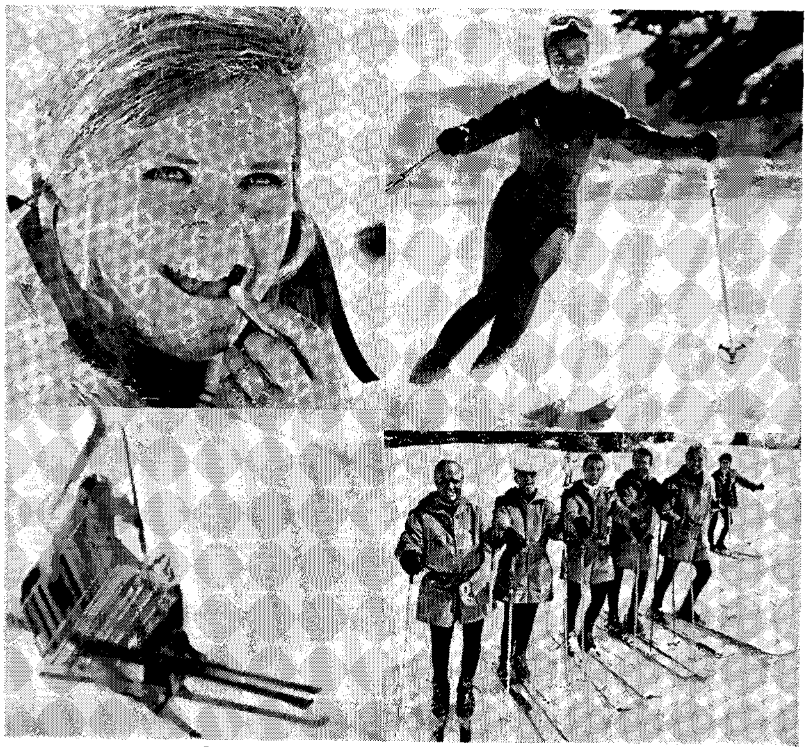
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Good Is God
GAZAL Is good
Nothing like it!
for the last 10 years!
GAZAL has NO Accident, NO Deaths
NO Ambulence, NO Murder
NO Bloodshed, NO Violence
Yet, its LOVE is DIVINE
and ROMANCE so worldly!
So Exciting, & So GOOD
that CENSORS passed it for
UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION

—*Cinema adv. in the Evening News of India, Bombay.*

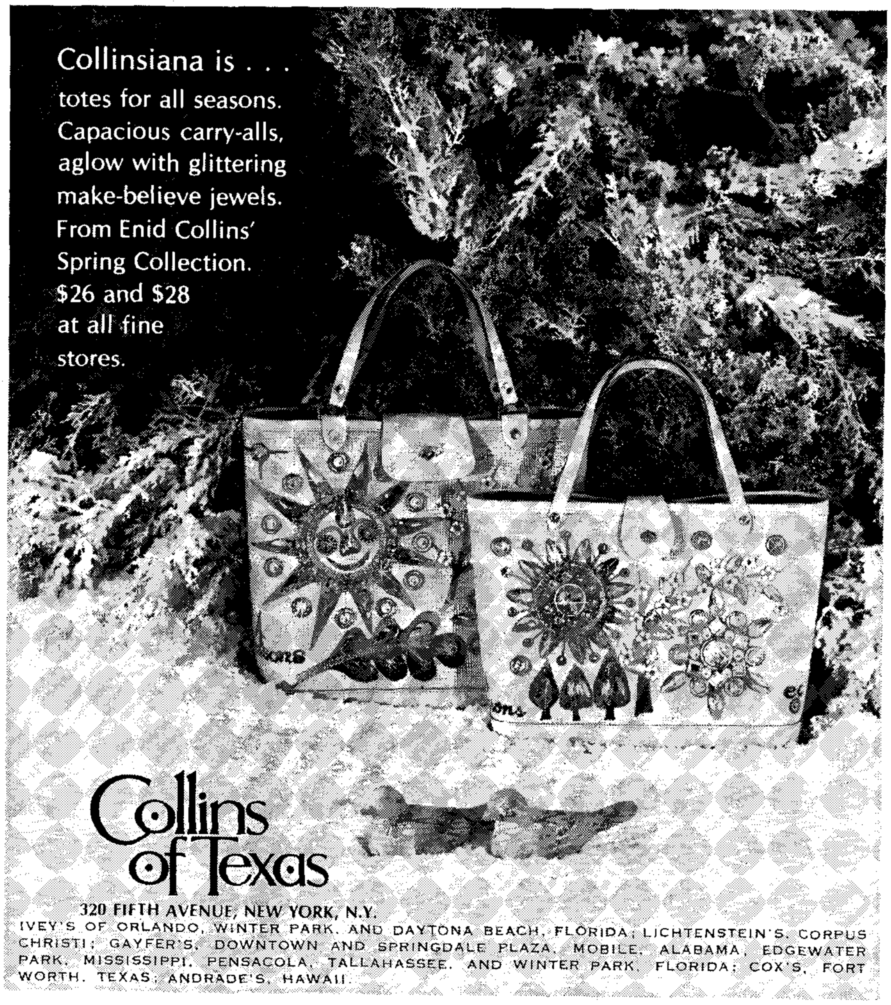
Maybe they fell asleep.



SKI AMERICA SKI

Bonne Bell makes the official ski cosmetic that protects the U.S. Ski team. And if we can protect them, we can protect you. With things like *Weatherproofer*. The smooth pomade that's got emollients and sunscreen to protect your face. *High Altitude*™ *Cream* gives your face maximum protection at maximum altitudes, at coldest temperatures, in highest winds.

Bonne Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107



Collinsiana is . . .
totes for all seasons.
Capacious carry-alls,
aglow with glittering
make-believe jewels.
From Enid Collins'
Spring Collection.
$26 and $28
at all fine
stores.

Collins of Texas
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
IVEY'S OF ORLANDO, WINTER PARK, AND DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA; LICHTENSTEIN'S, CORPUS CHRISTI; GAYFER'S, DOWNTOWN AND SPRINGDALE PLAZA, MOBILE, ALABAMA, EDGEWATER PARK, MISSISSIPPI, PENSACOLA, TALLAHASSEE, AND WINTER PARK, FLORIDA; COX'S, FORT WORTH, TEXAS; ANDRADE'S, HAWAII.

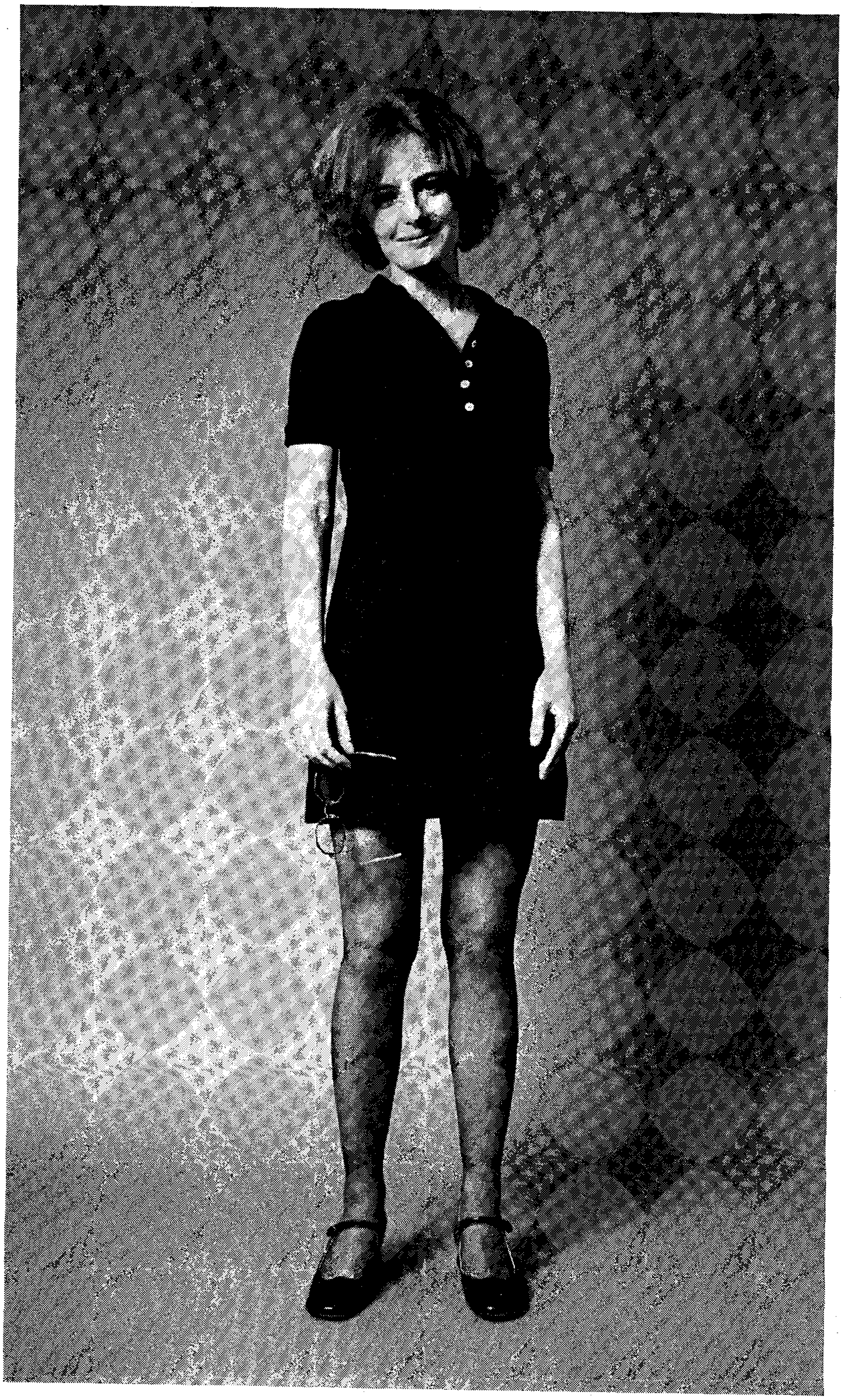
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 11

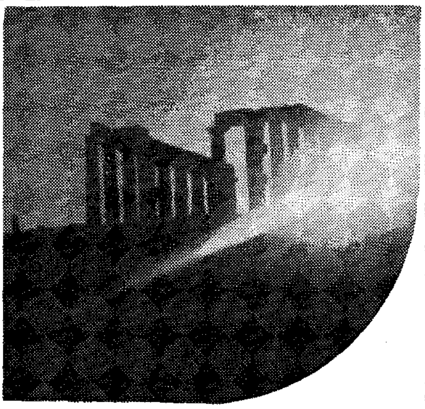
As its first year draws to a close, the Administration seems very much, if not quite altogether, pleased with itself. It has not liquidated the war, and has no intention of doing so until its diplomatic aims are satisfied, but it is, in the phrase favored by its spokesmen, "winding the war down," and while the process seems agonizingly slow and deliberately inconclusive, the President appears to be drawing substantial political benefits from it. The doves are pained but largely grounded. The polls show that the people admire their President and approve his conduct of affairs, military and non-military. (One poll also shows that the people admire their Vice-President; Spiro Agnew is surely among the few holders of that office who could have come in third—just behind the President himself and the Administration chaplain, Billy Graham—in any national popularity contest.) Not even the anti-war Democrats in the Senate are planning to spend much time faulting the Administration on Vietnam. One of their number—Senator Fred Harris, of Oklahoma, who is serving a term as the Party's National Chairman—was saying last October, just before the Moratorium, that "it is time to take the gloves off on the war," but now he urges putting them back on, because "the President seems, for now at least, to have accurately gauged the sentiments and attitudes of the American people." This may be morally craven, but it appears to be politically shrewd. The Silent Majority has been heard from, and it favors the Nixon way. It is unlikely that dissenters who do not have problems of job security or of party solidarity will be similarly immobilized; they may, on the contrary, be spurred to greater exertion and rougher strategies. However, those among them who are concerned, above all, to end the war realize that this is primarily a political task, and that it cannot be advanced by either ignoring or giving undue offense to majority opinion. In any case, the Administration has accomplished something highly desirable, from its point of view—it has put its critics on the defensive and improved its standing in the country. And the cost, by almost any reckoning, has been slight: a few cagily composed speeches and an as yet militarily insignificant reduction in the American presence in Southeast Asia.

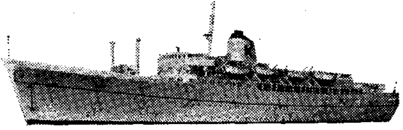
Some of the benefits may prove temporary, and some are no doubt illusory. The President will begin his second year with somewhat more room for maneuver, in both foreign and domestic policy, than he had when he took office, and, because of the widespread acceptance of his stewardship, his party seems in a good position to improve its standing in this year's elections. The Democrats are temporarily mute and leaderless. But the spell could be broken between now and November by unfavorable developments at home or abroad. To be politically appreciated, de-escalation has to be a fairly continuous and visible process; if it is discontinued for any reason, or if its continuation leads to a debacle for either the remaining Americans in Vietnam or our clients in Saigon, much that the Administration has gained could be lost. And very nearly all could be lost if the country, later this year, should find itself in both a war and a recession. The Democrats in Congress, though disorganized, remain a majority in both houses, and there are some who, hating the war but unwilling on expediential grounds to make it their major issue just now, are ignoring the President's pleas to combat inflation, both because they hope to force more rapid de-escalation and further cuts in military spending and because they would welcome economic difficulties—inflation, recession, and Administration-ordered cuts in social services—for which they think Nixon could be held responsible. In drafting the tax bill, which he has signed with considerable misgivings, they have forced some hard choices on him. If he is to check inflation or keep it within tolerable limits, he must submit a balanced budget, and if he does this, as he has insisted he will, he will have to base it on an estimate of economic growth and increased federal revenues more likely than not to prove unrealistic, or else he will have to reduce federal spending well below the level that even the most conservative of his economists consider necessary. The White House senses all these dangers but seems confident of its ability to persuade the country that whatever troubles it may find itself in were the doing not of the Administration but of an irresponsible opposition.

The President and his advisers have from time to time proclaimed themselves defenders of the right to dissent, but they have also made it clear that they regard anti-war sentiment in this country as a morale builder for North Vietnam, and they have said that if it could be stilled or turned into acquiescence the prospects for an acceptable settlement in Paris would be greatly improved. Now that such sentiment has been so largely stilled, events or non-events will test the validity of their belief. It is not to be doubted that Hanoi, like any other country at war,



Alvin Duskin & Company
San Francisco





Of all the beautiful Isles of Greece, only one can take you to see the others!

tss **Orion**

There's an "island" in the Aegean waters of Piraeus, the port of Athens. As if by magic, it appears only on Fridays. It isn't very big, but it boasts one of the finest restaurants in Europe, an exciting night club, an oval swimming pool, a gymnasium and all the other features of an outstanding international resort. It has 128 outside spacious guest rooms with telephone, television, private facilities with bathtub, and shower, wall-to-wall carpeting, and a window on the world outside. This elegant little island, called tss **ORION**, can take you *to five of Greece's other lovely and fascinating isles:* Mykonos, Delos, Rhodes, Crete and Santorini. To fabulous Istanbul and Ephesus, too.

The **ORION's** 7-day cruises depart from Piraeus every Friday, March 27 to October 23, 1970, with rates from **$200.**

Our other "floating islands" are the mv **KENTAVROS**, and the new addition mv **GALAXY**, the largest cruise vessel travelling the Greek Isles for 3 and 4 day cruises. From Piraeus to Delos, Mykonos, Rhodes, Crete, Santorini, Samos (Ephesus) and Patmos.

DEPARTURES: mv GALAXY every Mon. and Thur. June 15 to October; mv KENTAVROS every Tue. and Sat. March 24 to Oct. 31. Rates from **$68.**

SAFETY INFORMATION: The tss Orion, registered in Greece, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

See your travel agent today.

"K" Lines
HELLENIC CRUISES
680 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10019 (212) 757-6045

rejoices in any show of the enemy's disunity, but it is very much to be doubted that Hanoi will be deterred or made more amenable to a settlement on our terms by a display, temporary or otherwise, of national unity here. What it faces in the war is not the mood of this country but its firepower, and while there is a relationship between the two in theory and in long-term practice, this can form no basis for the military and diplomatic strategies of a nation that regards itself as waging a war against foreign aggression. The Nixon thesis has recently been disputed by a highly qualified observer, Tran Van Dinh, a Vietnamese who fought the French under Ho Chi Minh and later served the Saigon regime as chargé d'affaires in its embassy here. The North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, he has written in the *Washington Monthly*, value American dissent not "as a decisive factor in their diplomatic and military planning [but] as a confirmation of their moral position." They recall, he points out, that in the late forties, "when the French people dissented from the war at least as strongly as Americans do today, the French government nevertheless was able to keep the war going for five more years." Word of our newfound unity has certainly reached Hanoi by now, but the news from Paris is that the negotiators have never been farther apart, and that, indeed, no talks have recently been held, aside from the ritual plenary sessions.

The Administration is pleased with itself by no means solely because it has somehow managed to reduce the volume of criticism over Vietnam. Given its view of the war, it cannot help but be gratified by this, but it has other reasons, some of which can be shared by silent detractors of the Silent Majority. The President's strong support at home gives him more latitude and flexibility in diplomacy than any recent President has had, and if he is not using it to de-escalate more speedily in Vietnam, he seems to be putting it to the best uses he considers feasible elsewhere. If the day ever comes when we enjoy anything like a "normalization" of relations with the People's Republic of China, he will probably be an ex-President; nevertheless, if it happens, a large share of the credit will be his, for he, once regarded as an ally, if not an instrument, of the "China lobby," has taken the first real initiative in that direction in almost a quarter century, and has taken the risks that go with the initiative. To be sure, the Sino-American ambassadorial talks soon to take place in Warsaw do not represent a new departure in policy; they will merely be a resumption of a series of meetings, of which a hundred and thirty-four had been held by January 8, 1968, the date of the last one. But "normalization" was never the purpose of the earlier talks—not the acknowledged purpose, anyway—and now it is, and the effort was undertaken by the present Administration, through entreaty and a few trade concessions, and we are at last about to begin the "dialogue" that so many critics of our past China policies have considered essential. The dialogue may be short, and the risks of even beginning it may be high enough to outweigh any likely gains. The mere announcement of the talks has been met with hostility—perhaps only feigned, perhaps real—from Soviet diplomats and the Soviet press, which has warned the Administration that the Warsaw talks are a threat to the success of the coming Vienna talks on strategic-arms limitation. If the Russians really mean this, it can safely, and with melancholy, be concluded that they irrationally consider their prestige in other Communist countries more important than seeking an end to a threat not to their prestige but to their existence and everyone else's. In any case, almost all serious observers here, non-admirers as well as admirers, are pleased to see the President trying to negotiate with our by now historic adversaries in Europe and Asia. There are some who fear that his advisers and his negotiators in Vienna have been too closely associated with what many consider to be outmoded views of nuclear-deterrence strategy to reach an effective agreement (they have similar fears about the Soviet negotiators), and there are others who are concerned that his representatives in the talks on the Middle East may seek success at the cost of Israel's integrity and security. (The State Department insists that such concern is groundless and that acquaintance with the so-called Rogers Policy would confirm this. However, for reasons best known to the Secretary and the Department, the policy remains classified.) But there are few who doubt that Nixon's over-all aim is the reduction of tensions and of violence, and that he is pursuing it with commendable vigor and with what he regards as prudence.

Vietnam, of course, is the exception—and a larger, more crucial one can hardly be imagined. The President's apologists argue that the public-opinion polls that now show him with so high a rating prove that he is proceeding at exactly the right pace and toward exactly the right goal—that the country whose highest values are corporealized in Richard Nixon, Billy Graham, and Spiro Agnew could not bear the humiliation of spirit that would accompany an acknowledgment of national failure or defeat, and that the fall of the Saigon regime, even to a successor regime that embraced peace without espousing Communism, would be regarded as an American defeat. This may be a sounder present reading of the temper of the country than many Administration critics are willing to allow. But the President lives with the memory of what happened to Lyndon Johnson, who once had a larger and more loyal constituency and lost it because he held to this view of the country, and held the same view himself. If Nixon is serious about the "Nixon doctrine"—the doctrine that the Vice-President has presumably been explicating to Asian statesmen, the core of it being that the United States has no business providing manpower for ground wars in Asia—then it applies to Vietnam no less than to Afghanistan, and one would expect Nixon to seek to get the message to the people who now so willingly accept his leadership. He could have done something of the sort soon after taking office, putting the blame for the original heresy on Lyndon Johnson and, not altogether improperly, on John F. Kennedy. This would have involved a modicum of hypocrisy, since he had often endorsed their views, but it would have been a fair enough statement of the truth; Johnson bore most of the operational responsibility for escalation, and Kennedy (along with, to be sure, John Foster Dulles) a good part of the ideological responsibility. Instead, Nixon chose to assume the operational responsibility for at least a limited de-escalation while standing with his predecessors on the ideological foundation of the war, in which he seems to have lost faith and which he is in the process of "Vietnamizing" or "de-Americanizing." A change of direction could have been more gracefully managed in the first days of his Presidency, but it could still be accomplished today. His constituency seems to have been enlarged, and it has grown stronger in its confidence in him. The opportunity to lead still exists, and it should be within his power to bring his followers to an understanding of the realities he seems to perceive, though perhaps dimly and incompletely. Why he does not grasp

Now go around with the best for less than $60.

Kodak CAROUSEL 600

Go with a Carousel 600 projector—and enjoy Carousel projector dependability and performance for less than $60.

The spill-proof tray holds up to 80 slides. You'll enjoy "instant edit," thanks to the easy access to every slide. And the tray is easy to change; just lift it off like a record.

The show always goes on because gravity gently lowers each slide into place. There's never any jam-up or show stopping. It's as dependable as gravity.

You also get easy push-button advance, easy focusing and fingertip elevation. Plus 500 watts for big, brilliant screen pictures.

It's one of the "easy ones" in your Kodak dealer's "Circus of Values." Less than $60.00. See it now.

the easy ones

Kodak Carousel 600 projector.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak

Enjoy the warm hospitality
of the
ARIZONA
BILTMORE
in sunny Phoenix

One of America's
truly great resorts

Warm, friendly *hospitality.* It's all around you in this great resort hotel. *Hospitality* . . . graciously extended by staff members trained in the fine art of efficient service. You bask in other luxuries, too . . . private 18-hole golf course . . . sun bathing, swimming at the Cabana Club . . . riding on desert and mountain trails . . . tennis . . . dancing, entertainment . . . foods comparable to those you enjoy in the world's finest restaurants. Come . . . let us pamper *You.*

American or European Plan. Call your travel agent, any Warner office in the east, Hicks office in the west, or write John F. Clifford, General Manager, Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix, Arizona 85002. Phone (602) 955-6600.

EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN...

Phoenix! Warmest, sunniest, driest weather in the nation and there's never a dull moment. Come. Relax. Refresh. Send us the coupon and we'll send you everything under the sun to do and see.

PHOENIX
AND ARIZONA'S VALLEY OF THE SUN

Phoenix Chamber of Commerce, Dept. 250
805 N. 2nd Street
Phoenix, Arizona 85004

Please send me my Phoenix Fun Kit

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

the opportunity is a mystery—unless, in seeming contradiction to so much he has lately said and done, he never really lost faith in the war at all. In any case, his apologists do him and the country a disservice by saying that the pace of de-escalation is being determined not by the President's view of the matter but by Middle America's. If the war is in fact a disaster, and is recognized as such by the President, then disengagement at a rate that reflects Presidential deference to the sentiments of others would seem about as irresponsible as an ambulance driver's taking the scenic route to the site of an accident.

Vietnam—it seems to dominate everything, to distort everything, to *be* everything. It has diminished at least three Presidents and many good men around them, and if getting at what Richard Nixon really thinks and feels about it baffles all who try, his case is not much different from that of Lyndon Johnson or John F. Kennedy or Hubert Humphrey or Dean Rusk or Robert McNamara or McGeorge Bundy. But Vietnam *isn't* everything—not quite—and if the President has reached new heights of public esteem and Presidential authority, it is not simply because the people like what he is doing and not doing about the war. In part, it is to be explained by the fact that (once more putting Vietnam aside) the country got through 1969 with less violence than it had lately been accustomed to—with no major assassinations, relatively few civil disorders or riots, and only a handful of student uprisings. The comparative quiet may have had as little to do with Nixon's leadership as the weather had, but he campaigned for less disorder, and less disorder there was. (He also campaigned for less crime, and there was more crime, but he and his Attorney General were stoutly on record against it and thus, evidently, have not been held responsible.) Though the Administration offered little relief from inflation or high taxes, it got itself firmly fixed in the public mind as a determined enemy of those evils, along with several others.

Still, the feeling that most of the Administration's members share of being off to a promising start is not altogether based on the showings of polls or on good luck or on smart public relations. The reformers among them—and there are more than a few—maintain that there has been more movement toward change in the first year of the Nixon Administration than there was in the first two years of the Kennedy Administration. They have, they point out, persuaded their President of the desirability of dismantling the entire system of public welfare and replacing it with a family-assistance program that, in time, will bring decent living standards not only to the unemployed and the impoverished now receiving a degrading form of public subsidy but also to "the working poor"—those who are employed and live just about as meagrely as welfare clients but are ineligible for any public funds. Neither the dismantling of the old system nor its replacement by the presumably superior one has yet taken place, but a beginning will almost certainly be made in this session of Congress, and family assistance—really another term for a guaranteed annual income—will take institutional form. The demand of the large cities for a greater share of federal revenues is likely to be met by sharing federal money with the states, which will not satisfy the city governments, but the principle of federal responsibility for financing local needs will be honored, and if the cities, like the family-assistance recipients, find the benefits small at the outset, the benefits are bound in time to grow—not merely in inflated dollars but in relation to the support for other subsidized persons and institutions, such as the military and its industrial suppliers. Robert McNamara may have been a more efficient and imaginative Secretary of Defense than Melvin Laird, but, the Nixon people point out, his efficiency and imagination led to military appropriations of increasing, and eventually staggering, magnitude, while under Laird the first cutbacks in more than a decade have been made—however reluctantly—and defended on the basis of a felt need for a reordering of national priorities. Less money is being spent on the Office of Economic Opportunity, and it has been stripped of many of its functions, but more money is being spent to fight hunger and malnutrition, and some of the poor who would not have needed aid from the O.E.O. if they had not been required to pay taxes will no longer have to share any part of their small incomes with the federal government.

The record is hardly a dazzling one, and it is not without some singularly unattractive features. The positions of power in the Administration are mostly held by men of mediocre attainments and apparently mediocre gifts. Some appear to lack the most rudimentary sense of the discontent that now besets large segments of the society. It is hardly a bracing thought that the President has, with very few exceptions, chosen the second- and third-rate over the first-rate. But the country chose the President, and he, like most men in authority, does not wish to be surrounded by men whose ideals and eloquence and abilities might appear equal to or greater than his own. At the same time, unlike most of those who surround him, he is a true politician, and one of the strengths of the true politician is to have some understanding of the needs of the people he serves, and to realize that his tenure will be short if he does not move to meet at least the most pressing of those needs.

AT the end of last September, a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee, under the chairmanship of Senator Stuart Symington, of Missouri, began a series of hearings intended to establish the full extent and nature of the foreign commitments—particularly those that might require military implementation—made by this country in the years in which it has been a superpower. Such was the innocence of the senators that they had not previously been aware that this kind of information could not be found simply by looking at the treaties that committees of the Senate and the Senate as a whole had consented to. Innocence began to fade when certain facts came to light about some seemingly peculiar American activities in Laos and Thailand—to say nothing of Vietnam—and Senator Symington, aided by an uncommonly able staff, began to pose some awkward and highly pertinent questions to representatives of the State and Defense Departments. He began by exploring the current state of our relations with our former colony and present ally the Republic of the Philippines—the alliance being secured both in the SEATO Treaty and in the Mutual Defense Treaty of 1951. The subcommittee found the language of the treaties lacking in specificity, and so, clearly, had those persons in both countries who were charged with the responsibility for fulfilling them. When questions arose, they were settled, more or less officially, in memoranda, communiqués, and aides-mémoire executed without either the advice or consent of the Senate. Our formal agreements with the Philippines state that it would not be in our national interest to permit that nation to be overwhelmed—as

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

See it, try it on—then you'll appreciate the difference Gordon makes in a pantsuit... extraordinary tailoring, superb fit, dramatic prints. Here his Lions in Summer print of 50% Arnel® triacetate-50% cotton, about $40.

At Lord & Taylor, all stores; Marshall Field, all stores; Bostonian, Ltd., State College, Pa.; Nowell's, Raleigh, North Carolina; or for the store nearest you, write Gordon Sales Associates, 1410 Broadway, New York 10018

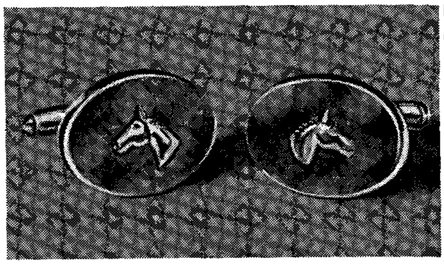
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

One of the few remaining Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway.

For reservations:
Call any Western International Hotel, or
N. Y., 661-7300 • Wash, D. C., EN 1-5800
Chicago, 337-8100 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, 397-1464 • Seattle, 682-6161

THE BENSON
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS



at Select firms
14K

Thoroughbred cufflinks in 14K gold. Horses head sculpted and inlaid within Black Onyx, $83.00. See your nicest jeweler or mail check to: SLIP-ONS, Box 4020, G.C. Sta. New York City 10017.

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50. Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

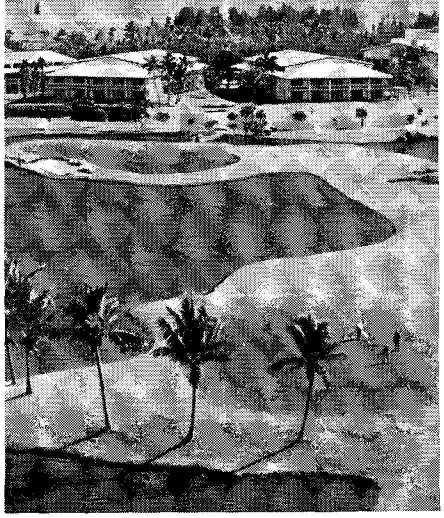
it had been in the past—by a hostile power. But does this mean that we would be called upon to defend it against any nation anywhere in any part of the archipelago under any kind of assault? Suppose, for example, that neighboring Malaysia, which is not an enemy of either the United States or the Philippines, and is in no position to threaten the security of either, attempted to establish its sovereignty over a small island that the Filipinos regarded as part of their territory. Would we, in such a case, be committed to go to war against Malaysia? The answer seems to be that there is nothing in any of our understandings that would preclude such a ridiculous use of our power. In a joint communiqué issued by Presidents Eisenhower and Garcia, on the occasion of Garcia's visit to Washington in 1958, it was noted that "President Eisenhower made clear that, in accordance with these existing alliances and the deployments and dispositions thereunder, any armed attack against the Philippines would involve an attack against United States forces stationed there and against the United States and would be instantly repelled." Four years earlier, his Secretary of State had said, "It is no legal fiction to say that an attack on one is an attack on both. It is a reality that an attack on the Philippines is an attack on the United States."

Neither the late President nor the late Secretary of State would actually have asked for a declaration of war to wrest a small piece of disputed real estate from Malaysia, but the language is clear, and there have been times when our allies have insisted that we honor the language rather than the spirit of our commitments. One of the salutary effects of the Symington hearings is to chip away at the grandiose verbiage of our treaty-makers, past and present, and thereby to chip away at some of their commitments. As a case in point, Senator Symington asked James M. Wilson, Jr., our Deputy Chief of Mission in Manila, whether "if the Philippines were attacked, say, in one of the southernmost parts of their islands, this would require an instantaneous response on our part, based on the latest executive pronouncements." Wilson replied, "My personal answer to that would be, Senator, that it would not." The Deputy Chief of Mission in Manila does not make or execute American policy, but in giving his personal and presumably informed opinion he helped make a record to which the sensible, if not necessarily the honest, may someday wish to re-

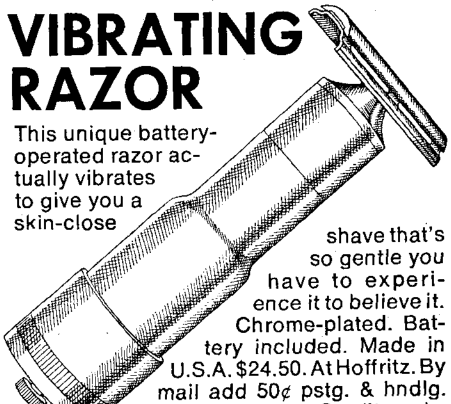
DORAL COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL / MIAMI

Now golf on four 18-hole courses. The Red *Tiger*, The White *Wonder*, the Blue *Monster*, and this winter's new *Bachelors'* Gold—for men only. *And all golf is complimentary here.*

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



VIBRATING RAZOR



This unique battery-operated razor actually vibrates to give you a skin-close shave that's so gentle you have to experience it to believe it. Chrome-plated. Battery included. Made in U.S.A. $24.50. At Hoffritz. By mail add 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
551 Fifth Ave., Dept. N16, N.Y.C. 10017

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Takeda's IRORI
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS & SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

pair. The subcommittee has also been revealing the extent to which many of our military commitments are actually for purposes not of national defense but of counter-insurgency. Symington asked Lieutenant General Robert H. Warren, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Military Assistance and Sales, why, since there had been testimony that "the external threat to the Philippines was very little," it was necessary to give the armed forces of that country such large stores of equipment. "Isn't this really a means of keeping the government satisfied?" Symington asked, adding, "They know what the other countries are getting and want their share also." This exchange ensued:

WARREN: In my opinion, to a degree, yes, sir. But it is also to help the Filipino forces to physically protect U.S. forces in the Philippines.

SYMINGTON: From whom?

WARREN: Internally, sir, to maintain internal security and stability, and thereby make our own activities over there more secure.

SYMINGTON: In other words, we are paying the Philippine government to protect us from the Philippine people who do not agree with the policies of the government or do not like the Americans.

WARREN: To a degree, yes, sir.

The transcript of the hearings on the Philippines was recently published with a considerable number of "[deleted]"s inserted at the request of the State and Defense Departments. Hearings have been held on several other countries, but the subcommittee has not published the transcripts, because it does not wish to accept the bureaucratic censorship. In time, it expects to prevail—at least in the matter of censorship.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Year after year folks wait for some kind of unusual Christmas gift from old Habernickel. This year I'll be sending you the genuine Gift of Kings—sample pieces of real Frankincense and real Myrrh!

We've put it all up inside a beautiful keepsake Christmas Tree ornament, which displays a nice chunk of each, sealed with a red band quoting the appropriate scripture from St. Matthew.

With all the trouble this year around the Holy Land there is a terrible scarcity of Frankincense, but I finally cornered enough (I hope) to give some to all my Christmas customers.—*Christmas letter from the Haband Company.*

Let's hope old Habernickel gets that scripture passage right: "And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, a nice chunk of frankincense, and a nice chunk of myrrh."

The small war on Murray Hill is now over.

For years the battle lines were drawn between two perfectly matched opponents in this fashionable New York City area.

And you can imagine who won.
Not the Doral Park Avenue.

Even though it is one of Manhattan's brightest, newest hotels. Old world elegance, but right in tempo with today.

And not the Tuscany.

Even though it is famed as "New York's biggest little hotel." Renowned for traditional courtesy and service.

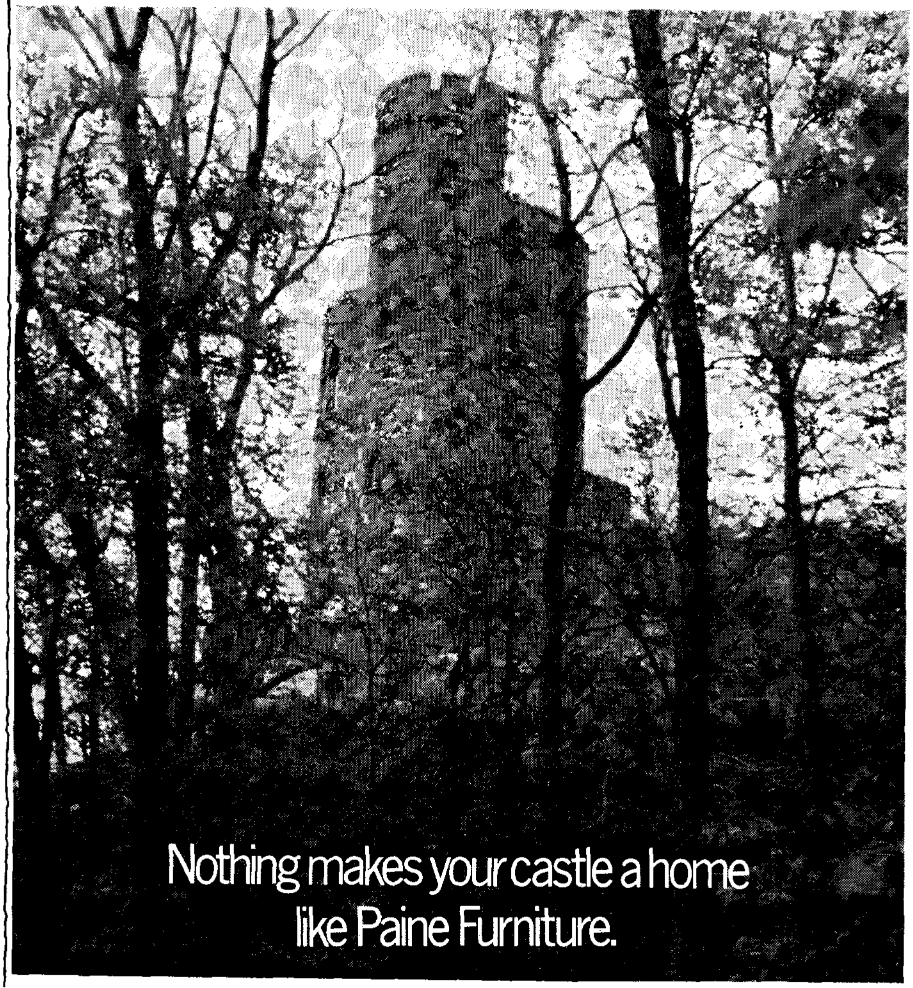
But you.

Now both are joined under the same fine management. So there's no doubt which hotel is best. You win at either hotel with the same high standards, in the best location for quiet and convenience.

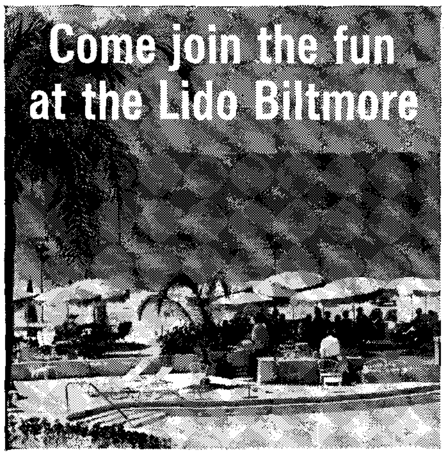
THE Tuscany
39th St., Just East of Park Ave.
New York 10016 • (212) 686-1600

DORAL PARK AVENUE
Park Ave. at 38th St.
New York 10016 • (212) 687-7050

In Florida: Doral Beach Hotel, Miami Beach, Doral Country Club, Miami

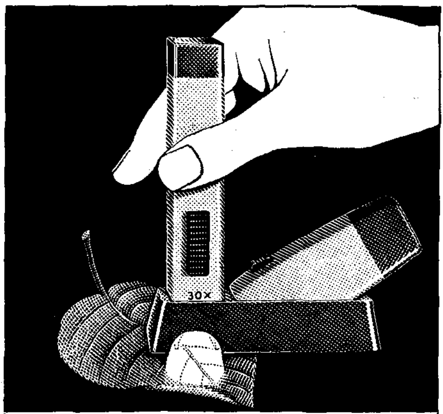


Boston • Hartford • And Branches.



Smart, sophisticated, swinging... Lido Biltmore is where you can join with the "fun people" for a memorable time. Swim in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, loll on private white sand beach, sunbathe and socialize by sparkling pool. Enjoy all water sports, plus great golf on 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. The very best in cuisine, service, hospitality and accommodations.
So come, join in the fun.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
For rates, reservations, color folder, see travel agent or call our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) LT 1-3462.



LUMISCOPE
ILLUMINATED 30x MICROSCOPE SYSTEM

Your first look through **LUMISCOPE** will evoke a gasp of surprise and disbelief! Here, in a brilliantly illuminated field you will discover the mini-structure of inanimate and living things. You needn't restrict yourself to static observations. Have you ever watched life within a drop of water? Or the subtle color changes as electricity courses through a resistance wire? These and other fascinating sights can be visible to you with **LUMISCOPE.** The System consists of the Microscope, light attachment (may be used separately as a flashlight), stand and batteries– in fitted case.

Send me: ☐ Standard **LUMISCOPE** $14.95.
☐ Measuring **L'SCOPE** (3mm reticle) $19.95.
I enclose this amount (plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. residents add 5%. Refund in 2 WEEKS if not delighted.
NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
NY0117
584 Washington St. San Francisco, 94111 haverhills

THE CURRENT CINEMA

English Bull

NICOL WILLIAMSON is a violently self-conscious actor whose effect on the camera is like that of the singers who used to shatter crystal. And he had the bad fortune to enter movies just when new, strenuous forms of sexual freedom were coming in, so he's gone through more gyrations in a year and a half than most actors do in a long career. He has already run a gamut of sexual positions, plus such assorted Jacobean exertions as drooling, vomiting, murder, and suicide. He goes from being gracelessly virile to being repulsively masochistic, and, whichever it is, he's too much. His racked and tortured energy seems to be irresistible to the English directors he works with; as if in awe of his force, they stand back and let him rage and snivel and curse. They don't often get an actor with a powerful animal presence, and they probably hope Williamson's thumping virility will keep their movies from being dull, but he just flails around like a self-flagellating windmill. A little exhibitionism goes a long way on film; many of us probably flinch every time the ads promise another "tour de force." Williamson is always "brilliant" and "dazzling." He *is* brilliant, he *is* dazzling—yet he's awful. You feel as if he were trying to reach out of the screen and grab you and strong-arm you. The great movie actors know when to cool it and how to relax on camera and just *be*. During the same period, Robert Redford has become a star without ever having had a really good role, because he's an intuitive master of movie technique, of non-actorish readings and minimal gestures; he seems extraordinarily sensitive to the medium, and naturally wary about any inflation of feeling. He's the opposite of a ranter. Williamson is always at white heat. By his fifth movie, it's just about impossible to take his snarling and whining seriously; it's just the Williamson routine. He's so damned electrifying he burns us out.

One easily forgave Williamson the movie version of "Inadmissible Evidence," because he had been so great in the role on the stage, and because the movie was so badly misconceived that he could hardly be blamed for not saving it. But after "The Bofors Gun," "Laughter in the Dark," and "The Reckoning" (which was made last year but has not yet been released) I walked out on his "Hamlet" and had to force myself to go back and see it to the end. Though much of the blame for the artistic failure of his films must fall on Jack Gold, who directed "The Bofors Gun" and "The Reckoning," and on Tony Richardson, who directed "Laughter in the Dark" and "Hamlet," Nicol Williamson is probably the worst major (and greatly gifted) actor on the English-speaking screen today.

"The Bofors Gun" was supposed to be about a weak upper-class corporal (David Warner) who out of cowardice fails to help an anguished, suicidal Irish serviceman (Williamson). But Williamson's self-destructiveness was so wildly, flamboyantly out of scale—his Irishman was such a drunken, satanic brute—that one simply couldn't imagine how *anybody* could help him, and one's sympathy shifted to the corporal. "The Bofors Gun" was an impossible venture anyway—a movie designed for no conceivable audience—and perhaps this distortion made the film more interesting (and less ideological) than it would otherwise have been. But "Laughter in the Dark" was a good, tawdry movie subject. Tony Richardson is, however, a strange mixture of intelligence and insensitivity, a director with terrible lapses of judgment, and "Laughter in the Dark" was full of them. One could never be quite sure what the tone was meant to be, or whether it was all right to laugh aloud at what appeared to be funny. Nicol Williamson was up there on the screen suffering away to the point of ridicule and beyond, and the director, apparently infatuated with all this great acting, couldn't see what was happening to the picture. Williamson *seems* so brilliant that in his first few movies I thought he would be great if only there were less of him and he could tone down a bit for the camera and get himself under control. I no longer think so; I think the problem is somewhat different, and much deeper.

Williamson has no center as an actor, no core to his characters, nothing one can trust and fall back on. You never have the sense of how his characters would be if things were going well for them; there's no indication of

The Winstons aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

There are Apaches on the reservation in Clear Fork, Arizona, who can remember the last, hopeless Apache uprising in 1900. But for Della Alakay, a seven-year-old Apache, the enemy is not the U.S. Cavalry.

She and her people are fighting another kind of war. This time the enemies are poverty, disease and despair. And for the first time in generations, there's a chance that the Apaches might win: thanks to the courageous efforts of her own people and other Americans like the Winstons.

Anne and Stan Winston and their two daughters live in a New York suburb 2,000 miles from the reservation. But it's another world. The Winstons live in a big, old house and complain about a big, new mortgage. Their girls have a closetful of clothes and "nothing to wear." They have bikes, skates, games, books, records and "nothing to do."

Della and her seven brothers and sisters have none of these problems. Her father spends as much time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the barest necessities are hard to come by.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Winstons are helping Della. The cost is $15.00 a month. It's not a lot of money, but certainly the Winstons could have thought of a lot of other things to do with it. Fortunately they thought of Della first.

To her, these funds make a remarkable difference. She no longer need feel embarrassed about not having shoes, a decent school dress, school supplies, or pocket money.

Some of the pressure, too, is off her parents, who can now begin thinking about making their home a little more livable. Also, and perhaps most important, part of the money is put into a fund from which the village can borrow to start self-help projects, including better housing and a water system.

Already there is a new feeling of hope among the villagers and confidence in their ability to help themselves. Even little Della has volunteered to give some time each week to keep her school playground clean.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children as well as children in Appalachia, Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo and history of the child, progress reports and a chance to correspond.

The Winstons know they can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people who care. How about you?

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and is a member of the International Union of Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports available on request.

National Sponsors (partial list):
Claude Arpels, Faith Baldwin,
Hon. James A. Farley, Andy Griffith,
Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly,
Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney,
Norman Rockwell, Frank Sinatra

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD.
☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST ☐ LATIN AMERICA
☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
☐ VIETNAM ☐ AFRICA

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
☐ $15.00 MONTHLY ☐ $45.00 QUARTERLY
☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $________.

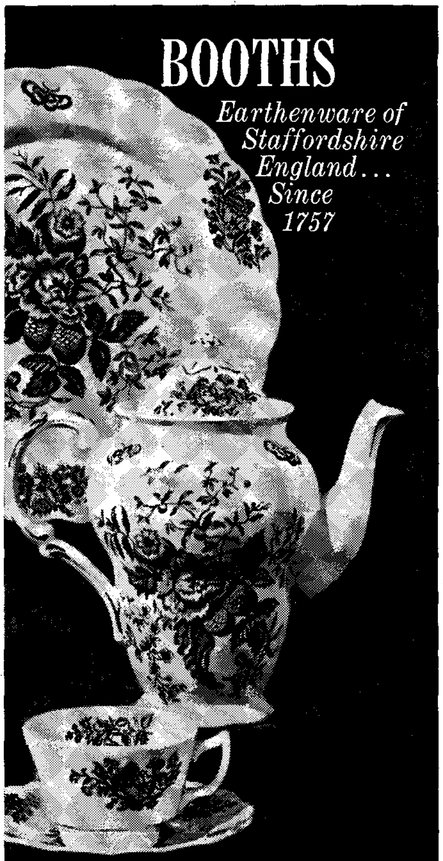
☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP________

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE NY 1/17/0



BLUE PEONY—5 pc. place setting, about $7.
Available at Tiffany & Co.
Send for FREE illustrated Booths brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B1, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

LEATHER

THE SADDLE Olive, gold, mahogany, rust, black, walnut, natural, antique honey. Heavy saddle leather. Steel swivel base. $75 Packing chg. $1. Exp. Col. No COD's. Leathercrafter (N) 303 E. 51st St., N.Y. 10022. Branch: 177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y. Catalog, 25¢.

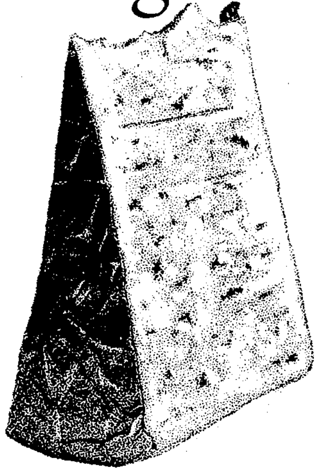
CRAFTER

KEY BISCAYNE FLORIDA 33149
Royal Biscayne
A SHERATON HOTEL
1500 ft. private beach, pools, tennis & pro, golf nearby, BBQ, lobster bakes, award dining, entertainment
See any Travel Agent or call any Sheraton reservation office
A worldwide service of ITT

what their normal state would be, no suggestion that his Hamlet was different when the old king was alive. Williamson seems to be trying to find himself—acting-out, like the worst Method-driven American actors. He doesn't mumble inarticulately, like the Method actors; he's overarticulate. But since he reduces words to fast rant and gibberish, the result is about the same—an apparent distrust of language. The frightened eyes, the words sputtered out like tongue twisters from between the gnashing teeth are part of an anti-Establishment explosiveness in English theatre which dates back to Jimmy Porter in "Look Back in Anger" but is only now beginning to find its personification—in Nicol Williamson. That, I would guess, is why Tony Richardson was drawn to mount this "Hamlet"—because Williamson would bring the compulsiveness of the Osborne heroes into the Shakespeare "classic" and thus demonstrate a new, "revolutionary" spirit. If Americans have loved English actors, it has been in large part for their immaculate diction and quiet craftsmanship, in contrast to our own overwrought juveniles' sweating and straining, always *feeling* so much more than they can express. Williamson's surly "Hamlet" is more in the American spirit; his acting is all pathos and vituperation, snarls and tantrums. Yet he isn't really strong; he's such a weeper. Bearded, and with a nasal twang, he's deliberately, wretchedly unattractive. He stares so much he's in danger of wearing out his eyeballs; his Hamlet's troubles could be due to epilepsy as easily as to corruption in the royal house. When Ophelia describes him as having been the glass of fashion and the mold of form, she seems already mad; this Hamlet was *never* the glass of fashion.

The tension is gone, because this Hamlet is not a man who is destroyed by the events we see and by his own divided feelings; he is weak at the outset. He never had "a noble and most sovereign reason" to feign losing, and he is so teary and petulant with his mother that his anger over her remarriage seems a spoiled child's resentment. The play collapses not only as drama but as poetic drama. Williamson's morose, self-pitying Hamlet lacks heroism, and Hamlet's speeches, as Williamson delivers them, lack beauty. Williamson's is the least noble Hamlet imaginable, but if Hamlet is not a prince, what is he? The movie isn't a reinterpretation of "Hamlet" but an exploitation of what's worst in Nicol Williamson as an actor, and Tony

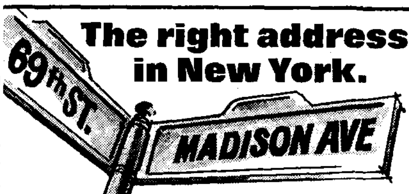
Danish Original



There's no mistaking authentic Danish Blue cheese. Crown a sizzling steak or hamburger with its tempting tang. Add spunk to salads, snacks and sauces. A distinct accent to pizza. Delicious Danish Blue is an original import, and as every woman knows, nothing can compare to an original.

IMPORTED
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK.

The right address in New York.

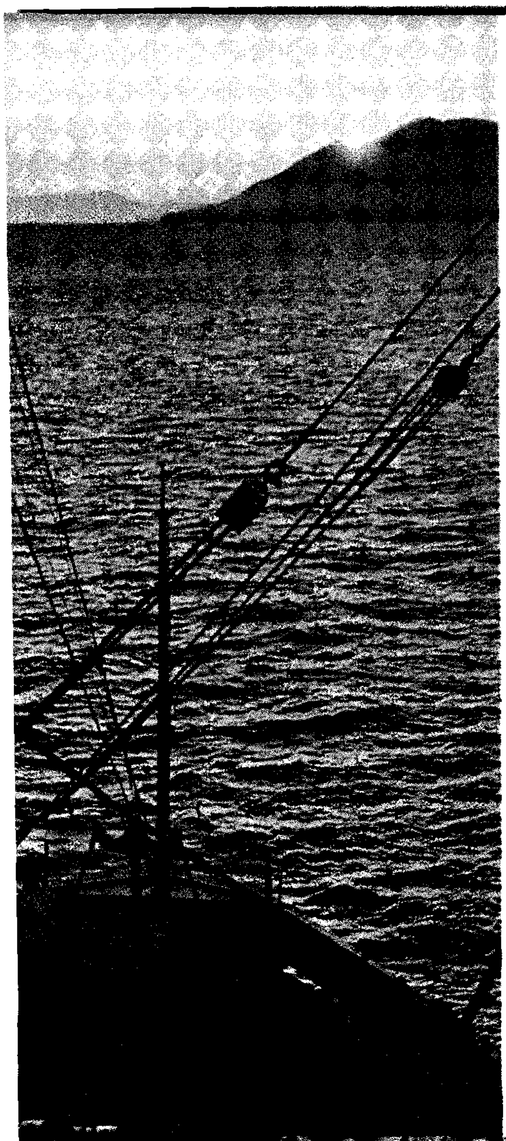


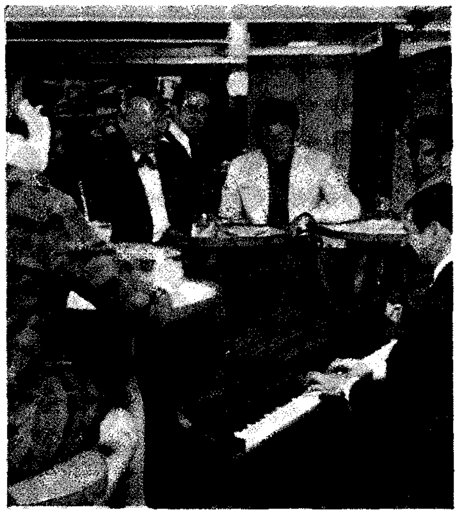
A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

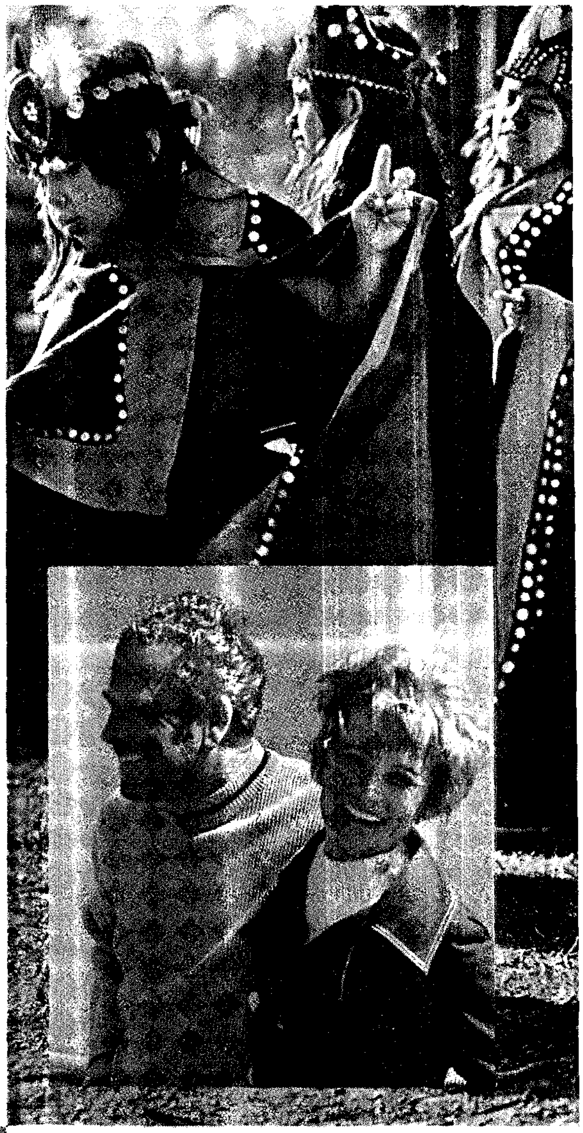
THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000
KNOTT HOTELS

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street
CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.

FRENCH STUDIES IN SOUTHERN FRANCE
6-week Summer course, June 22-August 1. Intensive language training in Avignon, medieval city of the Popes. 6 credit hours. Grammar, conversation and composition, French literature and civilization. Drama Festival, Modern Cinema, Art exhibitions and political cafés. Field Trips to Aix, Marseille, Arles and Nimes. $525 includes tuition, room, demi-pension, field trips. Charter flight extra.
Write: airmail
N. Bayley-Benney,
Director Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Universite, 13-Aix-en-Provence, France







2000 spectacular miles.
30 fabulous meals.
8 unforgettable days.
1 ship has it all.

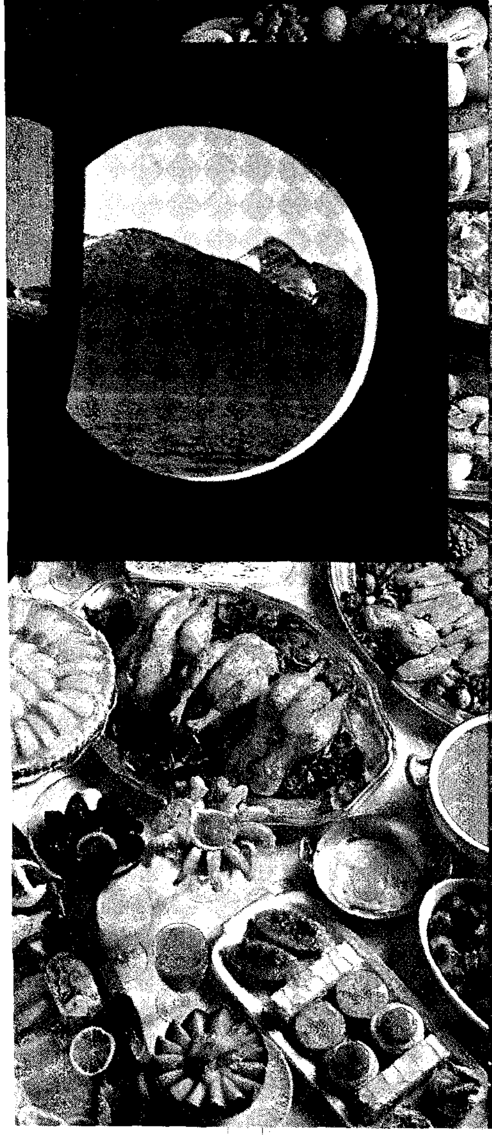
S.S. PRINCE GEORGE TO ALASKA.

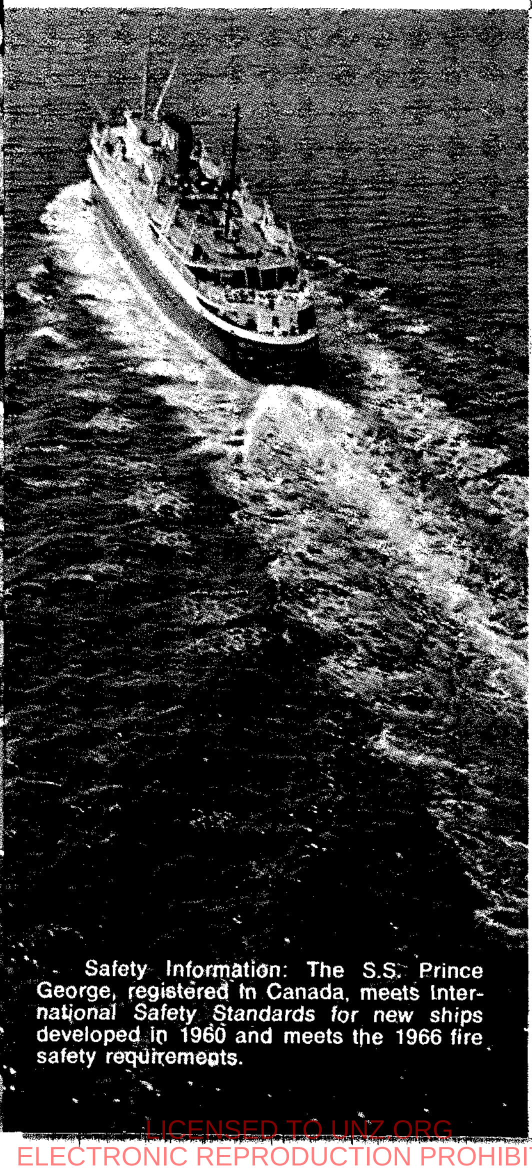
Imagine a sheltered waterway winding 2000 miles past mountains, waterfalls, glaciers and fiords. Picture a cruise ship on the order of a fine vacation resort. Every cabin has an outside view. There are 7 decks for strolling and sunning, warm cocktail lounges, friendly clubrooms.

Imagine a menu of gourmet calibre. Offering such specialities as freshly-caught B.C. salmon. Or prime western beef. With a wine list to tempt a connoisseur.

This is the S.S. Prince George, Canadian National's famous cruise ship. Bound from Vancouver, B.C. through the sheltered Inside Passage to the intriguing ports of Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Juneau and Wrangell with their unique shopping opportunities. Bound for Skagway and an unforgettable optional side trip on the old "Trail of '98" to Lake Bennett. Shouldn't you book now?

21 sailings from Vancouver from April 26 through October 3. Cost: as low as $290. per person, Canadian funds (includes accommodation and meals). Ask about special discount rates for early and late season cruises. See your travel agent or Canadian National Passenger Sales Office.





Safety Information: The S.S. Prince George, registered in Canada, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

NY-1

CN

Canadian National Railways

Passenger Sales and Services,
Canadian National Railways,
P.O. Box 8100, Montreal 101,
Quebec, Canada.

Please send me color brochure on the S.S. Prince George Alaska Cruises.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State .... Zip ....

New elegance from an old friend.

Jewel Boxes from Kleenex.

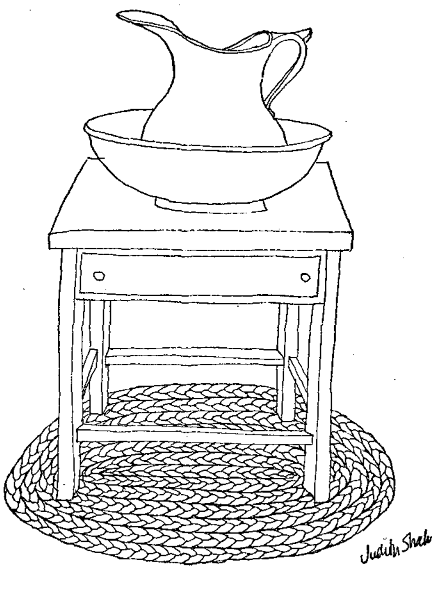
They look like they came from Tiffany's or Cartier's to go anywhere in your home. *Five* dazzling jewel box colors. Each beautiful enough to set off any room you set them out in. And look for an old friend to be popping up in them.

Kleenex® The First Tissue.
Kimberly-Clark Corporation

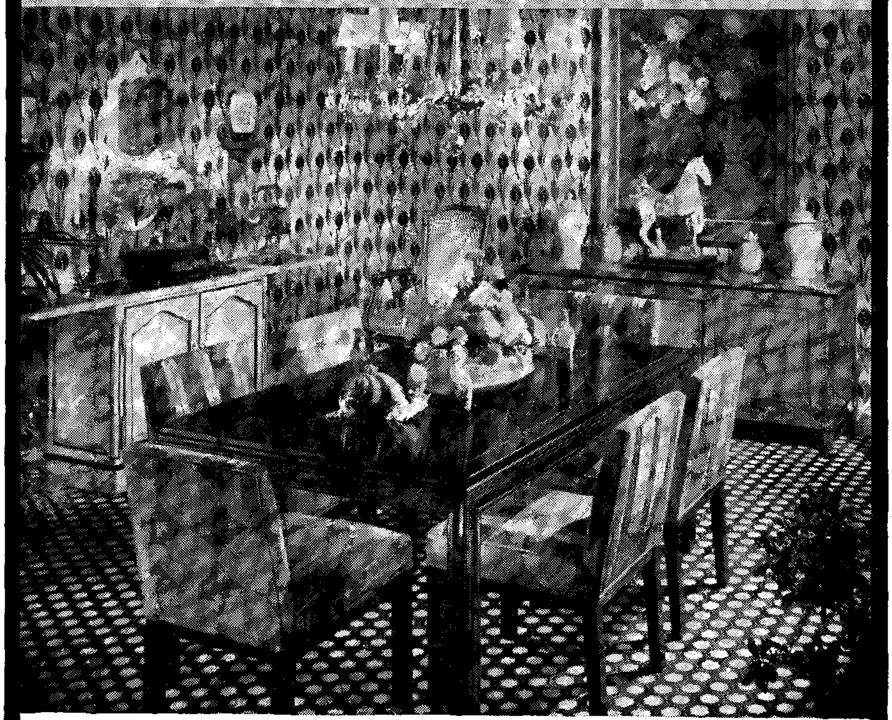
Kleenex
Kleenex

Richardson hasn't worked out a conception to back him up.

This "Hamlet" is a claustrophobically enclosed production. The movie was shot in the Round House—the old London engine shed converted into a theatre—where Richardson also staged the play, and it is done almost completely in oppressive closeups, without concern for locating the players in terms of where they are or what they are to each other. The words and the faces are mostly divorced from action, and Richardson has had many of the actors speed up their lines and recite them as if they were worthless. From the darkness and candle flames, it appears to be always nighttime and in limbo, though the railway-shed backgrounds suggest that the action is taking place in tunnels or sewers. A few ramparts and castle sets need not cost very much, so one must assume that Richardson thought this dark-sewer staging would be more effective. Presumably, the other perversities and eccentricities (the lascivious, incestuous Ophelia, Osric as a drag queen, and so on) are also deliberate. There are a few good moments: Roger Livesey's entrance with the players provides the first touch of humanity in the movie; he is in beautiful cracked voice and fine music-hall spirit. Anthony Hopkins, though he is a very young Claudius, has a handsome, Burtonlike authority, but he's so much more appealing than Williamson that one rather wishes Claudius were left in peace to rule the country, since Hamlet is obviously unfit. This is a fundamentally damaged production of "Hamlet"—a great play made into a monotonous and incomprehensible movie. The desire to take the "beauty" out of "Hamlet" and make it abrasive and new is understandable, but this "Hamlet" isn't tragic or absurdist or


Judith Shahn

John Widdicomb
makers of fine furniture for more than a century



Get to know John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator
JW
NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 Chestnut St. • BOSTON, 90 Berkeley St. • GRAND RAPIDS, Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

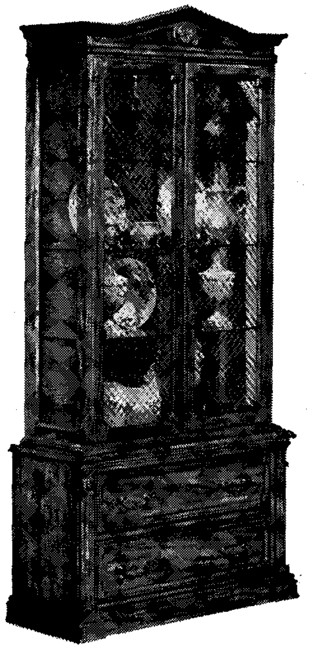
MAUPINTOUR '70 HOLIDAYS / LEAVE CARES AT HOME!
GREECE
AND 7-DAY JASON AEGEAN ISLE CRUISE
LEISURELY / BEST HOTELS / SMALL PARTY / 22 DAYS

LIFESEE THE GLORIES of Attica the Peloponnese, and Thessaly . . . plus 7-day Aegean Isle Cruise to Crete, Santorini, Rhodes, Ephesus, Istanbul, Delos, and Mykonos. Two days at Vouliagmeni's luxurious *Astir Palace*, three days in Athens at the *Grande Bretagne*. See Sunion, Marathon, Chalkis, Euripus, Thermopylae, Meteora, Parnassus, Delphi, Olympia, Nauplia, Epidaurus, Mycenae, Corinth. Entertainments, special events, good dining.

WEEKLY, April through September, from New York. Olympic Airways. 22 days, only $1398. Escorted.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone 212-687-7773.

Maupintour
world-wide standard of travel excellence



Davis makes lasting impressions in solid wood.

New curio cabinet from the Aegean collection by Davis. Craftsman of fine solid wood furniture.

DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY

For "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture" send $1.00 to Dept. NY-11, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tenn. 37206

In the center of the prominent medical, business, educational community, a hotel in the quiet European tradition.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS

Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

interestingly modern. It's just cheap Jacobean-Mod, sexed up whenever possible.

"A Boy Named Charlie Brown" is a very sad excuse for a children's picture, a pathetically limp animation feature that barely taps the verbal wit or the great charm of the comic strip it's derived from. It's particularly inexcusable if one has seen the animation short "Windy Day," which is so fresh in its treatment of childhood fantasies, and which *moves* so beautifully. This lumpy, padded-out feature doesn't even just ramble on—which might be engaging. It rambles and then tries for big effects. "Charlie Brown" is a parasitical film whose makers had no real idea of how to present the "Peanuts" material. Seeing the picture in an audience full of disappointed children is very depressing; it may be the first movie experience for many of them, and it doesn't show them what movies can be. After the first few minutes of eagerness and awe, the incompetence of the moviemakers takes its toll: the noise level (which is the indifference level) in the theatre begins to rise. Are there people who really think the unctuous optimism of the Rod McKuen songs (which are not even in the spirit of the "Peanuts" strip) will appeal to children, or are the songs just another example of cheating the children by appealing to that sickly condescension of fearful parents toward the young? The program at the Radio City Music Hall includes a long short, from Universal Pictures, glorifying the Air Force Academy, and the stage show features the planting of the flag on the moon, with a song about "The astronauts who called the tune/ And put Old Glory on the moon." This crude patriotism is the perfect complement to John Scott Trotter's musical direction in the movie and to the flabby icky-mindedness of McKuen's songs.

For the patient, loving parents who line up with their children—five thousand strong every few hours—hoping to give the children the pleasure of a big holiday show, the "showplace of the nation" is an American disgrace. Only a few blocks from the theatres where great American dancers perform, the sad, klutzy ballerinas of the Music Hall pollute children's first live experience of dance. The only redeeming element of the whole stage-and-screen spectacle is a bit of the pageantry of the stage show—a few pretty calendar-art designs and some trick effects. There was an intelligent letter in the *Times* last Sunday complaining of how young chil-

la maisonette
presents
Daniele Dorice
Jan. 15-28
HAL TURNER & his Orchestra
QUINTERO & his Latin Band
Dancing 7:30 'til 2
Jan. 29-Feb. 11
KOLE & PARAM
LA BOITE
Dinner at 6:30, Music 'til 1:30
Ernest Schoen and Julius Kuti
Nightly except Sunday
PLaza 3-4500
St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

For a traditional roast beef dinner, and Yorkshire pop-over, fly to London.
Or, take a cab to
Keen's
English Chop House.
72 W. 36, N.Y.—WI 7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD like
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 3:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

SAILING FOR BOYS
An eight weeks session in a magnificent environment on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Expert instruction in Boat-handling, Seamanship, Racing, Navigation and Swimming. Land Sports. Survival Training. One Hundred Boys—Ages Nine to Fifteen. $800.00. Write for Booklet.
Estab. 1929 VIKING Orleans, Mass.
Cedric Hagenbuckle Phone: 255-2739

dren (including busloads of schoolchildren from "underprivileged" homes) are kept waiting in the freezing cold outside the theatre and of the painful disappointment of those who don't get in. This, though bad enough, is perhaps not so serious in terms of their future lives as the disappointment of those who do get in, and the resulting apathy. Now that, by M.P.A. policy, admissions are restricted, children are not getting even the experiences that turned earlier generations into movie lovers. American movies are in an interesting period, but most of the best ones are not available to children. The children are cut off from "adult" entertainment, and nothing is offered in its place that provides comparable pleasure or excitement. It is really incredible that a great nation can be so culturally demoralized that the high point of children's entertainment for hundreds of thousands of people is a visit to a tourist trap. Apathy is one hell of a holiday gift for children, and it's the same gift they're offered all year long.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

A PLACE OF TREES

They've been felling in the copse
Beside the lane. All day long
I have listened to the collapse
Of timber, the mad saw wailing,

Agonized, while it spun free,
And then the blade's grateful moan
As it cracked another tree,
Like a dog splintering a bone.

Thinking I'd take a last look,
I came when the men had left.
In the failing light, the smoke
Of their bonfires lingered soft

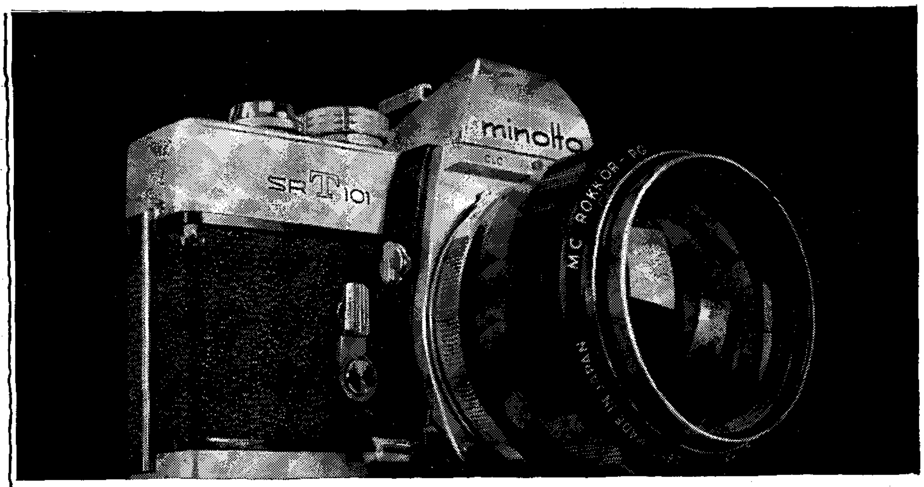
Among the wilting laurels
That used to grow in the dark.
The raw stumps were tar barrels
Open to the shooting spark,

But by those flares I could recall
No individual trunk,
No limb, or any single
Leaf of what lived here. I think,

In this winter night, only
Of close, high-summer shadows
Gathering over a lonely
Visitor. A dirt path shows

The way he came to this place
Of trees. It leads into a dry
Field, and fields beyond, then space
Beyond the last star of the sky.

—TED WALKER



We made it for when you make it.

Our finest: the Minolta SR-T 101 with a very fast f/1.2 lens.

What makes the SR-T 101 so unusual is that it makes taking fine pictures so easy.

Without ever looking away from the viewfinder, you can make all the settings for perfect exposure.

And a thru-the-lens metering system automatically compensates for uneven light.

Now that you've made it, get the camera that was made for you ... the Minolta SR-T 101 35mm single lens reflex. Under $350, plus case, with f/1.2 lens.

Also available with f/1.4 or f/1.7 lens, starting under $260, plus case.

See your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N. Y., N. Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., Montreal 376.

Minolta makes fine photography easier

The Balmoral Beach Hotel never stands still.

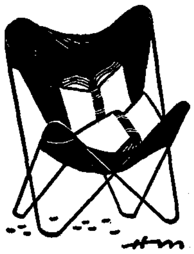
This is where Nassau *moves.* All day long it swims, scubas, barbecues, bathes, soaks up sun and something-with-tonic. We keep four beaches and a private island for that. At night it swings with the Bluenotes, dances al fresco, dines a la mode and romances all over the place. If Nassau *does* stand still it's sleeping in the lushest rooms on the island. See your travel agent or call Sonesta Reservation Service.

In Continental U.S. call FREE 800-221-2662
In New York State call FREE 800-522-6444 In New York City call LOCAL PLaza 2-9100

The Balmoral Beach Hotel
On Cable Beach
Nassau, Bahamas

BOOKS

Time of Their Lives

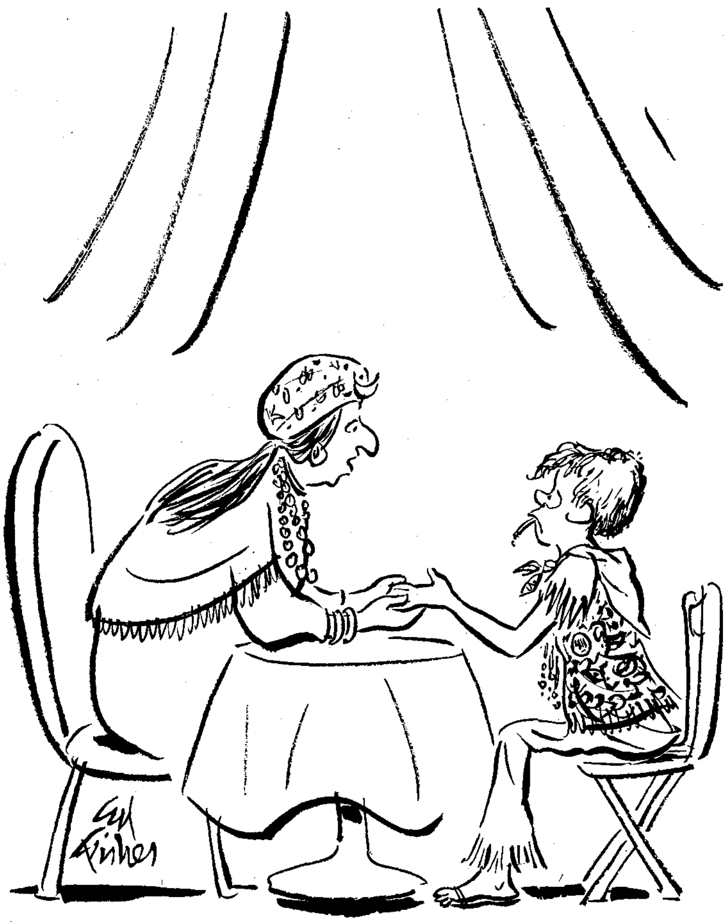


IMPROBABLE Greer Garson in a tin hat, those bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover, Henry Moore's cocoons, men and women close-meshed in the loving fug of the shelters, Noël Coward treading oily water in impeccable facsimile of Mountbatten, who, thrashing for air in the black churn of a sinking destroyer, heard a sailor say, "It's always the scum that floats to the top;" the bagpipers skirling in the desert on El Alamein morning under auroras of artillery; St. Paul's literally hovering (that fantastic photograph) over seas of smoke and flame, affirming in the histrionic glare of phosphorus and searchlights that London could "take it"—nostalgic snapshots of a better time. England has been poring over them, after a summer as deceptively blue as 1940. Bookstores are awash with war memoirs, regimental histories, "fight-them-yourselves" kits covering hallowed ground from Dunkirk to Benghazi, Monte Cassino to the Rhine. Quarter-centennials follow one another on television: we have lately been through Arnhem, replete with private reminiscences and punditries about whether or not it was all necessary, whether the Second Army could, by a pincer movement, etc., but summoning up also wondrous shots of those English, Welsh, Canadian, Polish graves, so constantly tended and flowered by local children under the pale span of a Dutch sky.

Long queues, themselves a strangely popular relic of blitz and austerity, still wait to see the big movie of last year, "Battle of Britain." To the middle-aged and old, in the golden haze of memory even the enemy looks pardonable. The B.B.C. has marked, with melancholy dispassion, the recent anniversary of Rommel's suicide. In short, we know now that Churchill's phrase about the "finest hour" was more than oratory or a shrewd anticipation of Laurence Olivier at Agincourt (another wartime product). It was sober fact. In England, men and women have never felt quite as alive again, as liberated from the daily world of paper towels, mortgages, and soft snoring of a Sunday afternoon. In the light of those loud fires, even Woking and Lower Uppingham Junction shone. Clouds have never ridden so high again in the September air.

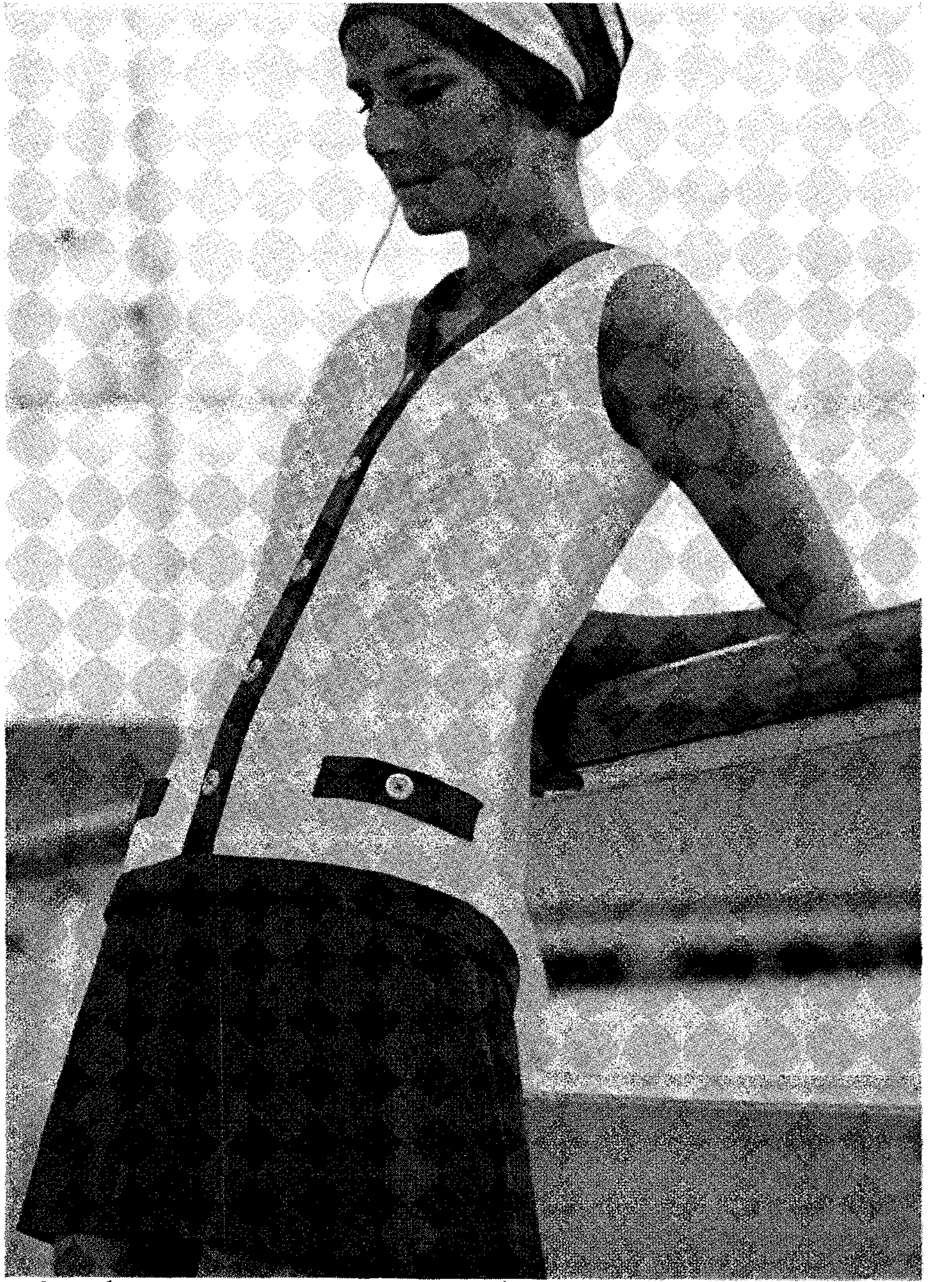
With nostalgia has come a measure of justice. Nothing is more arresting in Angus Calder's "The People's War: Britain—1939-45" (Pantheon) than the evidence that the men of Munich were, at key points, getting England ready for survival. Chamberlain's hopes in Hitler were a foolish thing. But at the end of September, 1938, thirty-eight million gas masks were issued to men, women, and children. Plans for the evacuation of the cities had already been made, and ration books were in hand. Mesmerized by expectations of gas warfare and immediate holocaust, the survivors of the Somme and of Ypres who now governed England had sought to stave off war at almost any price. They had gagged foresight and sacrificed honor. Most Englishmen fully supported them, and the Labour movement was steadfast in its opposition to rearmament. Yet, with that gritty realism and gift for discreet, disciplined improvisation that marks English life, the men with umbrellas and sad smiles had let others, readier, less sanguine than themselves, get on with the job. Radar was far and secretly advanced, the Spitfire was on the assembly line. Very soon after Munich, the British rate of aircraft production crept past the German. Though he does not say so, Mr. Calder gives implicit support to the thesis that the year gained by selling out Czechoslovakia was the margin of survival and ultimate victory.

The beginning was grotesque. A technical fault in the warning system sent two groups of R.A.F. fighters into the air over the Thames; they engaged one another, and two planes were shot down. The summer and winter of 1939 saw the greatest flood of marriages ever recorded in British statistics. And though the evacuation of three and a half million women, children, and cripples had begun, Armageddon seemed to grow phonier by the day. Only the blackout and the silvery barrage balloons lazing over London had altered the customary landscape. One of the graver changes occurred at Eton: boys were going into school bareheaded so that they might repair to dugouts without an unseemly scuffle over their top hats. Evelyn Waugh's observation in "Men at Arms" precisely captures the new note: "Servants dismissed, lawns plowed, dower houses and shooting lodges crammed to capacity; mothers-in-law and nannies were ev-



"I'm sorry, but you still come out trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient..."

Culotte cruising



Sacony takes you on a comfortable voyage in this culotte dress. Enjoy yourself, it's a washable knit of Arnel triacetate plus nylon by Contempo Knits. White with red, navy, yellow, pistachio. 8-18. $26.

For the stores nearest you call this special number free: 800-243-6000, any time, any day. In Conn., call 800-942-0655.

with Arnel by Sacony®

CELANESE ARNEL
A Celanese fashion fiber in tested fabrics

Celanese® Arnel®

Presenting the face that looks freshly made up hour after hour after hour.

All those pale, pearly creams and shadows and tawny blushers you put on can make you look absolutely beautiful. For a while.

Then they can blotch and cake and streak and fade away. But not any more. Now, Temporary Beauty, you can have Lasting Beauty.

Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. A revolutionary new mist that you put on after you put your makeup on. It keeps makeup—even the most fragile shades—looking fresh and clean and natural and new. Hours longer than usual. You can end the day, or the evening, looking just as perfect as you did when you started out. No shine. No nothing. Nice.

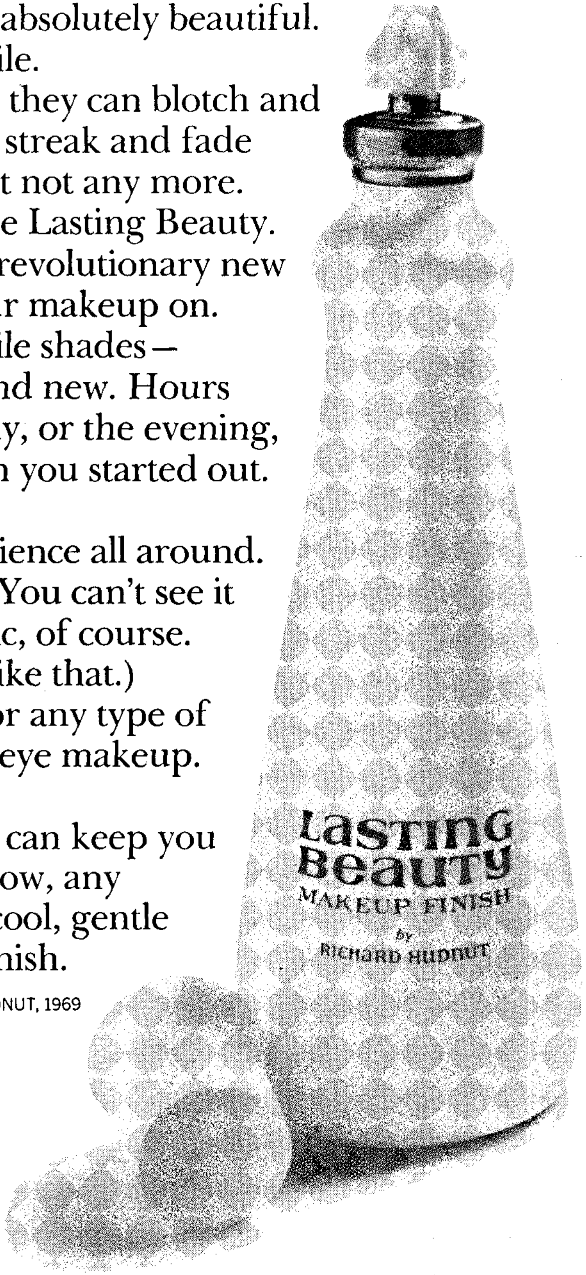
Lasting Beauty is a nice new experience all around. It feels cool and nice when it goes on. You can't see it or feel it after that. (It's hypo-allergenic, of course. It won't clog your pores, or anything like that.)

Lasting Beauty works like magic for any type of skin. Over any kind of makeup. Even eye makeup. Indoors or out. Day or night.

There's never been a makeup that can keep you looking beautiful long enough. And now, any makeup can do it. With the help of a cool, gentle mist called Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish.

Use it. Every time out.

© RICHARD HUDNUT, 1969



Lasting Beauty

Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. A revolutionary new mist that turns ordinary makeup into long-lasting makeup.

erywhere gaining control." When war turned real, in May and June of 1940, it did so with terrifying speed. Overnight, England became the front line: "The hitherto obscure railway station at Headcorn, in Kent, with a staff of one master and two porters, suddenly arrived at celebrity by feeding 145,000 troops. Forty or fifty ladies of the neighbourhood worked eight-hour shifts for nine days and nights to prepare the food which the army had provided." Battered French poilus, rescued from the beaches, stared at young men in white flannels playing cricket on the immaculate greens of Surrey. But after midnight on September 8th, London looked a burning lake in Hell.

Many factors account for the sheer military brilliance shown by R.A.F. fighter pilots and for the resilience of ordinary men and women under nightly bombardment. As Mr. Calder emphasizes, the Spitfire was superior to almost anything the Germans could throw into the battle. By shifting the onslaught from vital airdromes to cities, the Luftwaffe gave Fighter Command the breathing space it desperately needed. The sheer ferocity of German raids welded the community. There were, literally, no conceivable alternatives to courage. But there was also a psychological motive, or "collective simile," which Mr. Calder misses. He merely notes the queer mixture of horror and relief felt at the collapse of France: "Now we know where we are. No more bloody allies!" Standing entirely alone against a European continent enslaved, facing invasion from Boulogne and Calais, England in 1940 relived the Napoleonic hour. These were precisely the odds, fearsome as they might appear, by which it had achieved victory against a foe of much greater military genius a hundred and twenty years before. When Russia came into the war, in 1941, the precedent of Moscow and Waterloo seemed more than ever prophetic.

Mr. Calder's account of economic, social, industrial, cultural, and domestic life under the blitz is admirable. He has a writer's eye for telling detail:

> Firemen were cut off and perished in the acres of flame; men bent their faces to the nozzles of their hoses, craving the draught of pure cold air which dwelt round the water jet. Yet for others, it was the cold which was unbearable, coupled with thirst and hunger. One pump at least was continuously in action for forty hours, with A.F.S. men taking turns on the heavy branch. Their arms and shoulders ached... and the back pressure made it difficult to keep the branch up forward to the fire. "Gradually," one of them recalls, "we got wet; the film of mist blown by the wind off our jet settled on everything, till in a very little while we were just covered in a cold, sticky mixture of oil, petrol, and water." ... It was days before these fires were extinguished, and meanwhile others were created; in those days, the flames fused the A.F.S. and the regular firemen together in unity, to form a new class of never-resting sleepwalkers.

On October 15, 1940, four hundred and ten raiders dropped five hundred and thirty-eight tons of high explosives on London. Prewar calculations had predicted that this magnitude of attack would result in twenty-five thousand casualties. In fact, less than five hundred civilians were killed. Shelters proved surprisingly effective, particularly once Londoners were allowed to appropriate their deeply built subway stations, and the bombardment of cities turned out to be a savage but fundamentally inefficient proceeding. "In the immensity of Greater London, with its peacetime population of nearly nine million, three or four hundred bombers would waste their efforts." The concentrated onslaughts on Coventry, Bristol, Southampton, and Portsmouth were more effective. But even there (the Allies were to discover the same thing when they began pounding Germany) industry and civic organizations proved strikingly resilient: six weeks after an annihilation raid that gave a new verb to the language, the production in Coventry of tank engines, airscrews, and other vital components was back to normal.

Churchill's role was obviously crucial. Like all of his recent generation, Mr. Calder is resistant to the Churchillian aura. He judges J. B. Priestley's famous causeries on the B.B.C. to have expressed the mood of 1940 more fully than Churchill. He makes the fair point that the Prime Minister was at the outset as distrusted by his own party, which had long seen in him a rogue elephant, as he was by Labour. Mr. Calder's reading of Churchill's mercurial, impish, deliberately theatrical temper is often acute. But it stays flat. The miracle was one of total embodiment: like Napoleon in 1814, or Lenin and Trotsky in 1918-19, Sir Winston compacted into his own idiosyncratic person the identity of a whole nation. A fascinating symbolic transfer took place: the man's physique, in itself so odd, and under ordinary circumstances unsettling, became an image of endurance, of indomitable

Get snowed!

Get more than your share of untouched snow. Along thousands of slopes and trails, waiting for the mark of your skis or toboggan. In areas where natural beauty abounds, and where there's scope for everyone, from beginner to expert. They're part of public recreation areas all across the nation. Hundreds offering winter fun. Many just hours away from your home. Pick a state where you'd like to enjoy winter sports, and write to its travel director at the state capital. Ask for a list of winter fun sites. Discover...

America

U.S. Dept. of the Interior—U.S. Dept. of Agriculture

Mr. Sam wishes a word with you.

Mr. Sam is your maitre d'.

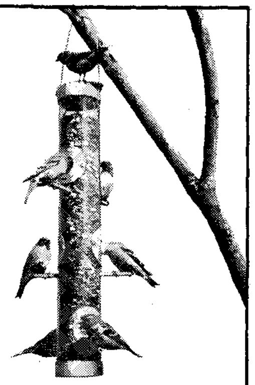
"Wear a coat in the dining room, sir? Only if you like. You want to relax, mon, when you live at this hotel. Ride a beach buggy or a water scooter. Or play tennis at night under the lights. We'll send your drinks right to the courts, mon."

Chatham

One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your travel agent or Utell International, Essex House, NYC, PLaza 7-2981.

DROLL YANKEE BIRD FEEDER



Heavy duty plastic, 16" feeder that will last for years. Die-cast caps and guards, stainless hanging wire and aluminum perches defy all weather.

Birds love it and you will too. It's easy to fill and will keep your yard alive with birds all year long.

$12 plus 95c postage. New York State residents add applicable tax.

Send for illustrated catalog.

Adirondack Store

108 Lake Placid Road
Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983

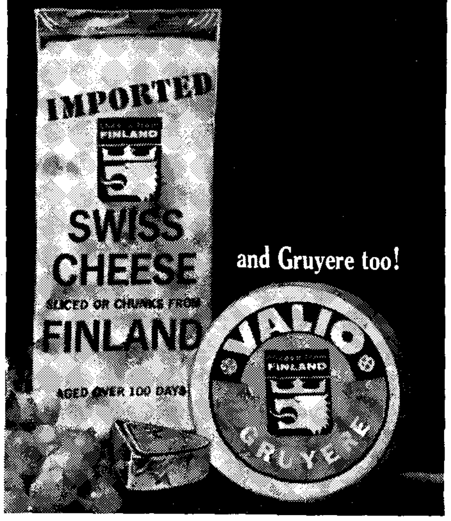
Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

bounce. The visible cigar and rumored brandies gave assurance of Falstaffian pleasures in a time of siege. Being so unashamedly Shakespearean and Gibbonesque, Churchill's trumpet rhetoric bound England firmly to a victorious past. Whenever that portly yet astoundingly mobile figure emerged out of smoke and rubble, in a faintly absurd, piratical getup of peajacket and naval chapeau, most men and women felt their own harried lives somehow magnified. The blackout, moreover, gave to radio a peculiar force. It was one that Churchill mastered. Even at its most oratorical, that visceral, artfully hesitant voice came through to individuals and small groups with intimacy. It made each listener an accomplice to hope. Listening to Churchill's great tribute to the R.A.F. on August 20th of 1940, and to the famous phrase "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few," one fighter pilot reportedly remarked, "That must refer to mess bills." The gaiety was part of the grandeur. Mr. Calder should examine what the course of affairs might have been had the Prime Minister crashed on one of his long flights (the Germans kept trying to shadow and pick off the relevant plane) or been put out of action by falling masonry.

But Mr. Calder's true interests lie elsewhere. He is concerned with the domestic lives of English people during the war, with the food they ate, with the schooling devised for their children, with changes in economic attitudes and personal mores. The picture he draws is not new, but it has not hitherto been presented with as much detail and sociological sophistication. War might indeed be hell, but selectively so. Key aspects of English life, in fact, changed in the years from 1940 to 1945. Mr. Calder does well to remind us of the bleak inequalities of prewar English society. For many children, evacuation meant the first glimpse of the country and the first pair of decent shoes. Rationing, factory canteens, Army catering introduced regular meat meals and vitamins into the diet of hundreds of thousands of men and women who had, during the black years of unemployment, lived very near the subsistence line. Bread was not rationed until the years of austerity *after* the war. For a scandalously large part of the population, medical care in the services and under industrial health schemes brought the first regular contact with doctors and dentists. Unquestionably, the standards of national

It's finntastic!

SWISS CHEESE FROM FINLAND



Nature makes the holes...taste better

Carefully cured over 100 days for *finntastic* flavor! Try our Gruyere, it's Finntastic too!

cheese from FINLAND

Sliced and packed FRESH in the U.S.A. under famous brands:

BORDEN • KRAFT • LILY LAKE • NEW YORKER • SARGENTO

George Feyer at the piano

His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.

For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.

THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

Don't go abroad this year without it.

$7.95
McKAY

fodor's 1970 GUIDE TO EUROPE

Fodor helps you discover each country, **know** the people, **enjoy** the life.

BROADWAY JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W.46 ST.NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

health and fitness improved dramatically. And, as has often been noted, the incidence of depression and severe nervous disorders dropped sharply. Often one was too tired to be weary, too frightened to be nervous. Mr. Calder's analysis of the enormous increase in the sale of books—fifty per cent between 1938 and 1944—gives a fair indication of the number and complexity of factors involved. Seeking to replace their essential holdings, some four hundred bombed libraries may have accounted for the purchase of a million extra volumes. Service libraries clamored for reading matter. Books seemed more desirable precisely because they were often hard to come by. The blackout and the fretful monotonies of war impelled readers to take up lengthy and serious stuff. (Trollope saw many an addict through the gray hours before the all-clear.) Books remained exempt from purchase tax, whereas other forms of entertainment rocketed in price or became unavailable. Under stress, good art seemed more bearable, more to be trusted, than bad. Dame Myra Hess's recitals in the deserted National Gallery, the performances of Shakespeare in factory courtyards remain a vivid memory to this day.

As never before, English society was on the move. By June of 1944, twenty-two per cent of Britain's labor force was in the armed services and thirty-three per cent was engaged in civilian war work. Germany never matched this degree of mobilization. Men whose horizon had been Stepney or the kilns in the next valley found themselves in Singapore and Palermo or on the march from Cairo to Hamburg. At least a million women of all ages were doing voluntary war service. In mid-1943, perhaps five million men and women were at work in factories directly connected with the manufacture of weapons, explosives, fuels, and metals for military use. The social effects of this immense reorientation of lives and human energies were, as Mr. Calder details, revolutionary. The status of women altered irreversibly. Never again would they accept the second-class citizenship that had so largely been their lot in the traditionally masculine hierarchies of English culture. Their horizons expanded psychologically but also physiologically. Emancipation from the home or local setting brought to hundreds of thousands of women of the lower classes an entirely new vision of mental and sexual self-fulfillment. One recalls that delightful film "Vacation from Marriage," in which a sometime

After you listen to Washington, you can hear the Kremlin's reply.

Direct from Moscow. On the Panasonic RF-5000A. The world-wide radio that's changed the ground rules for world-wide receivers. For good reason. The "World-Wide," Model RF-5000A, pulls in every available frequency in the world. On 11 different bands that separate the world into easily identifiable pieces. And bring in short-wave, long-wave, FM, AM, amateur and marine broadcasts. Even Morse Code.

Five built-in wide-range antennas take in everything you'll want to hear, and send it out through perfectly matched 7" oval and 5" hi-fi speakers. A special mechanical filter plus noise limiter makes sure you hear it all without interference.

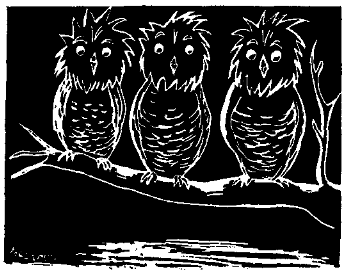
And because the set works on batteries as well as house current, you won't have to miss what's going on in the world when you're at the beach.

The RF-5000A has features that impress even the engineers. Let it impress your ears. At any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. And next time Moscow has something to say to our government, maybe you'll be one of the first to hear why.

PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

For dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.
One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

name

address

(Please include zip code.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Think of us as somewhat between a European castle and an American hotel.

With 37 lush, tropical acres to play around on, you don't have to go very far to get away from it all. Yet everything you'd want or need is at your fingertips.

The Montagu Beach is a resort within a resort. Its entertainment, its sport, its elegance and its gaiety are no less famous than its exceptional staff which is dedicated to your pleasure and contentment.

See your travel agent or call international representatives Robert Reid Associates, Inc.

The Montagu Beach
Nassau, Bahamas
Somewhat between a European castle and an American hotel

Ireland of the Welcomes magazine

It's almost like being in Ireland.

"Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine is a handsomely gathered offering of Irish poems, pictures and prose. Featuring Ireland's literary greats as well as international writers who have fallen in love with Ireland. For only $5. ($1. off newsstand price), we'll send you 12 issues (two years) of "Ireland of the Welcomes," mailed to you or your friends from Dublin. So you can visit Ireland whenever you feel like it by picking up an issue.

Address your check for $5. to:
Irish Tourist Board, Dept. NY2A
590 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10036

Great Golf Holiday

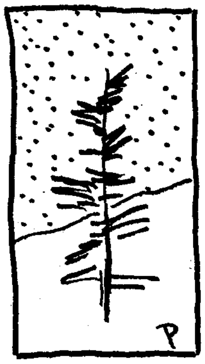
Two great Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses.
Write for illustrated brochures and rates.
Reade Whitwell, Mgr.
(602) 935-3811

THE WIGWAM
ARIZONA'S COUNTRY CLUB RESORT
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
TETLEY/FAWCETT/WARNER REPRESENTED

mousy housewife, transformed into a svelte, efficient Wren, dreads the thought of reunion with the wispy, desiccated husband she left by the old gas fire (unknown to her, he, of course, has been similarly transmuted).

The celebrated Beveridge Report was published in 1942. It became the primary design for the welfare state, for the organization of peacetime life along lines of rational control and social planning comparable to those devised in war. Serving under Churchill and in remarkably harmonious tandem with their Tory colleagues, Socialist leaders such as Attlee, Bevin, and Morrison acquired the arts of governing in a far more comprehensive style than had been known before the war. Disciplined, economically focussed reflexes were becoming a habit throughout society; without them, the austerity program of the late nineteen-forties, in some ways as bad as anything experienced during the war, could not have been enforced. The civilians who had been in the war up to their weary necks, who had endured pressures often as demanding and, on balance, more lasting than those experienced by the military were resolved to make peace their business. Touring London suburbs in late June of 1945, Churchill was booed. Already he seemed the larger-than-life virtuoso of battles now fading into old-style history. Peace looked the more complex venture.

Being a first book by a young social historian, "The People's War" is an impressive feat. Mr. Calder has marshalled and made skillful use of a prodigious array of sources. He has wit: " 'The Seatonian Prize is awarded annually at Cambridge University for a poem on a sacred subject,' noted the Manchester *Guardian* drily in February 1943. 'This year's subject is "Holy Russia." ' " He can turn a memorable phrase. Noting the fact that Air Marshal Harris was made a scapegoat for the Dresden inferno and denied the usual prize of a peerage, Mr. Calder adds, "The knife was blamed for the meat." There are a number of small factual errors (G. H. Hardy was *not* a nineteenth-century mathematician), but, considering the large, intricate canvas he has chosen, Mr. Calder achieves a high measure of authority. His political judgments are often balanced. But not always.



A somewhat modish streak of abrasive leftism runs through the book. The Russian attack on Finland produced reprehensible "hysteria." Mr. Calder reassures us: the Russians were merely "attempting to improve their frontiers in case of aggression from Germany"—this at the very time when Stalin was most confident that Hitler would never attack him. At least one of Mr. Calder's deflationary statements—and it touches on a basic point—seems to me scandalous in its facile dogmatism; in true "Look Back in Anger" prose, he assures us that Britain would have behaved as poorly as all other nations had Hitler come, and that "many reputable people, great and small, would have collaborated with the Nazis." This is a charge of utmost gravity. Mr. Calder offers no evidence. I hold the belief—this being one of the reasons I choose to live in England, that often gray and exasperating island—that it would, like Denmark, have gone to any lengths of danger and suffering rather than hand over to the Germans its Jews or refugees or Resistance fighters. For reasons that go back to the very roots of coherence, lawfulness, and political liberty in English life, an occupied Great Britain would have thrown up only a handful of quislings, if any. I cannot prove this assertion, but what indications there are support it: even in the depths of depression and social unrest, no single Mosleyite was returned to Parliament; the one candidate overtly racist in his campaign who has won a seat in the Commons since the war was voted out in short order. Englishmen dispose ancient defenses of irony and boredom against bullying.

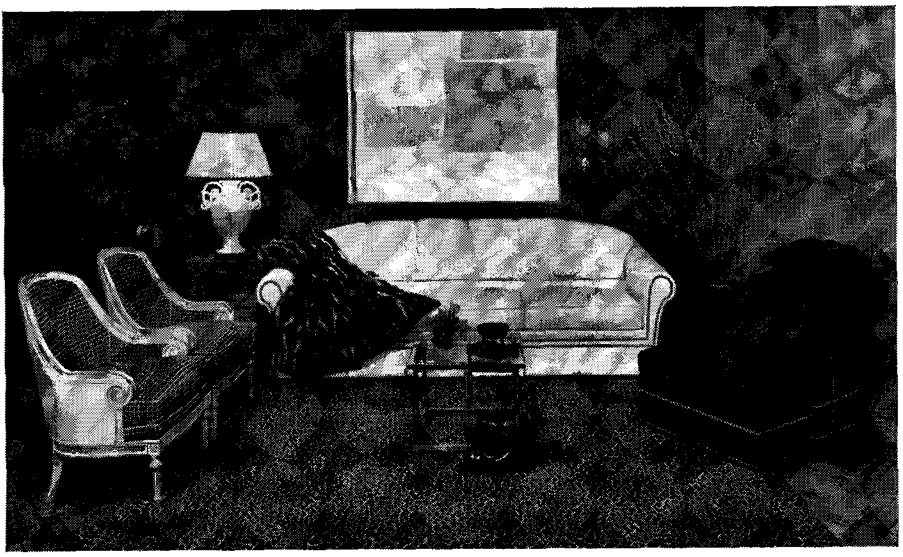
Mr. Calder's spacious survey ends on a sour note: "Perched on the world's straining shoulders like a toothless old woman of the sea, Britain would preoccupy herself with the problem of ensuring that her rich people continued to grow richer, while the world's poor stayed poor." The oversimplification here hardly needs rebuttal. More damaging is the fact that this cliché vision—"Waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end," as Empson put it—inhibits Mr. Calder from doing the hard thinking about the deep, long-range effects of the war with which his book should have closed. Arguably, the splendors of 1940 have proved a boomerang. England's passionate remembrance of her finest hour has become a case of "arrested dreaming." The tactics of understatement, of ironic acceptance, that aided her survival at the time of the blitz have stiffened into a formidable obstacle at a time when England must become an inspired, even boastful salesman in order to live. It may be that the spell of Dunkirk and of going it alone in 1940-41 have stood in the way of England's access to the Common Market. Whatever their economic insights may tell them, too many Englishmen remain convinced that the European continent is a fundamentally hostile or mendacious place. Respectability stops at Dover. Even more fundamental is the whole question of tiredness. We do not really know whether there is such a thing as an entropy of nations, a loss of vital energies in a community after a thousand years of intense history. Yet the notion of some central nervous exhaustion, of a slowing of reflexes, does press upon one each time one examines the record of England's errors, false initiatives, and lethargies since 1945. Eden's personal collapse in the week of Suez seems to symbolize a larger fatigue. Historians suggest that the French disaster of 1940 actually points back to the near-catastrophe of 1917. Official myths and Allied intervention left the French with an image of victory that—subconsciously, perhaps—they knew to be a lie. The English victory of 1940 is genuine; a good deal of our civilization may have hung by that single thread. But in another sense, both the attitudes developed during the war and the bone-weariness that has settled into so many English lives since then may have brought on a series of political and social defeats.

These are difficult questions. In the light of this remarkable if uneven book, it is hard to think of anyone better qualified than Mr. Calder to tackle them. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE MAZARINE LEGACY: THE LIFE OF HORTENSE MANCINI, DUCHESS MAZARIN, by Toivo David Rosvall (Viking). Cardinal Mazarin, who ran France during the minority of Louis XIV, was the grandson of a Sicilian so obscure that he had no last name—Mazarin is a French version of a Sicilian place name adopted by one of the Cardinal's granduncles. The Cardinal wished to perpetuate this short-lived patronymic, and offered the hand of his most attractive niece—the subject of this biography—along with the bulk of his fortune to any French nobleman who would exchange his own



Just one nice thing after another! Knapp & Tubbs has so many wonderful things for you to see. American, English and European craftsmanship at its best. And documented antiques. We'll be delighted to show you around. Your interior designer or furniture dealer will provide the needed introduction.

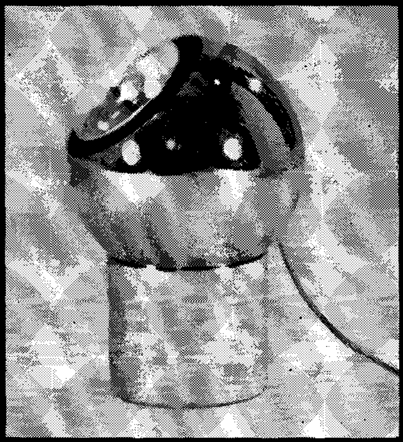
K&T

Knapp & Tubbs

NEW YORK: 979 Third Ave. (Decoration & Design Bldg.) · CHICAGO: Merchandise Mart · CLEVELAND: 2900 Superior
GRAND RAPIDS: Exhibitors Building · LOS ANGELES: 8778 Beverly Boulevard · SAN FRANCISCO: 737 Sansome Street

OUR SMALL CONTRIBUTION TO ART.

Small. On purpose. To illuminate works of art without stealing the show. The ball is 4" in diameter, the stand is 3" high . . . 7" of highly polished chrome. It takes a 50 watt reflector bulb. The price is small too. $19.90



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 postage.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-125, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

Mario's Villa d'Este

French-Italian Cuisine
Reservations PL 9-4025
58 East 56th Street, New York
open 7 days Mario Marchi, proprietor

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $17.00.
Doubles from $23.00.
Suites from $29.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

The Japanese
Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco

GISELE MACKENZIE
outshines the Northern Lights
from Jan. 7 to Jan. 27
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
An HCA Hotel

**GOING ABROAD?
or to HAWAII?**

**13th EDITION $1.50
by 3rd cl. mail**

World travelers know EUROPE IN A SUITCASE is the best book to read before going abroad! Jam-packed with invaluable advice, it gives twelve check lists to help you prepare for your trip with complete calm. Male or female, learn what to take *before taking off!* Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in this fact-packed book, they'll save you headaches, heartaches, time, money, energy! Send today for the 13th Rev. Edition..$1.50 ppd. (*or $1.75 by 1st cl. mail . . advisable!*)

My HAWAII & CARIBBEAN booklet gives warm-weather packing lists for men, women & babies. It's full of facts you should know and just $1.25, ppd.

**MRS. MURIEL W. SCUDDER
Box 72-N,
Manhasset, N.Y. 11030**

name for Mazarin. The one who did—the handsome, social Marquis de la Meilleraye—became the Duc de Mazarin and an outstanding religious nut, whose behavior gave Molière hints for "Tartuffe." Hortense could *think* of no solution but flight, and, as an errant wife on a scanty allowance (her husband kept the Cardinal's capital), racketed around Europe until she settled down in London as one of Charles II's principal mistresses. Mr. Rosvall's cast includes the richest, most powerful figures of the seventeenth century, all confounding the pursuit of pleasure and the pursuit of happiness; Hortense seems to have come off no worse than most. She, of course, could not know that the dukedom would disappear—her grandson left no male heirs—and the author suggests she would not have cared.

THE AMAZON, by Robin Furneaux (Putnam). Everything about the Amazon is staggering. If all the rivers of the world were joined in one massive stream, the Amazon would contribute a fifth of the water; it empties into the Atlantic with a force that freshens the ocean a hundred and fifty miles out. Viscount Furneaux, a learned but modest traveller—and a very graceful writer—has here written what could become a minor classic. He tells us of the peoples who inhabit the vast territories drained by the river, and of the men who have been tempted to explore its secrets—Pizarro, Orellana, Lope de Aguirre, Charles de la Condamine, Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel Percy Fawcett—none of whom really succeeded. And he tells of the great rubber boom, when Brazil produced sixty per cent of the world's rubber, and the subsequent collapse, which left Brazil unable, as of today, to provide enough rubber for her own needs. Rubber magnates, conquistadores, Jesuit missionaries, North American explorers all prophesied great things for the Amazon—great cities, great industries, untold wealth. These things did not come to pass, but the ingredients are still there. Viscount Furneaux has laid this before us in a rich book that is a jolt to the imagination. Photographs and maps.

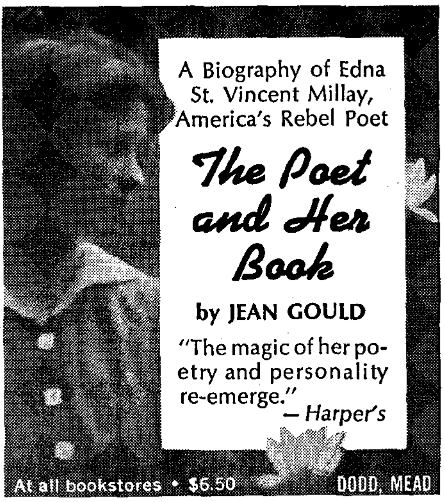
MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW, by An Observer (Knopf). An anecdotal report on more or less everyday life in Russia in the neo-Stalinist summer of 1968, and a convincingly honest one. The anonymous author is

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great
European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
for reservations phone
202/483-6400
or see your travel agent.
Marshall B. Coyne, President



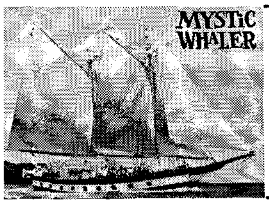
A Biography of Edna
St. Vincent Millay,
America's Rebel Poet

The Poet and Her Book
by JEAN GOULD

"The magic of her poetry and personality re-emerge."
— *Harper's*

At all bookstores • $6.50
DODD, MEAD

GIVE TO
UNITED
CEREBRAL
PALSY
C P



MYSTIC WHALER

SET SAIL
smack against the tide of travel conformity! Virgin Islands Dec.-May. New England coast June-Oct.
Free Folder
**MYSTIC WHALER
Mystic, Conn.
06355**

a Western European (probably a British journalist) who speaks fluent Russian and whose attitude toward Russia and the Russians is interestingly ambivalent. Russian life, he suggests, is a "reflection of Russian winter. . . . Long grey months of iron cold that heavily tax energy and nerves: it is unfair; man cannot win." His best friends are intellectuals, but "even the liberal intellectuals who are in danger spend dreamy, self-absorbed days in the Russian manner" as classically exemplified by "Oblomov." He happily finds in Russia "a remarkable absence of conventional standards and pressure to conform," the one unifying factor being "hatred for China," because "Maoism is too ominously close to Stalinism." Corruption (short weight, pilferage, embezzlement) is universal: "It is expected that those who are in a position to cheat will do so." And the official Lenin worship ("Lenin is an icon, borne aloft by the officials who organize mass propaganda, almost precisely as saints are borne aloft in the feast-day processions of the Orthodox Church") is suffocating, but "I have learned this: that after hearing the tale of a mangled life from a friend, or a cynical lie from a Communist official, I can forget my anger ski-ing with my friends in the ageless, melancholy woods outside Moscow . . . [because] I am relaxed in a way I have never been elsewhere."

A DEATH IN THE SÁNCHEZ FAMILY, by Oscar Lewis (Random House). Professor Lewis returns to the Mexican family he studied earlier to join them in mourning the death and arranging the funeral of their Aunt Guadalupe, who died quite suddenly in her Mexico City slum after an untreated illness that may have been cancer. The author uses his by now familiar but still effective technique: he lets the participants speak, so that the reader forgets they are subjects of an anthropological and sociological study and envisions them as his fellow human beings. The work is short, brilliant, and heartbreaking.

THE BURNING BRAND: DIARIES 1935-50, by Cesare Pavese, translated from the Italian by A. E. Murch, with Jeanne Molli (Walker). When the late Cesare Pavese committed suicide in 1950, at the age of forty-two, he was a recognized writer in Italy and in the Western world. But fame (and

Break Away to The Breakers and exciting golf on two championship courses. The Breakers Course adjacent to the hotel and The Breakers West, minutes away. Each has its own new Clubhouse for before and after game relaxation. Sun and swim at the magnificent new Breakers Beach Club with luxurious outdoor pool and unique indoor pool surrounded by a dining and cocktail terrace, completely-equipped cabanas and private beach. Play tennis, lawn bowl, sail or fish for big game. Enjoy cocktails in the secluded and intimate atmosphere of The Alcazar, sumptuous meals in the Circle dining room, dancing in the romantic Starlight Room, the comforts of new luxurious air-conditioned guest rooms. For color brochure phone (305) 655-6611, write The Breakers, zip 33480 or see your Travel Agent.

THE Breakers PALM BEACH

Join the Breakaway People in Palm Beach

FLAGLER SYSTEM

A PORTRAIT OF EXTRAMARITAL LOVE IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICA

The Affair

BY MORTON HUNT

"Should make every reader examine his own desires and dreams about love and sex."
—LUCY FREEMAN

An NAL Book
At bookstores
$6.95

WORLD

Skiing? Stay at a Country Inn

COUNTRY INNS AND BACK ROADS $1.25
The *only* guide book to American country inns. Special section on Inns near ski areas.
COUNTRY INN COOKBOOK 1.50
ORDERED TOGETHER 2.00

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 160
Send for "Quest", a free guide to good reading.

What boys need to know about today's manners

STAND UP, SHAKE HANDS, SAY "HOW DO YOU DO"

by Marjabelle Young & Ann Buchwald
Foreword by Art Buchwald

The authors of *White Gloves and Party Manners* now "have created a book on manners for young boys that is *not* stuffy, *not* anachronistic, that *is* contemporary, *is* useful and is . . . fresh." —*Publishers' Weekly*. Illustrated. $5.95

McKAY

◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆◆

Free! P&O's Alaskan Cruise Book.

The cruise: 5 Northwest Ports. 14 sunny days on a big white liner.

This summer, cruise to Alaska, via the Inside Passage, with P&O. You start from California. Then see diamond-blue glaciers, majestic fjords, and remnants of the wild and wooly gold rush days. Every mile you're pampered as only P&O knows how.

WRITE: P&O—The British Line, 155 Post St., San Francisco, California. 94104.

P&O

Life at sea is like nothing on earth.

BOOK HUNTING? Old, new, fact or fiction."You name the Book—we'll find it."

GIFT PROBLEM? Send 25¢ for spirited brochure that Tells All, makes gift-giving a joy (almost).

Write: Dept. NY 70A

BOOKS-ON-FILE, UNION CITY, N. J. 07087

or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N. J.

money), as these diaries show, could not change his nature, which was apparently created to be unhappy. He was politically concerned yet always politically isolated; jailed by the Fascists, he later became a Communist and, still later, failed (though he tried) to stay with the Party. His romantic life was a chronicle of disasters, possibly because, as an old friend eventually pointed out—and Pavese, with astonishment, recognized—the girls he picked were always the wrong kind for a writer. The diaries also discuss work—Pavese's and other writers'—and Pavese is a keen critic. He is very funny, and the book is more entertaining than gloomy. Much as Heine made "little songs" out of his "great sorrows," sorrowful Pavese makes little jokes. Ten dollars.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY, by Brian Fothergill (Harcourt, Brace & World). A model biography of the model eighteenth-century rationalist whose seventy-three years of life (1730-1803) included an uncommon range of interests, accomplishments, and experiences. He was for almost four decades the British Ambassador to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in Naples; he was a pioneer volcanologist (with Etna and Vesuvius as his laboratories), a pioneer in the modern excavation of archeological sites (with Pompeii as a laboratory), a pioneer authority on ancient Greek vases, a connoisseur and collector of art (his collection reached in scope from Rubens and Canaletto to Romney, Reynolds, and Claude Lorrain), and an easy and valued friend of most of the great men of his time (Voltaire, Goethe, Horace Walpole, Mozart, George III, Gibbon, Admiral Nelson); and he ended his life the resigned and philosophical odd-man-out in a notorious *ménage à trois* with his scatterbrained young wife, Emma, and the heroic Nelson. This is the first full-length study of this truly unusual man, and Mr. Fothergill has introduced him with appropriate style and compassionate understanding. Contemporary illustrations, including a dazzling portrait of Emma by Romney. Ten dollars.

NELSON AND THE HAMILTONS, by Jack Russell (Simon & Schuster). And here we have the cuckolding of Sir William Hamilton. Mr. Russell tells this often-told story from its naïve beginning to its squalid end in the greatest possible detail (some four hundred big pages), and he tells it well enough, but his telling is disfigured by an unpleasant tone, a constant kind of smirk: " 'Our daily prayers,' wrote Sir William, who never said them, 'are for a sight of a British fleet in the Bay of Naples.' " Contemporary illustrations, including dazzling portraits of Emma by Romney, Angelica Kauffmann, and J. H. Schmidt. Ten dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND THE CALAME REPORT, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Moura Budberg (Harcourt, Brace & World). Superintendent Maigret, of the Paris police, goes dangerously far out on a limb in an attempt to save the good name of a Cabinet Minister who is about to be destroyed by a vindictive power maniac in the Chamber of Deputies. The Minister is a man of integrity and simplicity, and Maigret searches out his persecutor with an implacable determination that has in it not one trace of the pity or the reluctant, half-irritable sympathy he usually gives to those who break the law. This subtle story, vibrating with tension from its sinister beginning to its positive and satisfactory ending, shows Simenon writing at his best. It is a very, very good book. The setting is Paris in the spring. The translation is faultless.

SUDDENLY, IN THE AIR, by Karen Campbell (Stein & Day). This ingenious tale of an airliner that begins to disappear on its way from England to Panama is told in buoyant, sensible tones by the stewardess, Lisa Massingham, of Adastra Airways. Six months earlier, another Adastra airliner, also carrying two million pounds' worth of gold bars, really did disappear, leaving no trace. Is Adastra haunted by the Marie Celeste legend? Will Lisa and her funny colleague, Chief Steward Dilhorne, expire before our eyes? What will happen to the gold bars? You have to read the book to get the answers, and the mystery is real, not precooked.

•

Arthur Schnitzler's "Reigen," which is more familiarly known here as "La Ronde," is one of the most famous of Vietnamese comedies. It was, as I recall it, ironic and rather bitter.—*Richard Watts, Jr., in the Post.*

One of your typical Vietnamese comedies.

Authentic.

Dewar's
50 Gold
and
Prize Medals
50 Gold
and
Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS.
PERTH
SCOTLAND.
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

What we put in this bottle

They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.

Dewar's never varies.

© 1969

GENUINE KHALABAR

Some makers of
India hand-made carpets
pull the wool over your eyes.
We put it into Khalabar

. . . THAT'S JUST ONE REASON WHY A GENUINE **KHALABAR** CAN'T BE IMITATED

Khalabar* doesn't rely on waste cotton weft for its impression . . . it's thick and luxurious because it's hand-woven with long-staple, new woolen yarns. If you want the *look* of a Khalabar, then get a Khalabar . . . the only carpet with the *label* that says "Genuine Khalabar." See the inimitable India hand-made carpets — Khalabar, Bengali and Chindia — at a fine store near you. And send for the illustrated story of these magnificent carpets . . . just 50c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of New York, 295 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.